Saturday Review

JUNE 1982 $1.75

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nthony Burgess:
elebrating James Joyce

ordecai Richler:
ohn Barth's new novel

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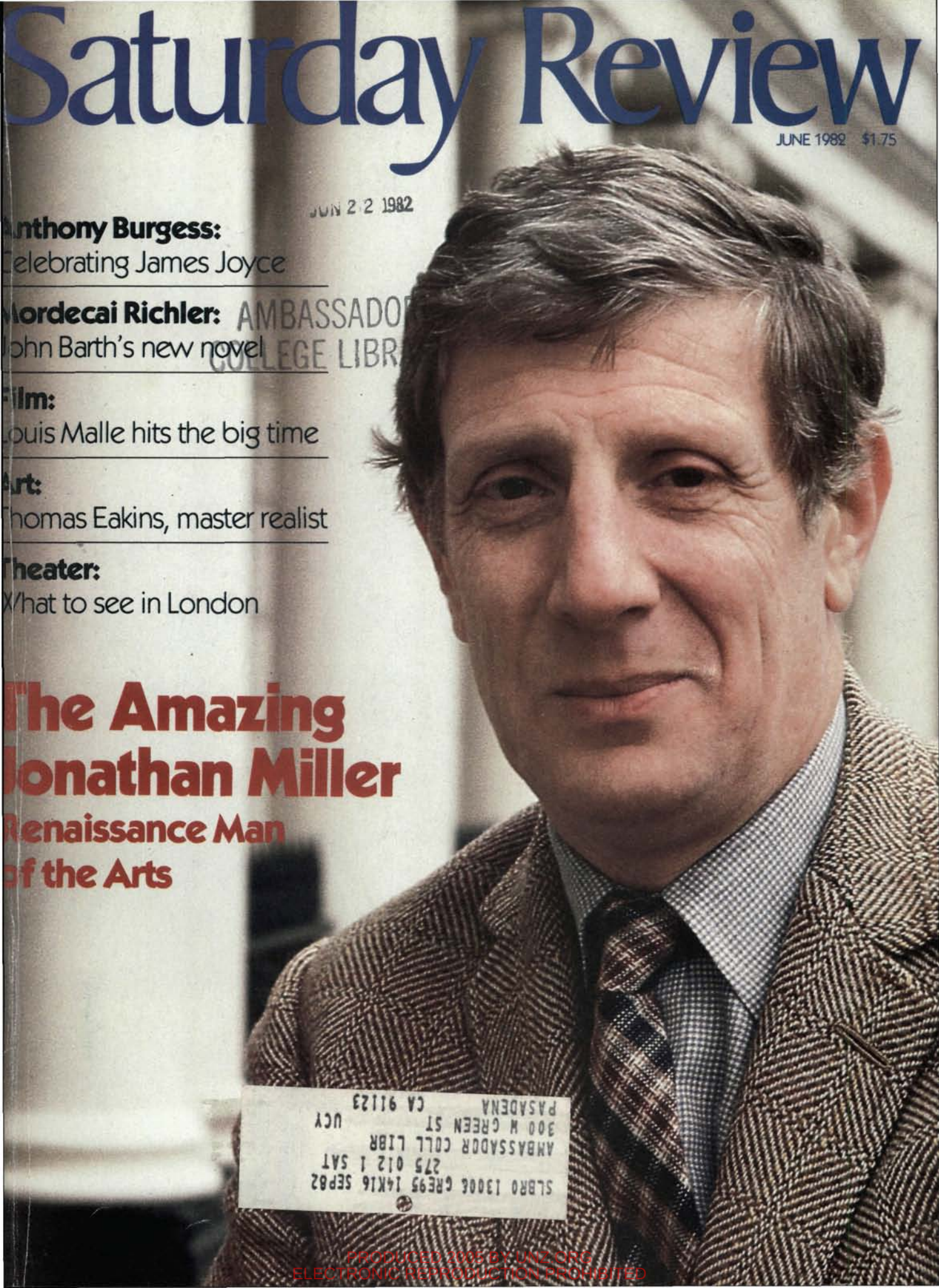
ouis Malle hits the big time

rt:
homas Eakins, master realist

heater:
/hat to see in London

The Amazing Jonathan Miller
Renaissance Man of the Arts



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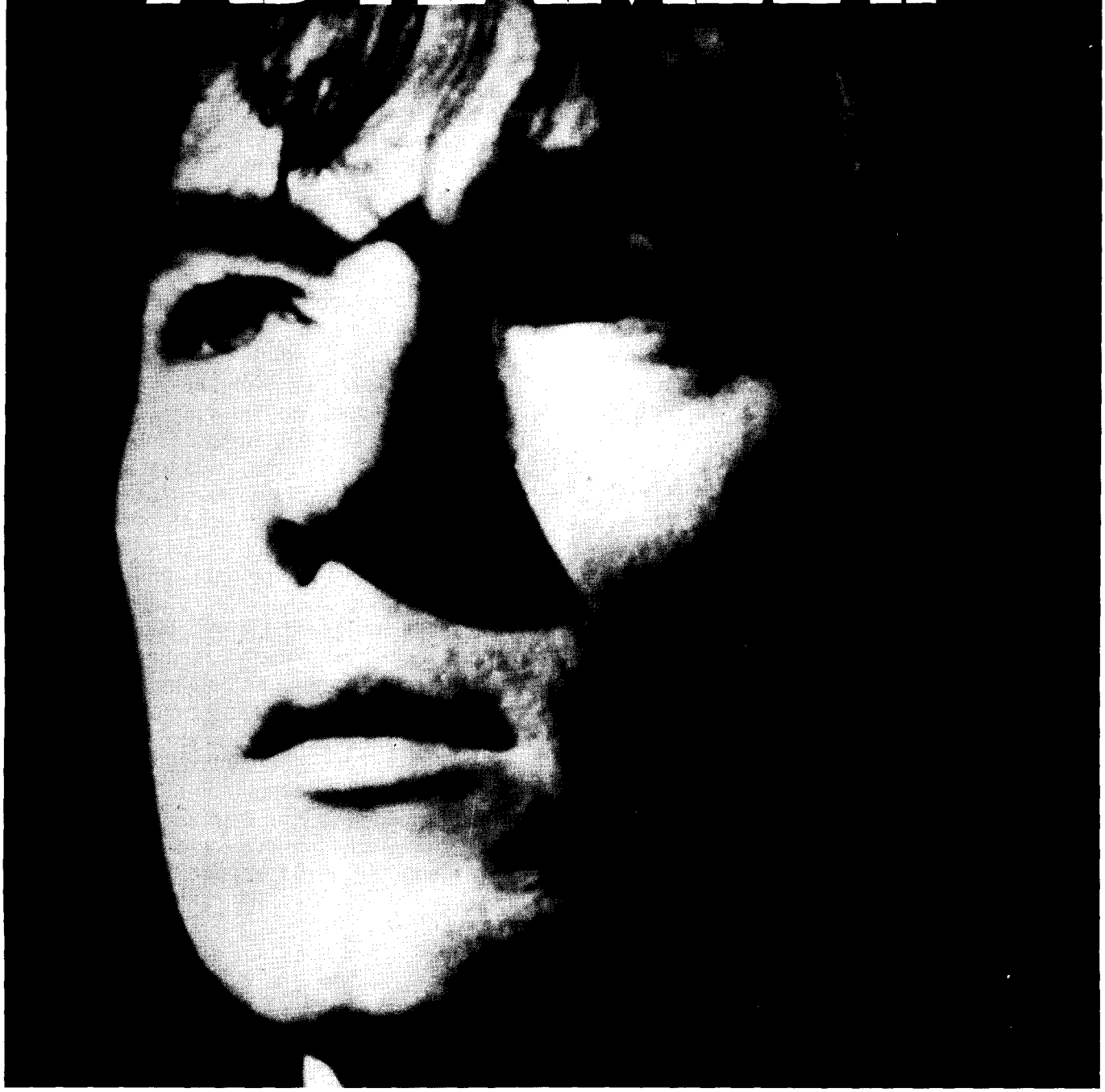

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Why do we buy this space?

For more than 11 years now, we've been addressing Americans with weekly messages in principal print media. We've argued, cajoled, thundered, pleaded, reasoned and poked fun. In return, we've been reviled, revered, held up as a model and put down as a sorry example.

Why does Mobil choose to expose itself to these weekly judgments in the court of public opinion? Why do we keep it up now that the energy crisis and the urgent need to address energy issues has eased, at least for the present? When our problems are with cost-cutting and increasing productivity, not with voters, politicians and customers?

Our answer is that business needs voices in the media, the same way labor unions, consumers, and other groups in our society do. Our nation functions best when economic and other concerns of the people are subjected to rigorous debate. When our messages add to the spectrum of facts and opinion available to the public, even if the decisions are contrary to our preferences, then the effort and cost are worthwhile.

Think back to some of the issues in which we have contributed to the debate.

- Excessive government regulation—it's now widely recognized that Washington meddling, however well intentioned, carries a price tag that the consumer pays.
- The folly of price controls—so clear now that prices of gasoline and other fuels are coming down, now that the marketplace has been relieved of most of its artificial restraints.
- The need for balance between maintaining jobs and production and maintaining a pristine environment—a non-issue, we argued, if there's common sense and compromise on both sides, a view that's now increasingly recognized in Washington.

Over the years, we've won some and lost some, and battled to a draw on other issues we've championed, such as building more nuclear power plants and improving public transportation. We've supported presidents we thought were right in their policies and questioned Democrats and Republicans alike when we thought their policies were counterproductive.

In the process we've had excitement, been congratulated and castigated, made mistakes, and won and lost some battles. But we've enjoyed it. While a large company may seem terribly impersonal to the average person, it's made up of people with feelings, people who care like everybody else. So even when we plug a quality TV program we sponsor on public television, we feel right about spending the company's money to build audience for the show, just as we feel good as citizens to throw the support of our messages to causes we believe in, like the Mobil Grand Prix, in which young athletes prepare for the 1984 Olympics. Or recognition for the positive role retired people continue to play in our society.

We still continue to speak on a wide array of topics, even though there's no immediate energy crisis to kick around anymore. Because we don't want to be like the mother-in-law who comes to visit only when she has problems and matters to complain about. We think a continuous presence in this space makes sense for us. And we hope, on your part, you find us informative occasionally, or entertaining, or at least infuriating. But never boring. After all, you did read this far, didn't you?

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Saturday Review

June 1982

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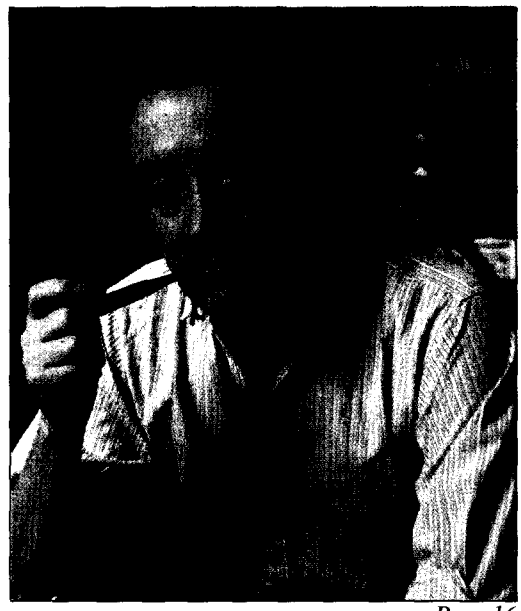

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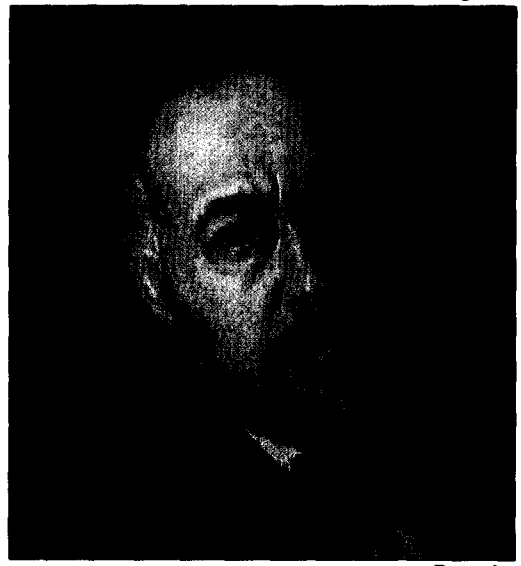

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The Most Astounding Car In The

The Probe III, an experimental Ford, drew some of the biggest crowds at the Frankfurt Auto Show. And it got great press. Germany's leading automotive publication, *Auto Motor und Sport*, called it "a dream car–slippery as a futuristic study in aerodynamics."

Aerodynamics is what the Probe III is all about. The airstream over the car does not symbolize the wave of the future, rather it shows how the Probe III looks in a wind tunnel.

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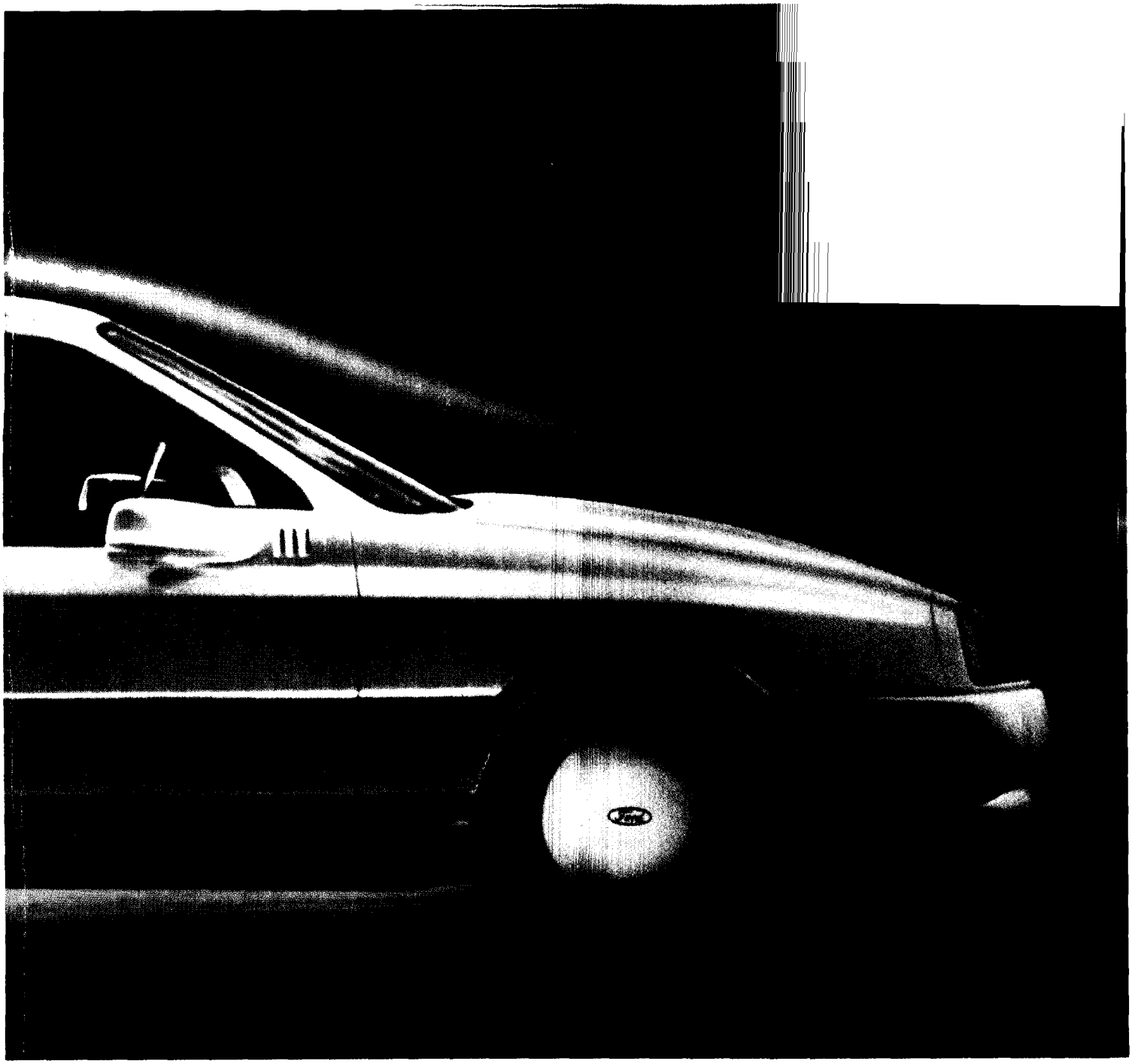

German Auto Show Was A Ford.

Compare it to most '82 European models and you get a glimpse of the near future. Drag coefficient is reduced by 50%, which conceivably could result in a 27% rise in fuel efficiency at higher speeds.

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Our Ford Escort and Mercury Lynx, here in America, for example, have less wind resistance than the VW Rabbit, Mercedes Benz 300D and Audi 5000.

So the Ford Probe III is not a beginning, it's another move forward.

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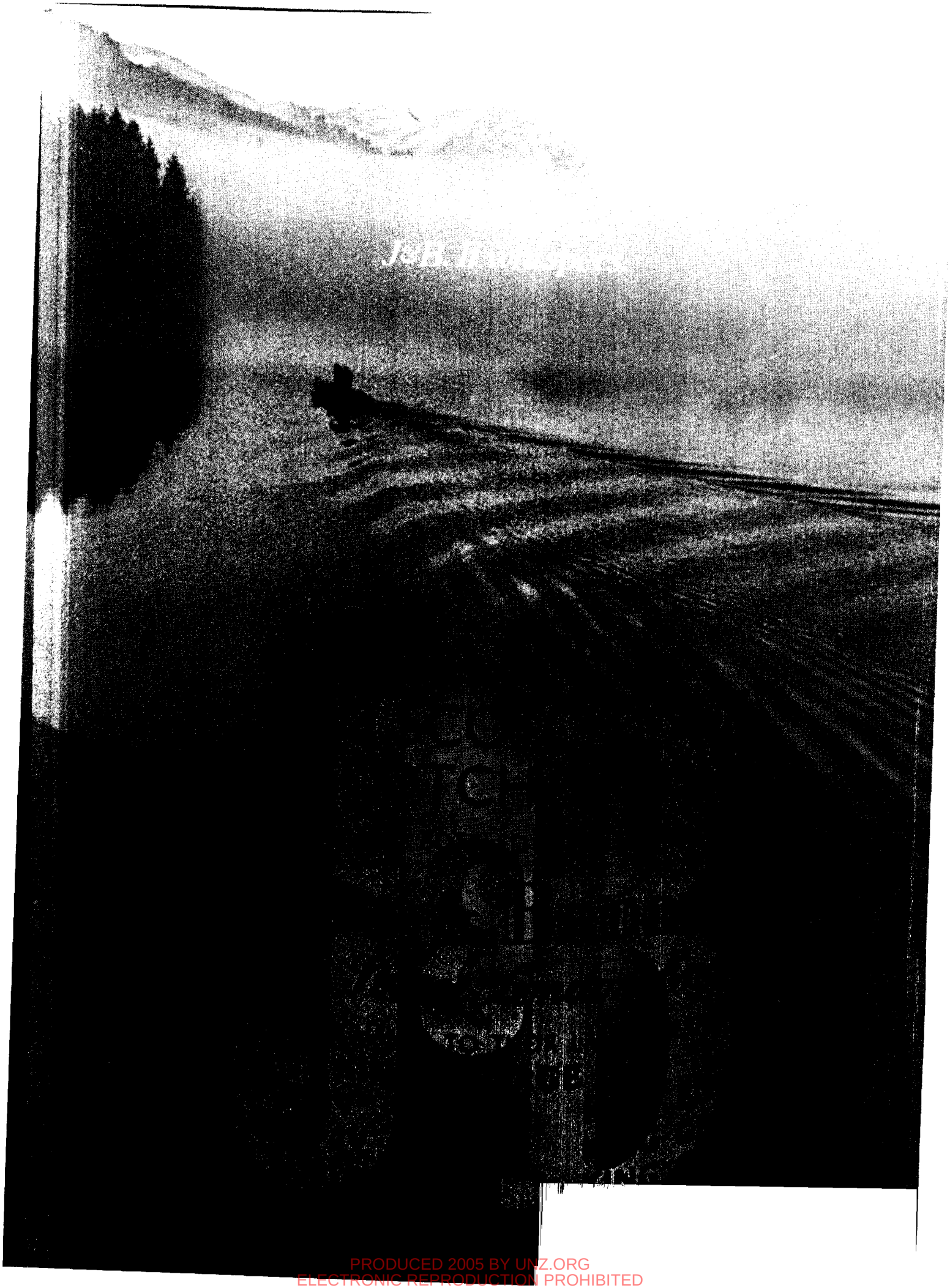

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Scotto's Fans and Foes

We take strong exception to *Saturday Review*'s article "Renata Scotto: The Opera Star They Love to Hate"[March]. It is regrettable that in this era of negativism, *SR* has not seen fit to stand apart. Miss Scotto has been a valued artist for the last 20 years. Why didn't *SR* ever do a positive feature during all those years? Great operatic artists are rare and Miss Scotto does not merit the kind of treatment, cover and headline included, meted out to her, as if the magazine were one of those squalid purveyors of gossip that are so prevalent today.

Tony and Trudy Julian
Harry and Darlene Wade
San Diego, California

Saturday Review was right on target with "The Opera Star They Love to Hate." The Met gives us far too much of Renata Scotto in inappropriate roles, like the recent *Norma*.

An opera such as *Norma* is one in which lack of vocal control, breast-beating, face-puckering, and an exercise of empty narcissism are all especially inappropriate. Nowhere does one read of such elements as parts of those mythic performances of this role by Pasta and Malibran. Their contemporaries wrote, instead, of a force of personality and intelligence like that of Callas and a dignity, pathos, and vocal agility like that of Caballé. *Norma* and other bel canto operas were never intended to provide the same sort of entertainment as, say *Il Trovatore*. This is a fact that seems to have gone right by Renata Scotto and, until quite recently, the American press.

Laure Elizabeth Nease
Durham, North Carolina

I must express my shock and amazement that Renata Scotto is called "as intense a stage performer as Callas," by Caroline Seebohm. Callas's pathos was not worn on her sleeve—it was in the music and in her spirit. Scotto's, on the other hand, is a wholly different matter. It's important to preserve the difference between art—and artists.

Peter Orth
Putney, Vermont

Will the Real Victor/Victoria...

I would like all of your readers to know that Blake Edwards's new movie *Victor/Victoria* is not the story of my life [The Flowers (and Weeds) of Spring, March]. Besides, Julie Andrews doesn't look anything like me. I am much prettier but I don't sing as well. I have bushier eyebrows, and I have never fallen in love with anyone who looks like Robert Preston.

As soon as I see the movie I'll decide whether I have a case for defamation of character or if there are just some minor biographical inaccuracies involved. My family, friends, and colleagues think that there is some injustice involved, but will not say whether I am doing it to Julie Andrews or she is doing it to me.

Victor Victoria
Pastor, Hodge Presbyterian Church
Trenton, Missouri

Michael Graves's Monstrosities?

Your article "Why Is Everyone Talking About Michael Graves?"[March]makes my heart go out to the people of Portland, Oregon, who will have to look at Graves's Public Office Building design day after day for the rest of their lives. I cannot imagine anything more hideous than what he has foisted on the people there.

The architects of the Philip Johnson-Michael Graves school can get no commissions from merchant builders because none of us would be foolish enough to build one of those structures. Only public bodies or large major corporations can afford to build a Chippendale-topped building or a monstrosity such as the Portland Public Office Building.

Fred P. Bullington
Roanoke, Virginia

Headbirths: A Difficult Delivery

John Irving's review of Günter Grass's *Headbirths* [March] read more like a defense than a review. (Do we have to be told that "Gratuitousness is a charge fashionably aimed at good writers by squeamish and second-rate critics"?; that "you can't be called well-read today if you haven't read [Grass]"?) Is Irving defending Grass or himself? Does Grass need so pugnacious a defense? Is *The Tin Drum* really "the greatest novel by a living author?" (I thought it was *Garp.*) I didn't understand Mr. Irving's review. Will I understand Mr. Grass's book? I had hoped that Mr. Irving would have answered at least that question for me.

Boman Desai
Chicago, Illinois

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At this point, you may well be wondering what our selfish purpose is in telling you this.

To be plain, it's to sell you a book. One that not only suggests that your company, your clients, your employees can get something in return for supporting the arts–but also shows you how to go about it.

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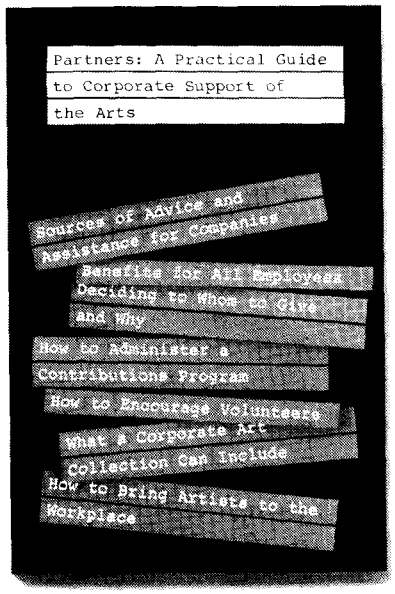
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★★★ THE INSIDER ★★★

EDITED BY SCOT HALLER

An Encore for D'Oyly Carte?

Despite the front-page obituaries, Britain's venerated D'Oyly Carte Opera Company may not be dead after all. The company, which presented Gilbert and Sullivan's comic operettas around the world for more than 100 years, gave what was billed as its final performance last February. But Peter Riley, assistant general manager of the company, expects to head a reborn D'Oyly Carte troupe in the fall.

Riley, who began as a wardrobe assistant with the company several decades ago, estimates that he needs $500,000 a season to keep D'Oyly Carte alive, and he already has most of the money pledged to resurrect the company for next season. Principal benefactor is hotel mogul Sir Charles Forte, who is contributing substantial seed money. Forte may identify with the company's founder, Richard D'Oyly Carte, who built London's Savoy Theater for his group and the adjacent Savoy Hotel.

Last winter's demise of the company was attributed to inflation, changing musical tastes, and, most important, an arthritic style of performing Gilbert and Sullivan. D'Oyly Carte offered neither authentic preservation of the original 19th-century productions nor imaginative re-creations appropriate for the 1980s. It finally died of old age.

Riley intends to alter the troupe's style. "Why did we let the original company die when we could have saved it?" he asks. "We had to change the company's habits. Too many of the very old-timers couldn't adapt to new moves on stage, new ways of staging the shows. Our new company is free to do *The Pirates of Penzance*, for instance, the way it was staged in New York." In other words, Riley envisions the very model of a modern major company. —A.F. Gonzalez, Jr.

Hollywood I, Hollywood II, Hollywood III...

When we last saw our hero, he was busy making the sequel to his previous hit film. Well, dear hero, you have plenty of company. As part of its summer marketing strategy, Hollywood is planning an onslaught of encores to some of its all-time top-grossing movies. There will be *Rocky III*, *Grease II*, *Friday the 13th III* (in 3-D), and *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Kahn*. Later in the year, audiences will encounter *The Black Stallion Returns*, *Airplane II*, *Halloween III*, and *The Sting II* (starring Jackie Gleason and Mac Davis rather than Robert Redford and Paul Newman). "The industry has come down with a bad case of sequel-itis," sighs one studio executive.

Sequel-itis begins with an itch for money. The industry estimates that a well-received sequel may bring in 60 percent or more of the revenue of its predecessor. If a sequel's costs are controlled, the studio can practically guarantee a profit. "Had we wanted to, we could have released any cockamamie thing, called it *Grease II*, and probably made money," says Paramount vice-president Laurence Mark. The first *Star Trek* film cost $42 million and generated a domestic gross of $190 million. For the second installment, Paramount has scaled the budget down to $12 million. If the new film commands only one-fifth the business of its predecessor, it will still be profitable.

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***Grease II*: Maxwell Caulfield costars with Michelle Pfeiffer.**

In recent years, the sequel has also shed its artistic stigma. "When you have reviewers saying that *Superman II* surpasses the original, that's great encouragement," says a studio exec. As a result, Hollywood is already working on *next* summer's clash of the titans. June 1983 will see *Superman III*, another *Star Trek* adventure, and *Revenge of the Jedi*, the third chapter in the proposed nine-episode *Star Wars* saga. Our story continues.—S.H.

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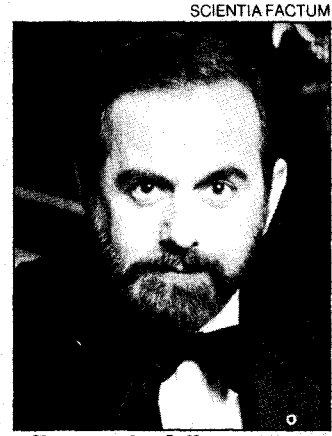


Choreographer Joffrey may move his company out of New York City.

Joffrey Eyes L.A. Home

New York City may be losing the Joffrey Ballet, one of its premier companies, to Los Angeles, where the troupe would become the resident dance company at the Dorothy Chandler Pavillion, part of the Los Angeles Music Center. Both the Joffrey and the Music Center confirm that the discussions are taking place—but other sources say the contract has already been signed.

The move offers numerous financial benefits for the youthful, eclectic company, which has been plagued by money problems. The Joffrey has never enjoyed a permanent home in New York, unlike the American Ballet Theatre and the New York City Ballet, which are based at Lincoln Center. If it moves, the Joffrey will probably play two long seasons in Los Angeles, with lengthy engagements in San Francisco and Seattle (hometown of director Robert Joffrey). Joffrey II, the training company, would move to California too.

What would happen to the American Ballet Center, the popular Joffrey ballet school? Edith D'Addario, head of the school, wants to keep it in New York. According to one source, "She says they'll move the school to the West Coast over her dead body." —J.G.

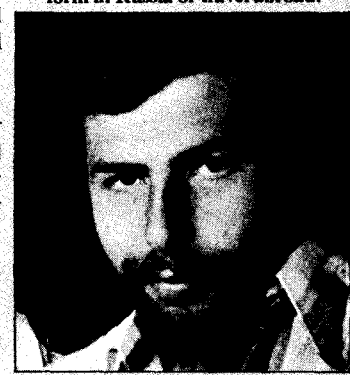
The Dramatic Plight of a Soviet Musician

Suppose they gave a concert and the star performer didn't show up? Prize-winning Soviet pianist Vladimir Feltsman is scheduled to make his American debut in New York City on June 14th—but not even the event's sponsors, who have reserved Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center, expect the 30-year-old musician to appear. Since applying for emigration to Israel in May 1979, Feltsman has not been allowed to travel outside Russia or to perform at all. This no-show concert is intended to dramatize the plight of Feltsman and other Soviet Jews.

Before his request to emigrate, Feltsman toured to great acclaim. "He must be counted among the great musicians of the world," one critic wrote after Feltsman performed in France in 1978. But within hours of his visa application, recordings of his music were removed from Soviet stores. Videotapes of his performances were erased, and his name was blacked out on posters announcing an upcoming concert at the Moscow Conservatory. Subsequent requests for emigration by Feltsman and his wife, Anna, a biologist, have been denied.

The American concert committee—Helen Hayes, Yehudi Menuhin, Zubin Mehta, and Dudley Moore—has sent Gosconcert, the official Soviet concert agency, an invitation for Feltsman's appearance this month. Menuhin and several colleagues have sent a personal appeal to Leonid Brezhnev. There has been no reply.

Feltsman: He is not allowed to perform in Russia or travel abroad.



If Feltsman is not present for his American debut, the show will go on anyway. Substituting for Feltsman, pianist Misha Dichter will perform *Pictures at an Exhibition*. Helen Hayes will give a reading. Gelsey Kirkland and Patrick Bissell will dance, and Dudley Moore will play the piano (seriously). —J.G.

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JUNE SPOTLIGHTS

DANCE

An Important New Theater

New York City is a center for nearly all the arts—especially for dance. Yet despite the nationwide proliferation of dance troupes during the last decade, most dance programs in New York took place either in cavernous theaters or in Soho lofts, Middle-sized companies seeking a New York audience had nowhere to go.

© BILL HAYWARD

Choreographer Eliot Feld opens a new theater just for dance.

Now they do. This month, thanks to the perseverance of choreographer Eliot Feld and Cora Cahan, the executive director of the Eliot Feld Ballet, a new, medium-sized theater devoted year-round to dance will open on the premises of the old Elgin Theater at 19th Street and Eighth Avenue. Feld himself put up $225,000 for the repertory movie house. The refurbished and renamed **Joyce Theater** (after the late daughter of the theater's principal patron) will seat 475 people and has been designed especially for the needs of dancers. It comes equipped, for instance, with two different floors, one for moderns who go barefoot and another for ballet dancers who coat their slippers with rosin. It will be New York's only theater designed exclusively for dance.

The Joyce's opening bill, appropriately enough, will be a four-week engagement of the Feld Ballet, June 2 through June 27, which will include 15 ballets by Feld, one of which, *Over the Pavement* to music by Charles Ives, will be a world premiere.

Stravinsky Marathon

Choreographer George Balanchine first danced to the music of Igor Stravinsky when he was 11—in *Le Rossignol* at Russia's Marinsky Theater. Four years later, Balanchine began choreographing Stravinsky's music, beginning with several dances from *Pulcinella*. The two finally met when the ballet impresario Diaghilev asked Balanchine to create dances to the orchestral version of *Le Rossignol* in 1924—and they began evolving dances together in 1928 (*Apollon Musagète*).

Their sympathy for each other's artistic language was immediate, and their collaborations over the years produced some of the 20th century's best ballets: *Orpheus*, *Agon*, *Danses Concertantes*. In 1942, they even devised a ballet for Ringling Brothers (*Circus Polka*) to be danced by elephants. In 1972, as a memorial to Stravinsky, Balanchine and the New York City Ballet staged a week-long festival of new ballets set to his music.

This month, on the occasion of Stravinsky's centennial, Balanchine has announced another marathon **Stravinsky Festival** at the NYCB. Balanchine himself will contribute five new ballets: set to *Persephone*, *Tango*, *Elegie*, *Zvezdoliki*, and *The Flood*, which he previously staged for CBS in 1962 as *Noah and the Flood*. Other new ballets will be created for the festival by Jerome Robbins, Peter Martins, Jacques d'Amboise, John Taras, and Joseph Duell. (New York City, June 10 through 18.)

George Balanchine and Igor Stravinsky rehearse *Agon* in 1957.

MARTHA SWOPE

ARCHITECTURE

Showcasing the Showcases

It used to be that cities found civic pride in their baseball teams. Now, increasingly, city fathers point proudly to museums—the scope of their collections, the latest plums snatched by canny curators, the arresting architecture of the buildings themselves. Commissioned to outdo each other, many of the world's most successful and creative architects are focusing their attention on museum design. As a result, the buildings are as much showpieces as their contents, and the unveiling of a new design has become an art-world event. Great fanfare accompanied the 1978 opening of I.M. Pei's East Wing for Washington's National Gallery. A flurry of excitement broke over the appointing—more like the annointing—of Michael Graves (*SR*, March 1982) as the architect of the addition to New York City's Whitney Museum of American Art—the 1966 fortress designed by Bauhaus architect Marcel Breuer.

Now, to celebrate "the biggest museum boom in American history," the Whitney has invited eight architects to exhibit their plans, drawings, photographs, and models in a show to be called **New Art Museums in America.** A wide range of buildings is included: private, city, and university museums, as well as facilities for private collections. Among the architects and projects: the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts by Edward Larrabee Barnes (*SR*, November 1981); Los Angeles's Museum of Contemporary Art by Japanese architect Arata Isozaki; the Museum of Modern Art addition in New York by Cesar Pelli; Bruce Goff's design for a building to house Joseph Price's Japanese art collection in Bartlesville, Oklahoma; and Malcolm Holzman's plan for the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond. Unfortunately, the designs for the Whitney's addition will not be ready in time to be included. (June 24 through October 10.)

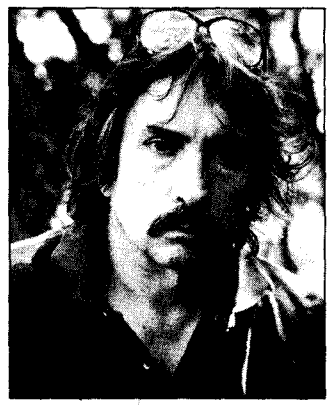
FESTIVALS

You Can Get a Tan, Too

During the last year, the sunshine city of Miami, Florida, has fallen under a cloud of high crime and refugee problems—not exactly an image to gladden the Chamber of Commerce. So this month, Miami burghers are striking back with a $4.7-million public-relations remedy: **The New World Festival of the Arts**—an astonishing 23-day extravaganza that features 27 world premieres, 14 film premieres, and 180 live performances.

Robert Herman, general manager of the Miami Opera and director of the festival, has assembled new plays by Tennessee Williams, Edward Albee, and Lanford Wilson, and new dances by the Paul Taylor Dance Company. A local company, the New World Ballet, will play host to superstars Cynthia Gregory, Fernando Bujones (a native son), Galina Panova, and Alexander Godunov. Tony Award-winning director Geoffrey Holder (*The Wiz*) will stage a new musical, *The Creation*; Zubin Mehta will conduct the Israel Philharmonic; Chick Corea will perform a new piece with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center; Robert Ward's new opera about an atomic scientist, *Minutes Till Midnight*, will have its world premiere; and so will the film *Star Trek II*. On the visual-arts side, visitors will be able to choose between an exhibition of set and costume designs by Picasso, Dali, and Matisse, and the unveiling of sketches by Christo, who plans a new project that will surround 10 islands in nearby Biscayne Bay with pink polypropylene. (June 4 through June 26.)

An Albee play premieres at The New World Festival in Miami.



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OPERA

St. Louis Double Bill

The Opera Theatre of St. Louis plans an ambitious June. In addition to offering the American debut of Jonathan Miller as an opera director (see page 32) and the world premiere of a new opera by Stephen Paulus based on *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, the company will present the American premiere of **Maddalena**, a one-act opera by Prokofiev. It was the composer's fifth opera, written when he was 20. (He completed his first when he was nine.) Though Prokofiev never finished the orchestration, British conductor Edward Downes fleshed it out at the request of Prokofiev's daughter-in-law. The libretto, drawn from an obscure Russian play similar to Oscar Wilde's *Florentine Tragedy*, tells of a Venetian artist who discovers his inamorata is a warm-blooded, cold-hearted sorceress.

The evening in St. Louis will also include a rare American performance of a one-act Spanish zarzuela composed in 1894 called **La Verbena de la Paloma**. Zarzuelas are seldom staged in the U.S. They are to Spain what Viennese operettas are to Austria—brimming with melodies, comic more often than not—though they are usually concerned with working-class hombres rather than with flirtatious countesses. *La Verbena de la Paloma* is about a lovers' mix-up on the eve of a small-town fiesta, and it comes complete with flamenco dances. The composer, Tomás Bretón (1850-1923), is widely regarded as one of the ablest concoctors of zarzuelas, and the director, Horacio Aragon, is a veteran stage director with the Madrid Opera. (June 9, 12, 18, 24.)

Verdi's Pirate

Giuseppe Verdi was not only a brilliant composer, he was a sly tactician as well. Fervently involved in Italy's nationalist cause, he chose dramatic settings for his operas that symbolized his country's struggle to rid itself of Austria's domination. As a result, the Italian people acclaimed Verdi as a national hero, a sentiment that continues today. (There is even a move afoot to change the Italian national anthem to Verdi's patriotic chorus "Va, pensiero" from *Nabucco*.) Verdi's **Il Corsaro** was similarly composed with political implications in mind. Based on Lord Byron's poem "The Corsair," the opera tells of a Greek pirate, Corrado, who struggles against the Turkish despot ruling his Aegean homeland. Italians commonly identified Corrado with their own patriot, Garibaldi.

Il Corsaro premiered in Trieste in 1848 (after the successes of *Nabucco*, *Ernani*, and *Macbeth*, but before the international éclat of *Rigoletto*, *Il Trovatore*, and *La Traviata*). But despite its impeccable politics it was a flop. The opera subsequently disappeared for more than a century until it was revived in Venice in 1963 and later in London in 1966. This month, *Il Corsaro* will have its first fully staged American production at the San Diego Opera's annual Verdi Festival. Mexican tenor Alfonso Navarrete will sing Corrado. Others in the cast include English soprano Rosalind Plowright, New York City

BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Giuseppe Verdi's *Il Corsaro* at the San Diego Opera.

Opera soprano June Anderson, and Spanish baritone Juan Pons. For more than a century, *Il Corsaro* was considered a hopeless failure. Now, the San Diego Opera will allow American opera fans an opportunity to judge whether a reassessment is called for. (June 18, 20, 26.)

One of Japan's Living National Treasures, in the Grand Kabuki.

THEATER

Japanese Import

For most Americans, sitting through a play in the Japanese theatrical genre, Kabuki, takes a bit of patience (though Kabuki moves more swiftly and colorfully than Japan's drier, more ascetic Noh theater). Sometimes comic, sometimes tragic, Kabuki (meaning "song-dance-skill") is highly stylized and exaggerated—and as fully prescribed in its traditions as religious liturgy. The genre first appeared in Japan around 1600, at the time performed mostly by women. In an attempt to control prostitution, however, the government banned women from the stage soon after Kabuki became popular. Today, female roles are still taken by men.

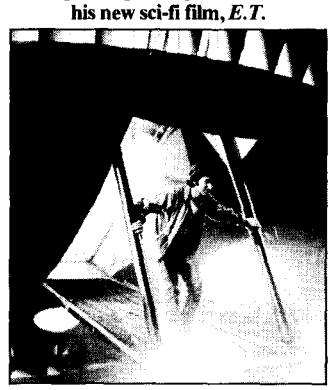
Japanese audiences can be as fanatic about their favorite Kabuki stars as Western opera buffs. And when the **Grand Kabuki** arrives in the U.S. for a four-week tour this month with a company of 77 actors, eight of its most highly esteemed stars will travel with the company—the first time all eight will have performed together anywhere. Two of the stars have been named Living National Treasures by the Japanese government (Nakamura Kanzaburo XVII and Nakamura Utaemon VI)—and so has one of the 30 musicians who will accompany the actors (Kiyomoto Shizuatayo). The repertory on tour will include seven plays, the oldest of which (*Narukami*) dates back to 1684. (New York City, June 29 through July 10; the World's Fair, Knoxville, July 13 through 18; Washington, D.C., July 20 through July 25.)

FILM

A Closer Encounter

Stephen Spielberg is bringing us more spacemen. The Hollywood director, who first made contact with the silly-putty humanoids of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, has landed a crew of extraterrestrial botanists on earth for his new movie, **E.T.** (standing for extraterrestrial). Surprised by earthlings, the spacemen leave behind their specimen plants along with a colleague who had become separated from the group. Things look bleak for the now lonely, abandoned 600-year-old alien, until he's found by an equally lonely 10-year-old boy named Elliott Taylor (his initials are also E.T.), who takes him in, and, with the connivance of siblings, hides him in his closet. Spaceman and boy communicate telepathically, and Elliott helps the being rejoin his own people while the E.T. helps Elliott heal the wounds of his broken family.

Stephen Spielberg on the set of his new sci-fi film, *E.T.*



NEW YORKER FILMS

Spielberg fans' biggest complaint about *Close Encounters* was that they never saw enough of the aliens, who appeared for only a short, misty visit near the end. Now we have a whole movie to get to know one of them intimately. Spielberg, one of Hollywood's top-grossing directors, never skimps on special effects: mechanical sharks (*Jaws*), space ships full of blinking lights (*Close Encounters*), and the wrath of God (*Raiders of the Lost Ark*). His films might be proof that nobody ever went broke underestimating the maturity of the American people. But it's hard to find fault: He makes countless moviegoers glad to be 10 years old again. (Premieres June 11.)

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Goody Ace

Goodman Ace is dead. The column he wrote for this magazine for more than a quarter of a century was only one of his many points of identification. He was one of the prime forces in the development of television. He was a kingpin among motion-picture playwrights. He was the mentor of at least a dozen other outstanding writers for stage, screen, and video. But for us on *Saturday Review*, he was a constant source of nourishment. He knew the value of joy. Even in his deepening illness he would attend to the craving of others for comic relief from a world tormented as much by its inadequacies as by its complexities.

Stories about Goody are epic. Our favorite concerns a telephone call he received several years ago.

"Excuse me, madam," he told the caller. "I can hardly hear you; it almost sounded as though you were inviting me to speak at the dog show."

"Mr. Ace, that's exactly what I was saying. I represent the Westminster Dog Show at Madison Square Garden, and we want you to speak."

"That's very kind of you," Goody replied. "But honestly, madam, I've had very little to do with dogs in my long lifetime. There's nothing I could say."

"Well, Mr. Ace," she continued, "we weren't exactly expecting you to talk about dogs. We have a modest honorarium of $2,500."

"Madam," he said, "some of my best friends have been dogs. I am delighted to accept."

When the day of the dog show came, Goody prepared to leave his apartment in New York. Jane called out to him in the hallway and asked where he was going. "The dog show," he said. "That's all right, Goody," she replied. "You don't have to tell me if you don't want to."

At Madison Square Garden, Goody gave one of his typical droll performances. His effortless one-liners and anecdotes with their beautifully timed punch lines rolled off a seemingly endless spool. After about 45 minutes in which his listeners discovered internal funny bones they never knew even existed, Goody completed his talk, received sustained applause, and then stepped down from the platform.

"Mr. Ace," someone cried out. "Aren't we going to have a question period? Speakers always have question periods." General applause indicated wide support for the request. Goody returned.

"It seems that you would like a question period," he said. "Very well. My first question is: Why don't you leave these poor dogs alone?"

A good story to him was one of life's great prizes. It had to be told with great artistry. Someone who spilled his lines was no less deserving of contempt than a headwaiter who spilled fine wine. Humor was not only precious but perishable. It required a certain suspense but could be overplayed or overdrawn. Timing was as vital to the humorist as to the batter hitting an off-speed pitch. Goody was a salvage specialist. By exquisite adjustment in word order or timing, he was able to take gags that had fallen flat before audiences and enable their tellers to score clean hits the next time around.

He was much more than a gagsmith, however, just as he was much more than a wordsmith. Beneath the humor was a view of life as something not merely to be sustained but cherished. He was funny, but he never made fun of people. He made use of their foibles but never made them look stupid. He knew they would become more alive, more responsive, easier to get along with, if they could experience the redeeming value of laughter.

Louis Kronenberger, one of America's most civilized critics, once wrote that "comedy, by stripping off the war paint and the feathers, the college degrees or the military medals, shows how very like at bottom the hero is to everyone else." No one surpassed Goody Ace in his ability to strip heroes of their feathers. In this sense, he was a superb editorialist. He helped society to maintain its stride by keeping its headliners off balance. He knew that some people have to be out in front as leaders—but he wouldn't let them use the spotlight for preening. Being out in front imposed obligations to excellence. Either you did your job well or you went back to the peanut gallery.

The last time I saw Goody was in his New York apartment. He said that his own lease on life would probably run out before the lease on the apartment did.

The sense of Jane was still palpable. There were photographs of her on walls that were otherwise singularly free of pictures or other adornments. One photograph, on the piano, was of Jane at about 35 or 40.

Just before I left he told me the story of a man who, having a premonition about death, asked his minister whether there was any way of gaining assurance he would go to heaven, which he felt was laid out like a golf course and where he would get to play every day. In fact, he said, he was prepared to leave his entire fortune to the church if he knew in advance that he was destined for the upper zone.

Several days later the minister telephoned. "I have good news and bad news. First, the good news. I can assure you without qualification that you are going to heaven."

"Wonderful," said the man. "Now, what is the bad news?"

"You tee off next Thursday at 10:15 AM."

When *SR* conducted a poll asking prominent Americans to nominate candidates for a contemporary Hall of Fame, this was his reply: "I respectfully suggest the name of Goodman Ace...if he's still around....If he isn't, I wouldn't dig him up just for this."

No column he wrote for *Saturday Review* was more moving or better remembered than the one he did after Jane died. It was pure sentiment without sentimentality. He was witness to everything she had meant to him over the years, but his memories transcended the words that best described them. We feel the same way about him. —**N.C.**

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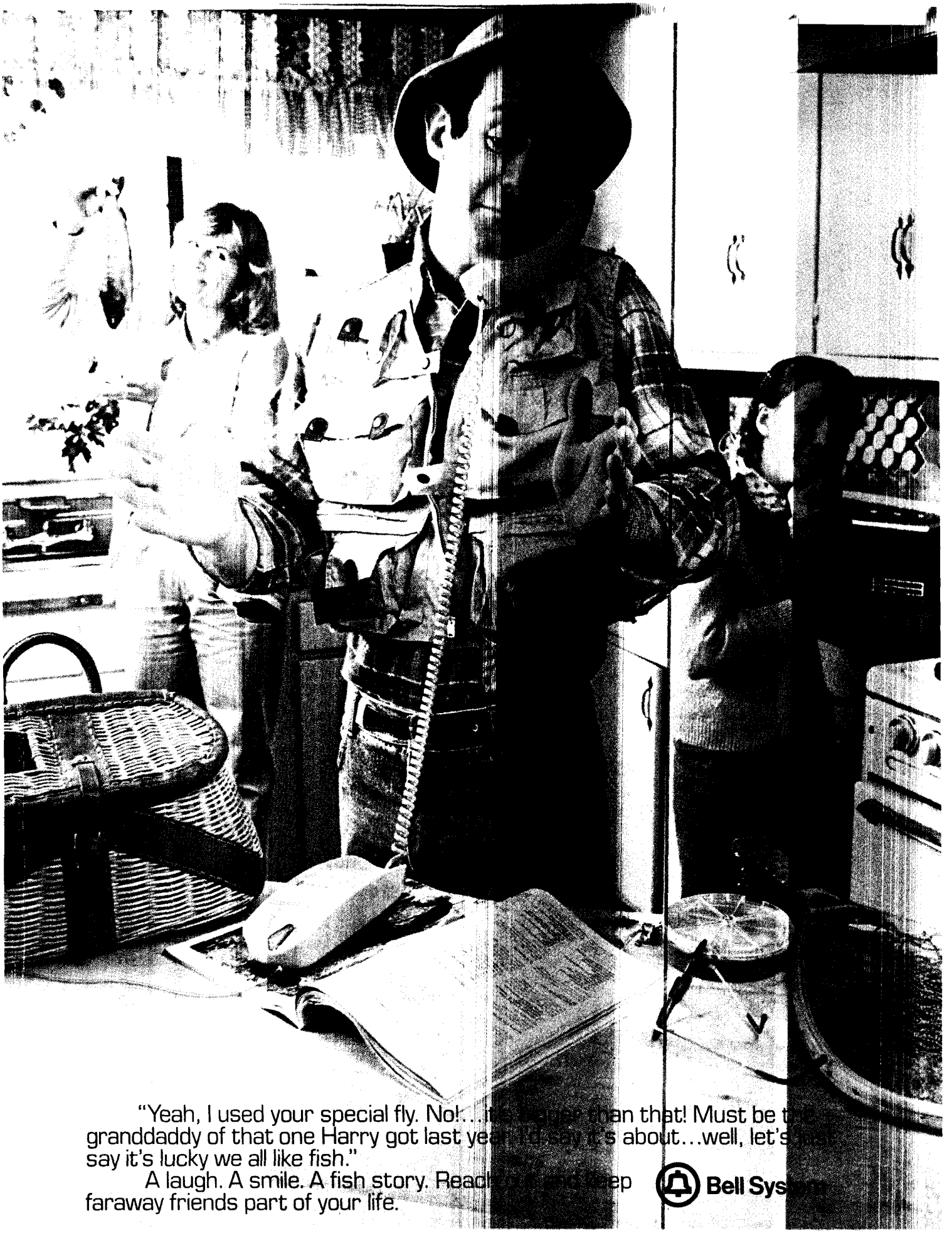

"Yeah, I used your special fly. No!...it's bigger than that! Must be the granddaddy of that one Harry got last year. I'd say it's about...well, let's just say it's lucky we all like fish."

A laugh. A smile. A fish story. Reach out and keep faraway friends part of your life.

Bell System

Reach out and touch someone.

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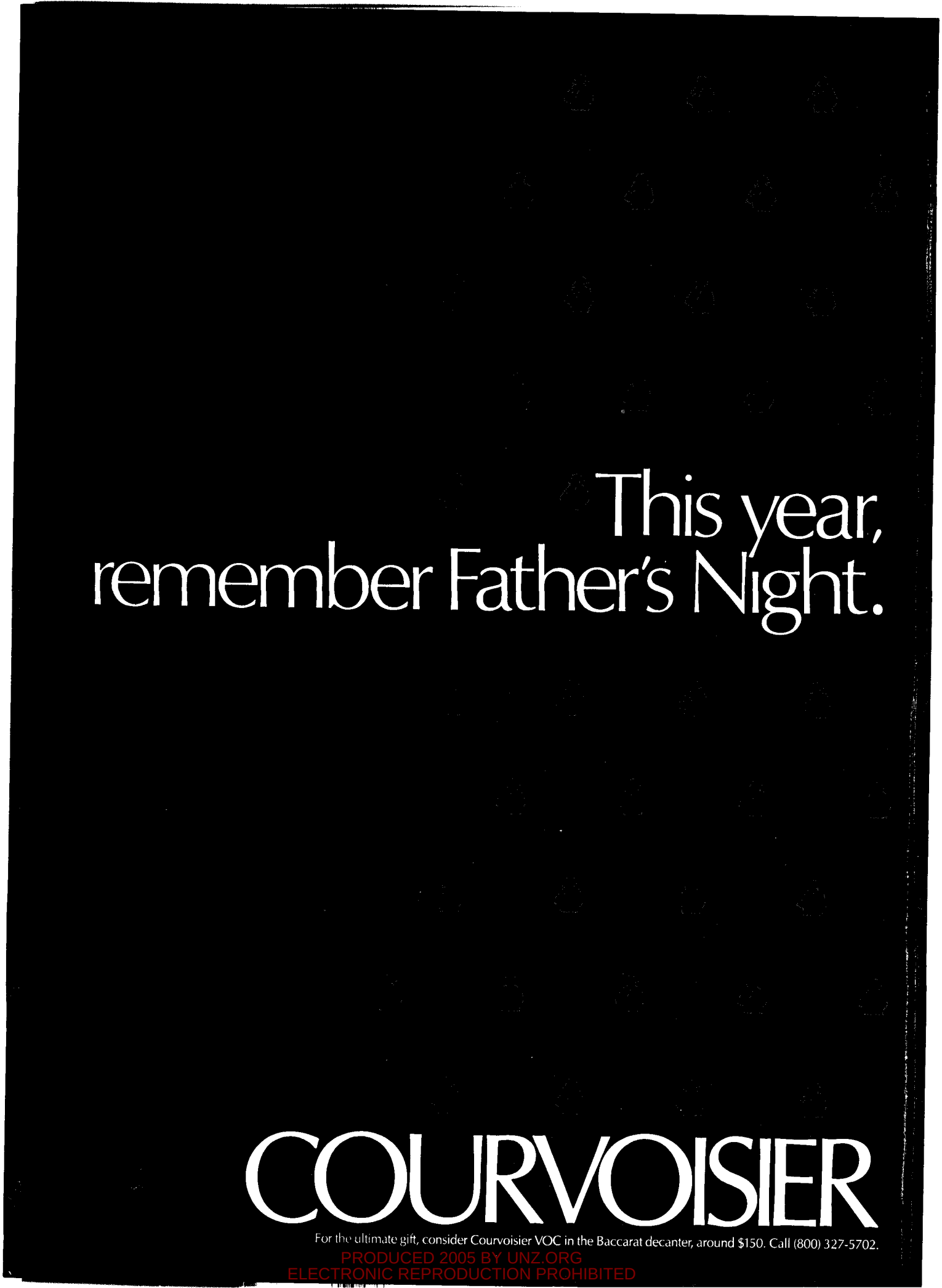
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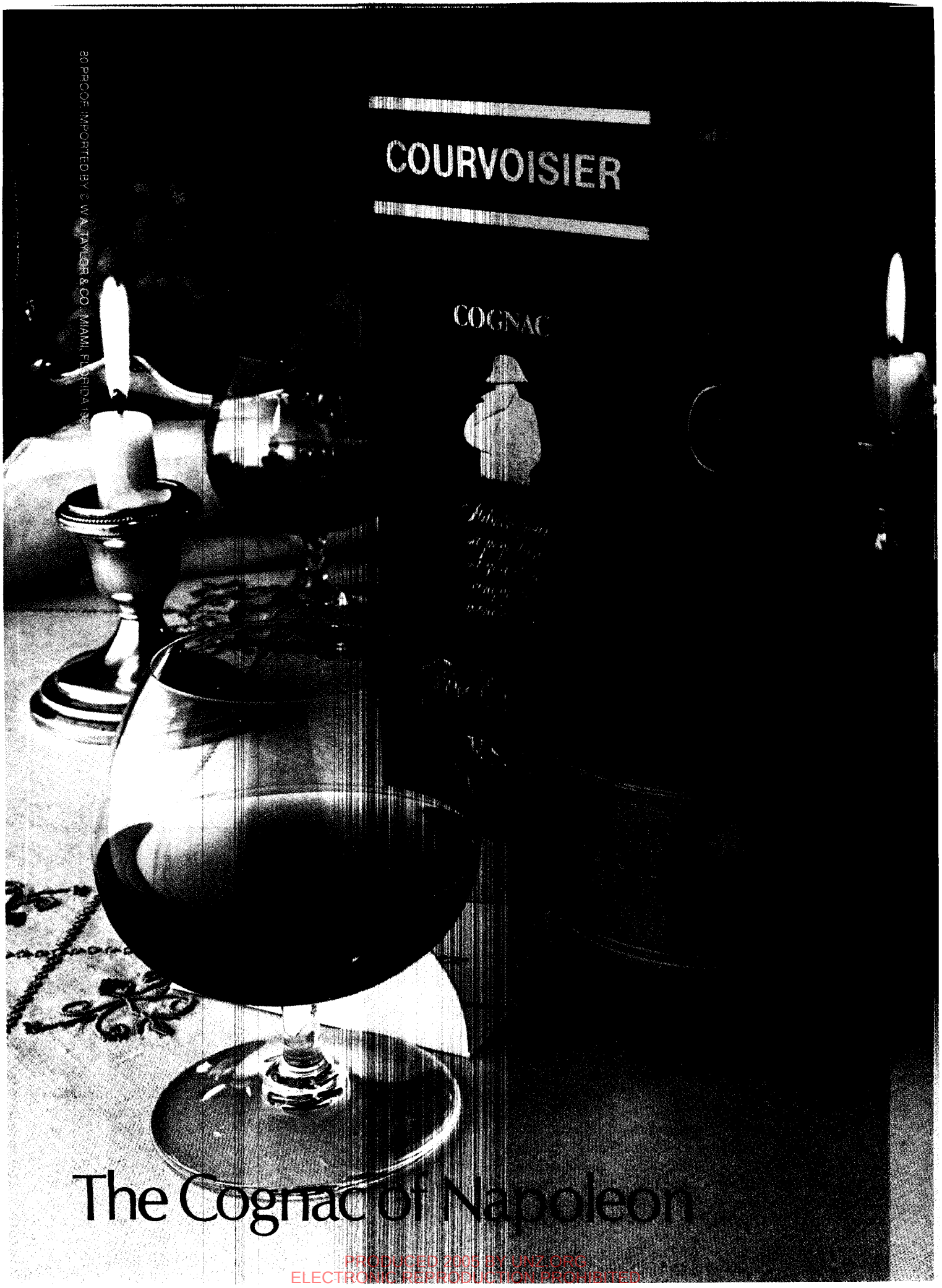

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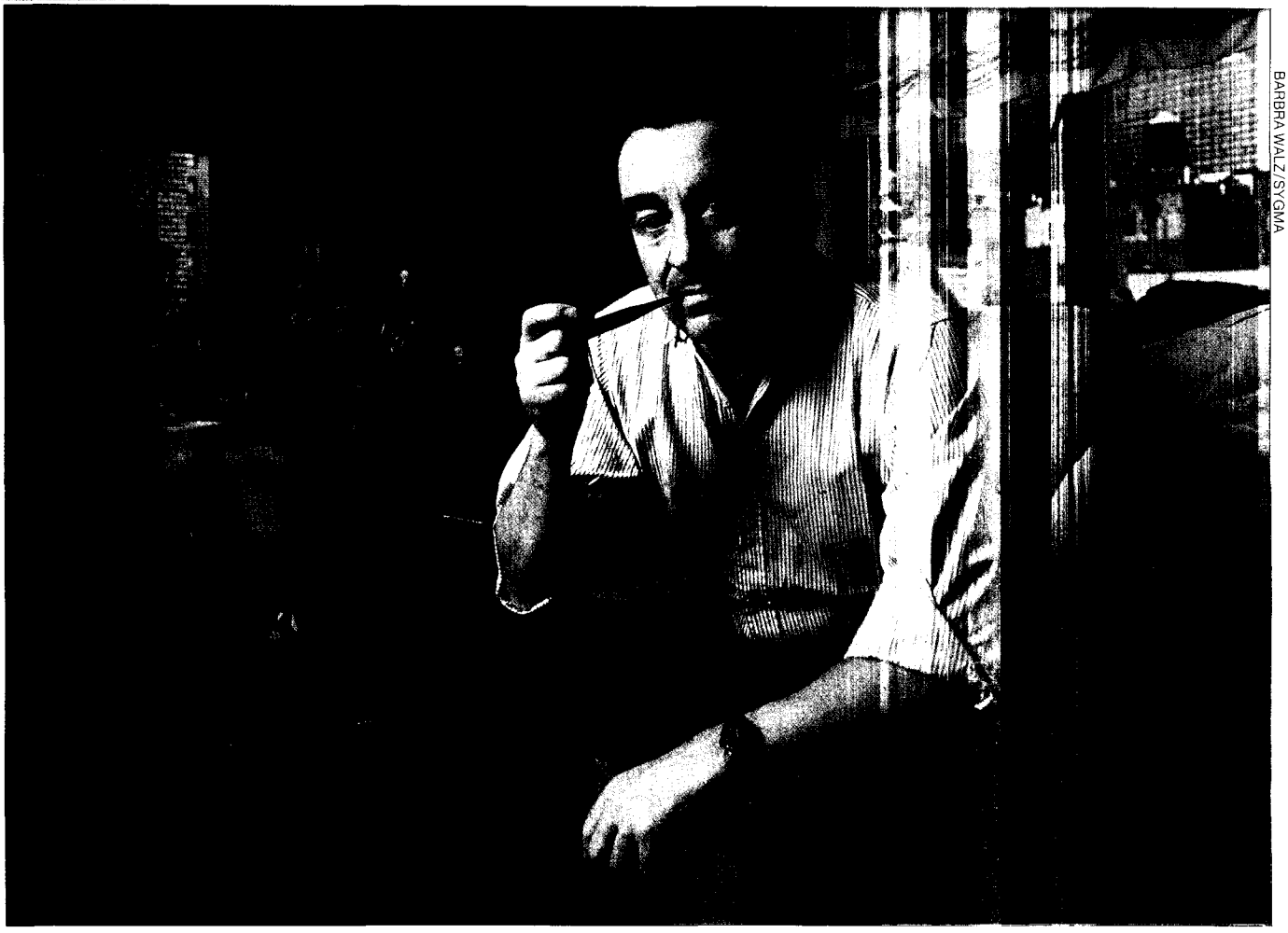

BARBRA WALZ/SYGMA

Louis Malle Hits the Big Time

His most recent films, "Atlantic City" and "My Dinner With André," have catapulted the French-born Malle to recognition as one of the most accomplished directors in America.

BY SCOT HALLER

It was a dream deal—the chance for French-born director Louis Malle to make any film he wanted. There was only one catch: The movie had to be conceived, written, and completed within six months so that its Canadian producer could take advantage of tax-shelter financing. In July 1979, Malle called playwright John Guare (box, page 19) to suggest a quick collaboration. In search of a suitable subject, the pair headed for Atlantic City, where landmarks were coming down, casinos were going up, and the past and future were constantly colliding. "I was stunned by the place. It was like the gold rush," recalls Malle. Immediately inspired, he and Guare fashioned *Atlantic City*, a black comedy about has-beens and hopefuls in a resort town. Starring Burt Lancaster as a small-time hood with delusions of grandeur and nostalgia for a nonexistent past, *Atlantic City* won Malle, Guare, and Lancaster a slew of critics' prizes last spring. It received five Academy Award nominations, including best director and best picture. And after a slow start during its initial release, *Atlantic City* is now enjoying a second life at the box office.

Last year, for an encore, Malle picked one of the most unlikely, least cinematic projects imaginable: *My Dinner With André*. Set in a New York restaurant, the

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film consisted entirely of two men philosophizing over dinner about spirituality and the artist's role in society. The only speaking roles in *My Dinner With André* belonged to roly-poly playwright Wallace Shawn and avant-garde director André Gregory. "This was such an odd idea," says Malle. "I thought, why should people come and watch two men in a restaurant for two hours?" Malle's approach was as daring as the original script. Instead of using flashbacks, jazzy editing or clever angles to compensate for the static script, Malle kept his camera on the pair, transforming his actors' faces into the film's landscape, turning their recollections and verbal duel into plot movement. "To me," says Malle, "*My Dinner With André* was an adventure story that just happened to take place at a table." To his astonishment, it has emerged as the sleeper of the year. An independent feature shot for $450,000 in less than three weeks, the movie has broken house records in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, and San Francisco. Not long ago in Boston, Shawn and Gregory were mobbed during a promotional appearance. "Like rock stars," says Malle.

Atlantic City and *My Dinner With André* have catapulted Malle, 49, from the ranks of an under-appreciated "art film" director to recognition as one of the most adventuresome, accomplished moviemakers working in America. Malle first attracted attention as a prominent figure in the French New Wave, the film movement of the early 1960s that spawned the *auteur* theory and the careers of François Truffaut, Jean-Luc Godard, and Claude Chabrol. But unlike his New Wave compatriots, Malle has successfully transplanted his talent to American soil—and is winning a broader audience in the process.

Moreover, while his colleagues in the French New Wave have had one or two preoccupations throughout their careers, Malle's hallmark has been his versatility. He followed his erotic drama *The Lovers* (1958) with a surrealistic comedy, *Zazie in the Metro* (1960), and a somber, spare masterpiece, *The Fire Within* (1963), that chronicles the last hours of a suicidal man-about-town. As critic Pauline Kael once noted, "The only quality common to the films of Louis Malle is the restless intelligence one senses in them.... Had Malle gone on making variations of almost any one of his films, it is practically certain that he would have been acclaimed long ago."

Despite their differences, Malle's 19 films—whether comedy, drama, or documentary—are designed to provoke audiences. Malle wants "to wake people up, to make them worry, to argue, to rethink their values," and as a result, his movies have courted controversy on an international scale. *The Lovers* prompted a series of obscenity trials in the United States. After his 1969 documentaries on India were shown on British television, the Indian government expelled the BBC from New Delhi. Malle's vision of French society in the comedy *Murmer of the Heart* (1971) and his version of occupied France in the World War II drama *Lacombe, Lucien* (1974) have incurred the wrath of his countrymen. And *Pretty Baby* (1978), his film about child prostitution starring Brooke Shields, is still banned in Canada.

Yet Malle's approach is not sensationalistic. He manages a delicate artistic balance by treating hot subjects with a cool camera. His films are challenging but not confrontational, explosive but never exploitative. They can unsettle an audience without assaulting the senses. Technically accomplished and tastefully rendered, Malle's movies champion the discreet charm of unconventionality.

BRUNO BACHELET/SYGMA

Wedding day: Malle married Candice Bergen in France in 1980.

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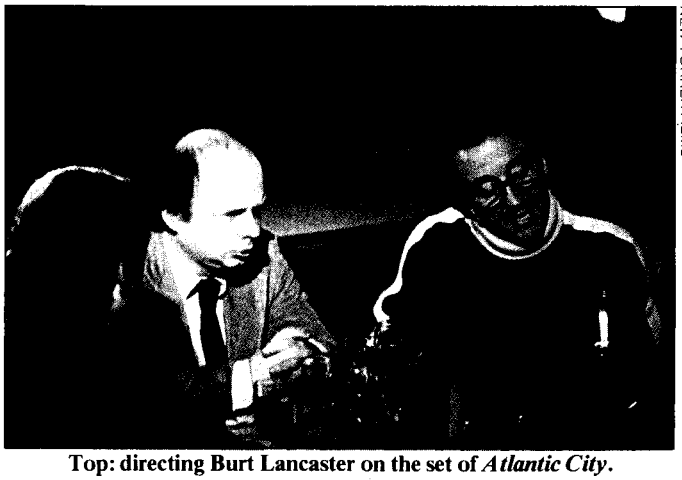

NEW YORKER FILMS

Top: directing Burt Lancaster on the set of *Atlantic City*.
Bottom: conferring with the two stars of *My Dinner With André*.

Dapper and dimpled, Louis Malle doesn't look the least bit controversial. Sitting on the edge of a sofa in the sunny New York duplex that he shares with his wife, actress Candice Bergen, Malle is sipping white wine and fiddling with a pipe. There are gray streaks in his hair and lines in his brow. Like his films, Malle's conversation is to the point, his observations evenhanded.

But he readily admits to a renegade nature. "The quintessence of my rebellion is that I've never accepted being defined in advance," he says. That attitude extends even to his nationality. "I've always resented that I had no choice but being French," he continues. "I resent that if you're born and raised in a certain milieu, you're supposed to accept it."

Malle didn't. He was the youngest boy of seven children born to Pierre Malle, a naval officer, and his wife, Françoise Béghin, whose family owns a prosperous sugar operation in France. As a young-

Scot Haller is a senior editor of *Saturday Review*.

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ster in an upper-class household, Malle attended Catholic schools in Paris, spent his childhood summers in Ireland, and went to a boarding school in Fontainebleau during the Nazi occupation. His family expected him to pursue a proper subject at a proper institution: political science at the University of Paris. Instead, he chose to study film at the Institut des Hautes Etudes Cinématographiques, and there were "bloody battles" over this mutiny. "It's possible that one of my motivations in making films was some kind of social revenge," he says, "except it sounds so ridiculous for me to talk about social revenge because I came from a very wealthy family."

Malle began his professional career as an assistant to oceanographer Jacques Cousteau, contributing to the award-winning documentary *The Silent World*. But an ear infection forced him to stop diving and return to Paris, where his first feature, *Elevator to the Gallows* (1957), was a thriller about a rich woman's plot to murder her husband. When the film opened in the United States four years later, critics discussed the influence of Truffaut and Godard on Malle's work; in fact, neither director had made a feature when *Elevator to the Gallows* was first shown in France.

With *The Lovers*, Malle accelerated his assault on the bourgeoisie. Jeanne Moreau shocked audiences as a wife who discovers sexual fulfillment with a student and abandons her husband and child. The suggestions of oral sex and feminist undercurrents made *The Lovers* a *cause célèbre*—and a frequent feature in American courtrooms. "*The Lovers* was based on something that happened in my family," Malle says. "Actually my close family. And I wanted to make them *pay*."

As the French New Wave rose in the early 1960s, Malle's activities away from the set drew as much attention as his movies. The French media could not reconcile the serious filmmaker with the well-to-do reveler who danced until dawn in Paris clubs. "Because of my background, I was considered a rich kid playing with art," recalls Malle. "And I was furious. It was ridiculous how much I resented the playboy image." Nevertheless, that image was enhanced by Malle's well-publicized romances with actresses Nathalie Delon and Jeanne Moreau.

His eclectic body of work was likewise baffling to the French. With their consistent themes, Truffaut and Godard were more accessible to audiences, more fancied by critics. Zigzagging from subject to subject, Malle was increasingly considered a dilettante. "The way I see it now," he says, "I was consciously pitting my next project against my last, which had to do with my own little schizophrenia. I was never really satisfied with my work, so I would move in another direction."

In the late 1960s, Malle decided his next direction was East. He elected to "change everything at once." He stopped making fictional films, sold his Paris residence, and left the country. "I was totally lost," he later confided. "It was a time when I was trying to go back to the beginning and clean up all my bad habits as an intellectual." Chasing contentment, Malle ventured to India, where people believed he was stealing their souls when he aimed his camera at them. In India, Malle shot 40 hours of documentary footage, which he then edited into *Calcutta*, a feature-length documentary, and *Phantom India*, seven 50-minute segments for television. Scenes of poverty, religious rites, and decay infuriated the Indian government and led to the BBC's eviction from New Delhi. "One of my ways of escaping has been through documentaries," Malle says. "I've shot a lot of footage that I've never edited simply because I was thrilled just to take a camera and shoot."

> ***"Because of my background, I was considered a rich kid playing with art. It was ridiculous how much I resented the playboy image."***

In 1971, Malle's return to France and narrative movies proved no less controversial than his portrait of India. *Murmur of the Heart* focused on the boorish behavior of a bourgeois family and the sexual liaison between a sensual mother and her youngest son. As scandalous as the incest was Malle's conception: *Murmur of the Heart* was a high-spirited *comedy*. Malle attributes the confident tone of the film—and almost everything else in this period of his life—to his cathartic experience in the East. "After India, I managed to start getting rid of my obsession with my social background. If I had done *Murmur of the Heart* when I was 25, which was my age when I did *The Lovers*, it probably would have been a very somber, sinister melodrama about bourgeois families and suicide and guilt."

Malle's next film, *Lacombe, Lucien*, was an even-tempered re-creation of occupied France in 1944. It enflamed French audiences with its account of a peasant boy who drifts into the ranks of the Gestapo. Malle's subject was the banality of evil, and his depiction of folk collaborating with the Germans sparked a three-month war of words in *Le Monde*, the Paris newspaper that Malle calls "the serious, left-of-center, slightly puritanical, guilt-oriented, French intellectual Bible."

"To me," says Malle, "*Lacombe, Lucien* was the best example of what you can do if you come up with a proposition that is profoundly disturbing but has enough truthful elements that it really forces people to reconsider accepted values. It was wonderful to see this subject that the French had censored for so long come out in the open." He has kept all the clippings from *Le Monde*.

Always unpredictable, Malle followed this triumph with "the greatest flop I've ever had," *Black Moon* (1975), an impenetrable, futuristic fable about men and women at war. With it, Malle took his impulsive approach to filmmaking to the extreme. "On the set," he says, "it's a sort of collaboration in searching. I find confusion always creative, although it drives the crew crazy. After seven takes of doing a scene one way, I do one more and make it completely different." *Black Moon* illustrated the limits of that technique. "I wouldn't even pretend to know what I was doing," he says. "Half the film was totally improvised. I didn't especially like the movie because it was so opaque."

But for Malle, his professional success in his homeland was not especially satisfying. "I've never felt at ease with French culture. There's a very strong tendency in my compatriots to explain to you everything before it happens." Looking for artistic adventure, Malle decided to try Hollywood in 1976. For a director with an affection for outsider status, the prospect of a foreign country was attractive. "I figured there was at least a 50 percent chance I'd fail," says Malle cheerfully.

Almost immediately, Malle's career suffered culture shock. For his first American feature, the director co-authored an unusual romance and introduced to unsuspecting audiences Brooke Shields as a pubescent whore growing up with her mother (Susan Sarandon) in a 1917 New Orleans brothel. In one startling scene, the virginal girl is auctioned

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off to the highest bidder—to her delight. *Pretty Baby* prompted editorials against child prostitution and considerable disappointment among critics, but there was no argument about its box-office performance: it did poorly. *"With Pretty Baby,"* says Malle, "I had in mind to do something disturbing like *Lacombe, Lucien*. But it didn't work quite the same way because instead of politics, you're dealing with sex. In this country, that completely changes the approach."

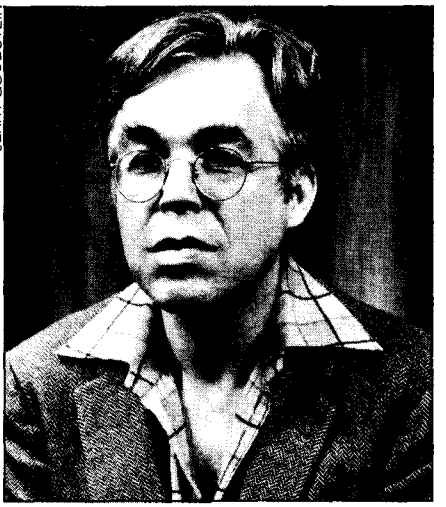
Louis Malle has adopted an unorthodox stance in his personal life, too. In 1965, during the shooting of *Viva Maria*, he married Anne Marie Deschodt, but divorced her a few years later before leaving for India. He is the father of two children, each born out of wedlock to a different woman. In 1971, after *Murmur of the Heart*, Malle and German actress Gila von Weiterhausen, who played a prostitute in the movie, retreated to Mexico where their son, Manuel Guatemoc, was born. Malle's eight-year-old daughter, Justine, was born to Canadian actress Alexandra Stewart, who appeared in *Black Moon*. During the mid-1970s, the clan occasionally shared Malle's house in the farm country of Lugangnac, France, where he filmed *Lacombe, Lucien*.

While making *Pretty Baby*, Malle began a three-year relationship with its star, actress Susan Sarandon, who won an Oscar nomination for playing the hassled casino worker in *Atlantic City*. Several months after the film was shot, the affair dissolved, and in the fall of 1980, Malle married Candice Bergen. "In the last two years," says Malle, "I've discovered a relationship that could very well absorb me entirely. I've spent a great deal of time just doing nothing."

Louis Malle resides in a peculiar limbo these days. No longer just an art-house hero, he is not quite a household name either. He views his accelerating stature with the objectivity that distinguishes his films. "The other day," he says, "I saw on the subway a young man who was reading the paperback of the screenplay for *My Dinner With André*. He was underlining sentences in red pencil, and I thought, 'This is getting out of control.' A lot of what Wally and André say is funny and interesting, but this is no Heidegger." For a director with a lifelong suspicion of the status quo, the prospect of mass appeal is a mixed blessing.

Despite his ambivalence, Malle enthusiastically continues his Americanization. On a recent afternoon he is heading to a conference about the television taping of *Lydie Breeze*, an off-Broadway play by Guare that Malle directed. On the sidewalk in front of his apartment, Malle immediately adopts the hurried, harried walk of a native New Yorker. With his purposeful stride and worldly air, Malle doesn't clash with the Manhattan street scene. But as he disappears into the crowd, his double-takes and bemused expressions at the sidewalk sights mark him as an outsider. It's a moment that echoes a comment in *The Fire Within*: Of America, the hero says wistfully, "I felt good there. I was an eternal visitor." ■

Malle's American Connection



JERRY GOODSTEIN

Guare: "We laugh at the same things."

They certainly are an odd couple: the French director known for his dispassionate camera and the New York playwright whose works are shotgun weddings of lunacy and lyricism. But with *Atlantic City*, Louis Malle and John Guare inaugurated the sort of sustained, blissful, mutually beneficial collaboration that is an endangered species in their professions. Last February, Malle made his stage-directing debut with Guare's off-Broadway drama *Lydie Breeze*, and the pair is currently plotting a new film project.

What accounts for this improbable partnership? According to Malle and Guare, their simpatico sensibilities transcend nationality or differences in backgrounds. "We laugh at the same things, we are moved by the same things," says Guare. And Malle observes, "Because I am a stranger in America, I've always had a slightly distorted view. John has it too—only by temperament. We are almost always on the same wavelength." In fact, when Guare arrived in France with the first draft of *Atlantic City*, he discovered Malle reading the same obscure 19th-century novel that he had brought along.

Guare, 44, emerged as an idiosyncratic voice in the off-Broadway boom of the 1960s. *The House of Blue Leaves* and *Marco Polo Sings a Solo* were off-the-wall comedies populated by on-the-fringe characters. (Guare also supplied the lyrics and adaptation for the 1971 musical of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.) With a touch of the poet—and the lunatic—Guare conceived contemporary satires that overflowed with lyrical language. Even his characters' names were poetic jokes. The hero of *Rich and Famous* was the world's oldest living, most promising playwright, Bing Ringling. Before Albert Innaurato or Beth Henley, John Guare was rendering the absurd affecting. But while Guare's plays were praised for their verve and macabre visions, they were also criticized for favoring eccentricity over coherence and form.

In Malle, Guare has found an appropriate foil for his fancifulness. The director's analytical eye in *Atlantic City* tempers the writer's extravagances without violating Guare's unique voice. As Susan Sarandon walks through a hospital after the death of her dope-dealing husband, she stumbles upon a charity event starring Robert Goulet, who simultaneously sings the virtues of the resort town and flirts shamelessly with Sarandon. The juxtapositions of calamity and comedy, ordinary people and pop icons are characteristically Guare. In the hands of another filmmaker, the episode could have easily turned implausible, unpleasant, offbeat for its own sake. But Malle's deadpan direction makes Guare's outrageous moments credible, hilarious, and horrible.

Guare's most recent stage work marks a departure for him. *Lydie Breeze*, an historical drama about a doomed family on Nantucket at the turn of the century, is part of a trilogy. Lacking Guare's usual combination of pathos and humor, the play was given a lukewarm reception by critics when Malle mounted it last winter. *Gardenia*, a new play about the same community, was performed last month in New York. Guare has written these plays "looking for trouble," he says. "I'm trying to find a different form, a different use for language. I'm trying to be more rigorous with myself."

The next Malle-Guare film project, *Moon Over Miami*, is a political farce about drug trafficking and police entrapment in South Florida. Like *Atlantic City*, it evolved from a trip the pair took together. "Louis likes to go to a place he doesn't know," says Guare. "Then, instead of using the camera to record what he knows, he uses it to try and understand what he doesn't know, to collect information." Originally cast with John Belushi and Dan Ackroyd in the leads, the project was set back by Belushi's death last March, but the director hopes to start filming later this year. Says Malle: "We want to do to Miami what we did to Atlantic City." —S.H.

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The Ducks of North America

William J. Koelpin, dean of American wood carvers, creates a definitive collection of hand-painted miniatures—the first ever to portray every species of duck in North America.

Thirty-six intricately detailed miniatures in all—available by subscription only.

Hand-painted duck decoys have a beauty and fascination all their own. Crafted according to traditional skills passed down from generation to generation, decoys today are admired and sought after by collectors as unique expressions of American folk art. Yet never has there been a collection portraying *all the species* of North America's ducks—until now.

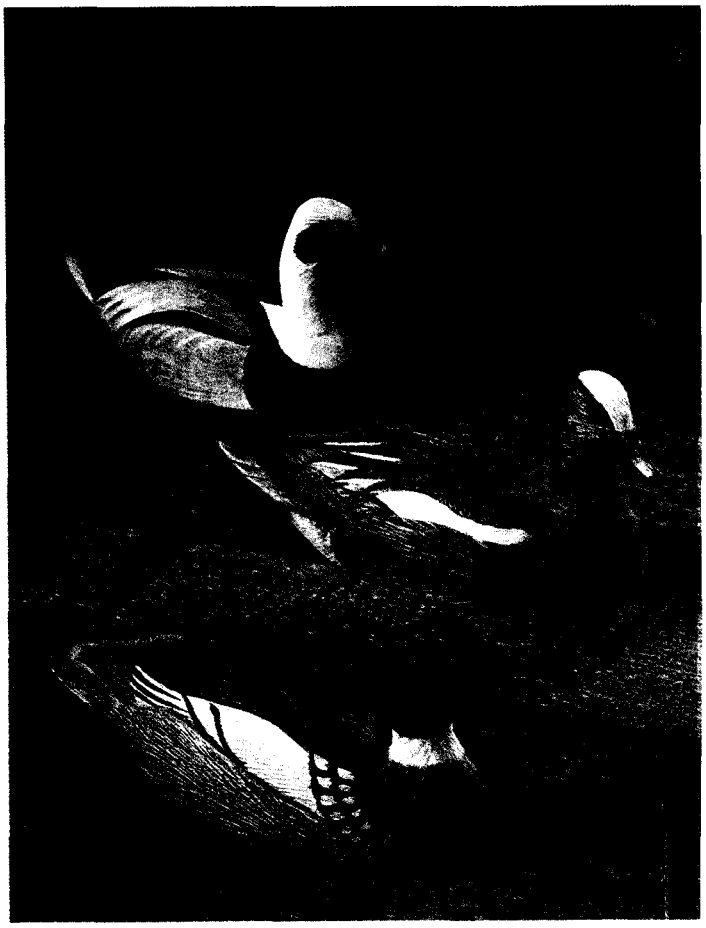
For now, the dean of American wood carvers, William J. Koelpin, has accepted a commission from The Franklin Gallery to create just such a collection. A collection of *miniature decoys* portraying all of the 36 different kinds of wild ducks native to North America. Each decoy will be superbly detailed—hand-painted in its full natural colors. Together, they will form an unprecedented display of sporting art in a uniquely American collecting tradition.

Classics—by an acknowledged master

The art of William J. "Bill" Koelpin has won numerous awards and can be seen in major museums and private collections throughout the country. In 1974, Koelpin was chosen "Best in World" at the World Championship Wild Fowl Carving Competition in Salisbury, Maryland. He has been named "Master of the Guild" by the International Wood Carving Guild. And our nation's most prestigious wildlife museum—the Lehigh-Yawkey-Woodson Art Museum in Wausau, Wisconsin—has called him "one of America's premier artists."

Bill Koelpin's enormous talent—his artistic mastery, his accuracy and complete authenticity—will be in evidence throughout The Ducks of North America Miniature Decoy Collection.

Working directly in miniature, he has hand-carved an original master for each species of duck. From these master models, expert craftsmen take special molds, so incredibly detailed that they capture every line and curve of the sculptor's art. Each decoy in the collection is then crafted from these molds in a blend of resins and wood to create a perfect miniature. A

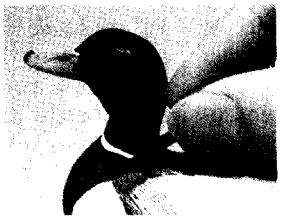


work so lifelike, in every respect, that you will actually be able to see the *attitude* of the bird . . . the *texture* of its wing plumage . . . and the true-to-scale *proportion* of each species—from the majestic Mallard and King Eider to the compact Surf Scoter.

The rich colors and shadings of nature

To add to the life-like realism of the collection, each miniature decoy is then individually hand-painted in as many as twelve colors. These colors are carefully chosen and painstakingly applied to accurately define the rich hues and subtle shadings found in nature.

The iridescent green hood of the Mallard, for example. The steel-blue head and muted speckled breast of the Blue-winged Teal. And the brilliant plumage of the Wood Duck —a rainbow of purple, green, burgundy and bronze. Indeed, this individual hand painting of each miniature is the only way to achieve the *authenticity* that distinguishes the most desirable decoys. The result of all this



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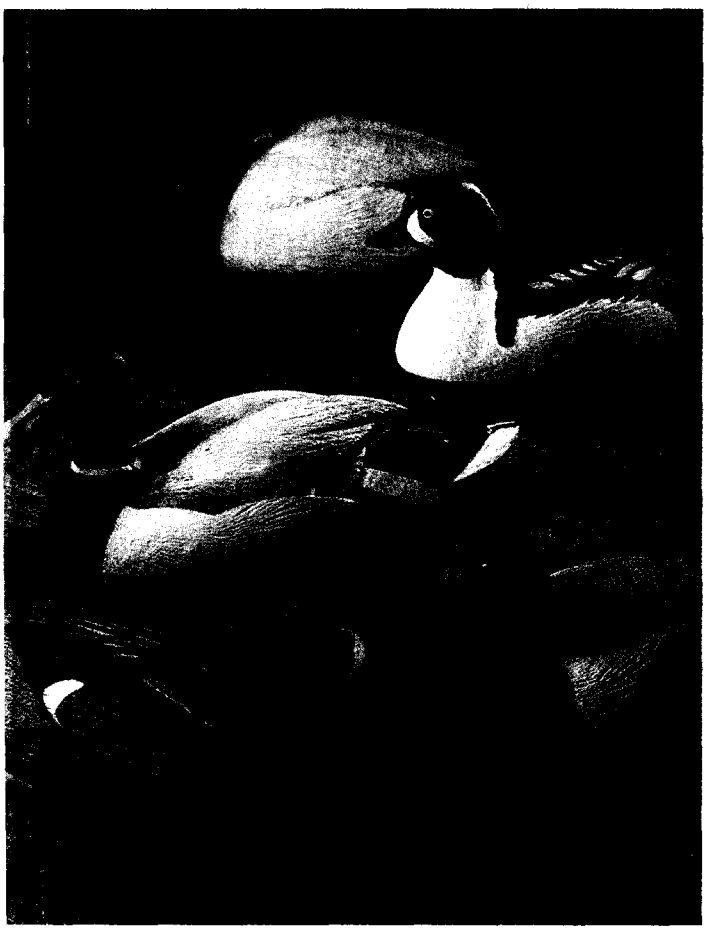
Miniature Decoy Collection



BY William J. Koelpin

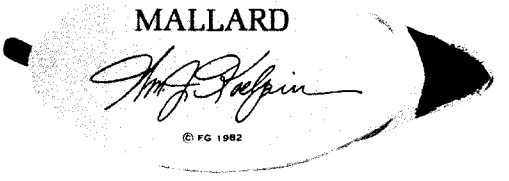
will provide a dramatic accent for the walls of a study, den or office. Its design allows ample room for the collection to be arranged in any of several ways.

Enter your subscription by June 30th

The Ducks of North America Miniature Decoy Collection will be crafted exclusively for subscribers. It is available only by direct subscription from The Franklin Gallery. It will not be sold through stores.

If you appreciate the beauty of nature's most spectacular waterfowl . . . and its expression in the uniquely American tradition of finely crafted decoys . . . this collection of hand-painted miniatures will provide you with rich and lasting satisfaction.

To subscribe, please reply by June 30, 1982.



Decoys, at left, shown reduced. Average length is 3 inches. The base of each decoy will bear the name of the species portrayed, the signature of the artist, and the copyright of The Franklin Gallery.

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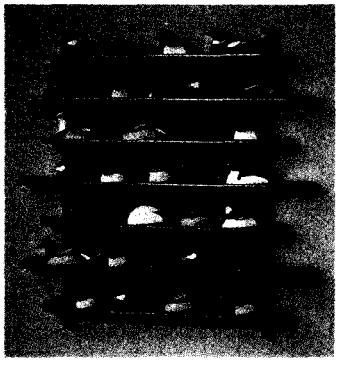
meticulous craftsmanship is a collection of 36 miniature decoys that represents a truly remarkable achievement. For each one is faithful to nature. Crafted with the precision and detail that would do credit to a full-size decoy—in a miniature that rests comfortably in the palm of your hand.

To complete the presentation, the base of each decoy will bear the signature of William J. Koelpin, together with the name of the waterfowl portrayed. And each decoy will be accompanied by a specially written commentary, describing the duck, its seasonal markings and its habitat.

A dramatic display to showcase the collection



So that these superb hand-painted miniatures may be displayed to their best advantage, a handsome display rack will be included as part of the collection.

This fine hardwood rack

The Ducks of North America

MINIATURE DECOY COLLECTION

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I understand that the original issue price is $27.50* for each miniature decoy and that this price will be guaranteed to me for the entire collection. The hardwood display rack will be sent to me at no additional charge.

I need send no money now. I will be billed for each decoy in advance of its shipment.

**Plus my state sales tax and $1. for shipping and handling.*

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Thomas Eakins: Master of Realist Art

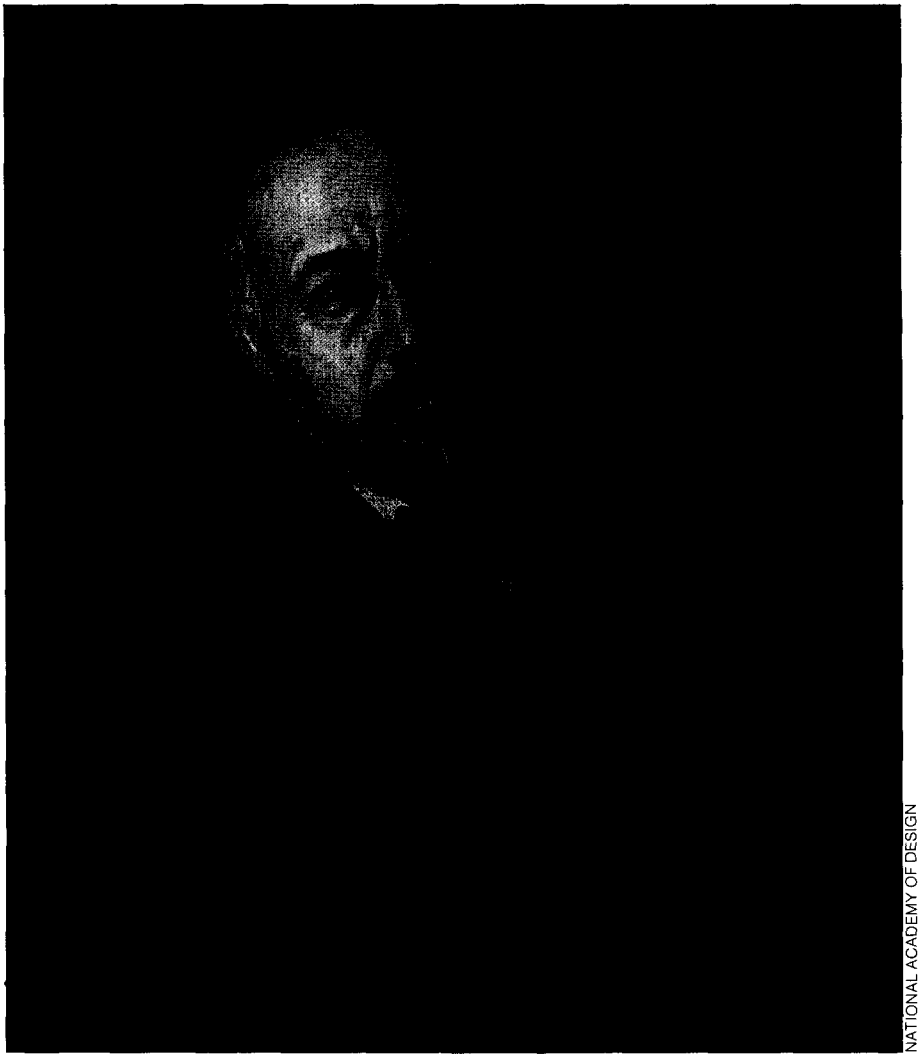
His paintings so offended the 19th-century art world that he was widely ostracized. Today he is considered America's foremost realist —and a major new exhibit shows why.

BY AVIS BERMAN

On a visit to Philadelphia in 1903, John Singer Sargent, the most lionized artist in America, was asked by his hostess, Mrs. J. William White, what other painters he would care to have at dinner. "There's Eakins, for instance," Sargent suggested. The lady replied, "And who is Eakins?" At the time, Thomas Eakins was nearing 60 and had lived in Philadelphia all but four years of his life; the hostess's husband, a physician, had even posed for him in 1889. Yet during his lifetime, Eakins was never a popular figure, artistically or socially. Were it not for a small private income inherited from his father, he would have been a pauper.

Eakins undoubtedly knew why: His mature works—severe, searching, and stubbornly truthful—were, he said, "a trespass on the complacency" of his audience, and eminent Philadelphians progressively ostracized him from polite society and the art institutions they controlled. A peerless anatomist who once considered becoming a surgeon, Eakins grounded his art in medicine, mathematics, and the materialism of urban life—a harsh distillation that few of his contemporaries could fathom. To them, art was supposed to be pretty, ennobling, and reasssuring. To Eakins, art was beautiful only when it was unflinchingly truthful.

Today, of course, the situation is vastly changed, both in and out of the city of brotherly love, and one tends to traffic in superlatives when discussing Eakins. To most critics, Eakins is the greatest realist



NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN

"Self Portrait" (ca. 1902): "My honors are misunderstanding, persecution & neglect."

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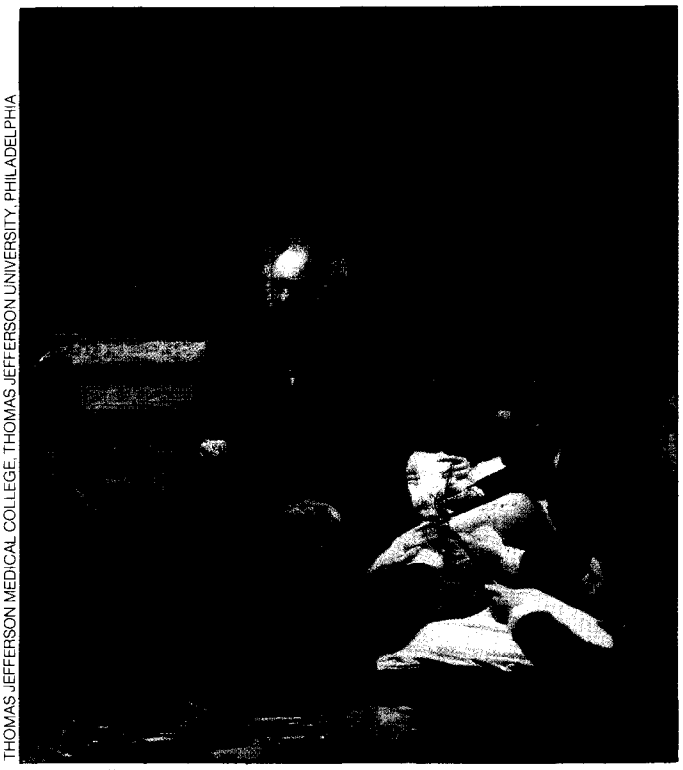
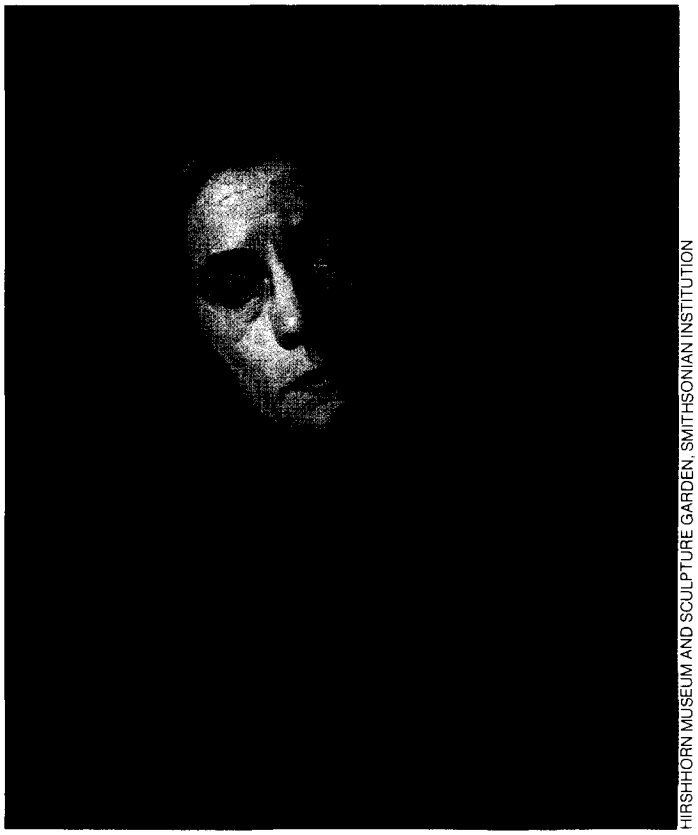


THOMAS JEFFERSON MEDICAL COLLEGE, THOMAS JEFFERSON UNIVERSITY, PHILADELPHIA



HIRSHHORN MUSEUM AND SCULPTURE GARDEN, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

Top, "The Gross Clinic" (1873): "Too bloody to be aesthetic." Right, "Mrs. Thomas Eakins" (ca. 1899): Beauty in truthfulness.

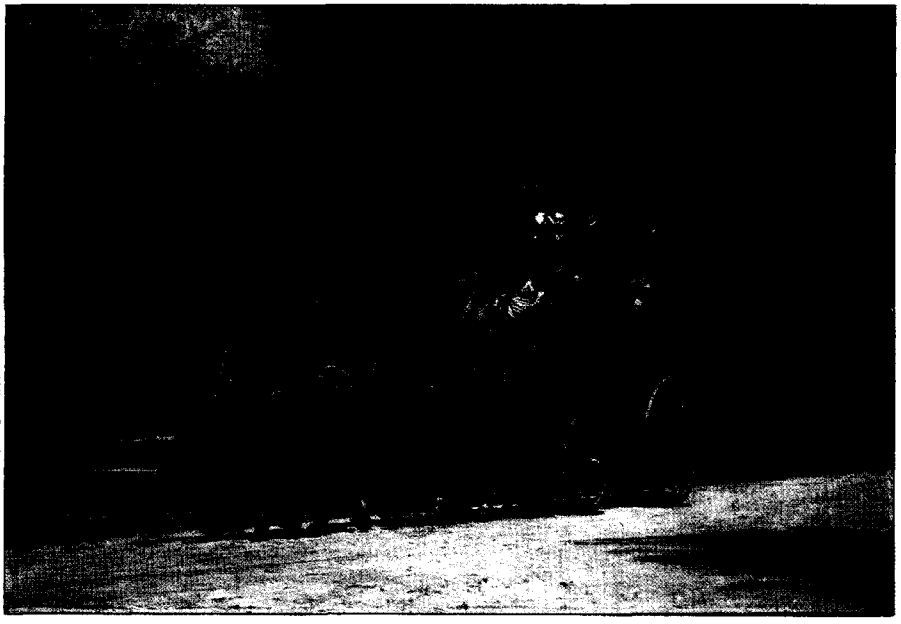
the nation has produced, and some claim he is our finest artist, period. By even the stingiest reckoning, at least a dozen of his canvases are landmarks in American art—including "Max Schmitt in a Single Scull," the first version of "William Rush Carving His Allegorical Figure of the Schuykill River," "The Gross Clinic," "Miss Van Buren," "Walt Whitman," "The Agnew Clinic," "Lady With a Setter," "The Thinker," "Mrs. Thomas Eakins," "The Concert Singer," and "Salutat." And what we bless Eakins for most is his refusal to ingratiate, to settle for respectable felicity in his paintings.

Just as Vienna now glorifies Mozart, whom the city fathers threw into an unmarked grave, contemporary Philadelphia appropriates Eakins. Entrepreneurs mindlessly affix his name to hotel suites, coffee shops, and parks. His house on Mount Vernon Street is preserved. The Philadelphia Museum of Art, which possesses the single best Eakins collection in existence, keeps a good proportion of its holdings on permanent display. This summer, to help celebrate Philadelphia's tricentennial, the museum is mounting a major exhibition of 125 paintings, drawings, sculptures, watercolors, and photographs. The retrospective will remain on view in Philadelphia from May 29 through August 8 and then move to Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, from September 22 through November 28. It marks the first opportunity to take a comprehensive look at Eakins's art in more than a decade. With a renewed appreciation for figurative painting in full swing, Eakins's work should furnish a rich if intimidating challenge to younger artists.

The exhibition is partitioned into 13 different sections. Although the divisions are along thematic lines, they are also chronological and biographical. Through this arrangement, it is possible to follow Eakins's progress from the artistically fluent, binocularly clear outdoor scenes that he first painted to the setbacks and disillusionment of his middle years, when his forceful paintings of doctors and scientists at work were condemned for their straightforward depiction of blood and bone. The final decades of his life are represented in depth by a group of portraits in which Eakins conveyed more than mere costume and physical presence, revealing the darker aspects of character and emotion usually hidden from view. Excellent throughout, Eakins's work reaches its unsurpassed peak in his portraiture. (continued)

Avis Berman is a freelance writer and critic with a special interest in American art.

"Fairman Rogers Four-in-Hand" (1879): Painted to capture the movement of horses.



PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART

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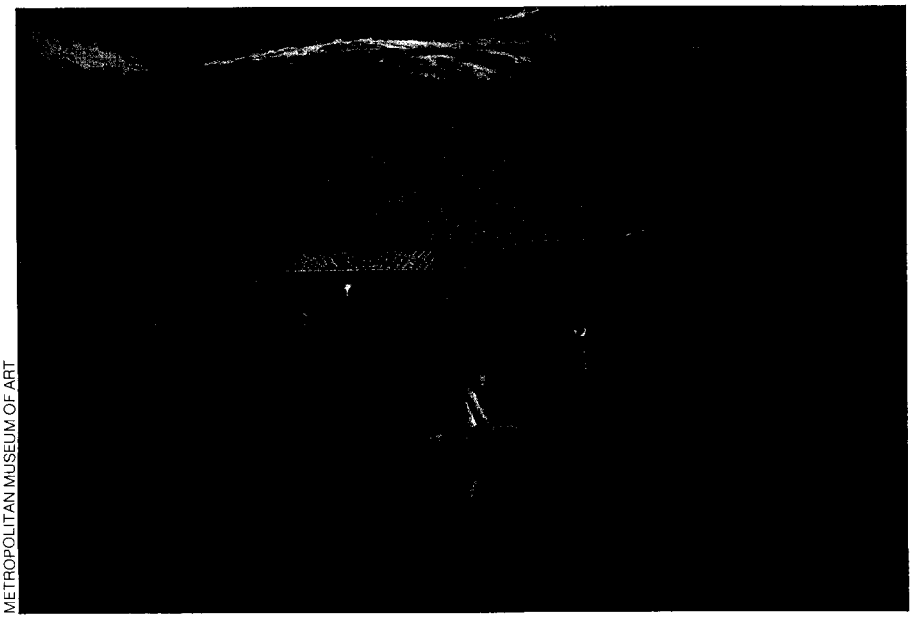
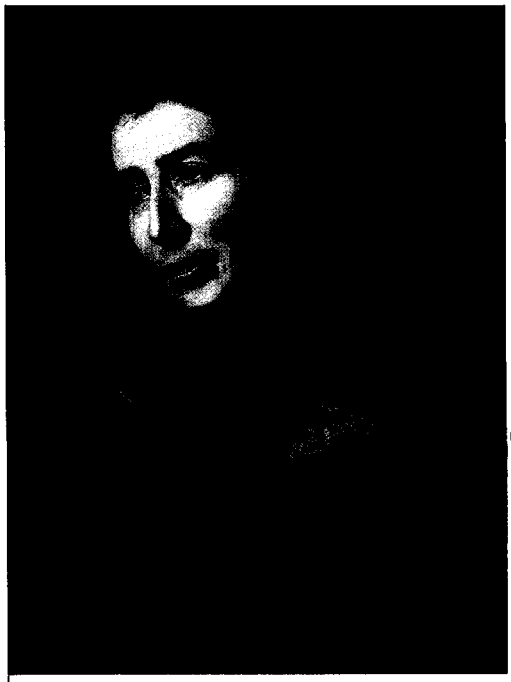


METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Left, "Max Schmitt in a Single Scull" (1871): A young artist's tour de force. Right, "Addie" (1900): Eakins's portraits relentlessly pursue candor and character.



PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART

Philadelphia oppressed and insulted Eakins, yet it was the family seat and he remained loyal to it. He was born there in 1844, the eldest of four children. His father, a teacher of penmanship, encouraged Eakins's early talent and later provided a stipend that allowed him to paint as he wished. After excelling at science, mathematics, and drawing, Eakins left in 1866 for further study in France. He entered the Ecole des Beaux Arts, studying under Jean-Léon Gérôme, a noted academician of the day. Gérôme cranked out close, dry, overfinished historical travelogues that looked more like tinted drawings than oil paintings. Though Eakins's training had been limited to drawing up until that time, Gérôme encouraged him to begin painting immediately. In 1869, Eakins went to Spain, visiting the Prado. There he saw paintings by Rembrandt, Ribera, and Velázquez. Identifying his true artistic progenitors, he realized the limits of the Ecole and Gérôme.

Eakins returned to Philadelphia in 1870. Except for brief excursions and business trips, he never left it again. He began painting his family and friends at their favorite pastimes, as they played chess, sewed, made music, hunted, or rowed. These scenes brought him some local notice, and his future as a professional artist looked promising.

To help celebrate the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition of 1876, Eakins painted two complex works, "The Gross Clinic" and "William Rush Carving His Allegorical Figure of the Schuykill River." But their power and originality offended conservative artists and most of the critics. "The Gross Clinic" was too bloody to be aesthetic. "William Rush," a

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

"Lady With a Setter Dog" (1885): Eakins's subjects often reveal a painful inner life.

commentary on the plight of a Philadelphia sculptor who was harassed for attempting to sculpt a nude from a live model, was excoriated for the very same "fault": Eakins had painted a nude woman without surrounding her nakedness with the requisite classical allusions. A year later, in 1877, he was dismissed from his position as a life-class instructor at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Although he was later reinstated, the opposition to the strenuousness of Eakins's curriculum (he required dissection and mathematics) and the negative reception to one of his noblest paintings were ominous portents of the caviling and misunderstanding that would dog him in succeeding years.

In 1880, Eakins began investigating photography, systematically enough to refine Eadweard Muybridge's discoveries in locomotion and make important contributions to the development of the motion-picture camera. He also painted and photographed a number of figures in landscapes, mostly Arcadian idylls or men swimming. One of his chief reasons for exploring this theme was to find an irreproachable way to observe and render the nude. Given his precarious position at the Academy, it is likely he could only study the human body and his student models through the guise of a scientific or mythological framework. The trumpery nature of his Arcadian photographs is apparent, and they remain some of his least satisfying efforts.

Eakins was married in 1884 to Susan Hannah Macdowell, a gifted painter who joined his classes after she saw "The Gross Clinic." She believed in her husband completely and helped sustain him during the worst crisis in his career: Since 1882 he had been director of painting and drawing at the Academy's schools, running them with thoroughness and commitment. All students, male and female, were responsible for attending dissections and life classes, an innovation at the time. His refusal to condescend to the women students or hamper their development by making exceptions for them was gossiped about as impropriety. In February 1886, Eakins became so impatient with having to explain the structure of the male pelvis without pointing to it

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that he removed the model's loincloth. This was taboo in a mixed class, and several young women complained to the administration. The Academy's directors, facing a financial deficit and revolted by the constant smell of formaldehyde that issued from the dissecting rooms, asked him to resign. He did, in disgust. To their credit, almost all of the students followed Eakins out of the Academy. They formed a Philadelphia Art Students League, and Eakins taught there without salary for the next six years.

After his resignation from the Academy, Eakins slid from notoriety into obscurity. He was warmly regarded only by a small but distinguished core of physicians, chemists, anthropologists, actors, singers, and students. He was on good terms with Sargent and William Merritt Chase, his more sought-after contemporaries, and was friendly with Walt Whitman, who sat for him in 1887. Whitman spoke often of Eakins, testifying, "I never knew of but one artist, and that's Tom Eakins, who could resist the temptation to see what [he] thought ought to be rather than what is."

Even if respectable Philadelphia had clasped Eakins to its well-starched bosom, he probably didn't have the temperament to revel in its rewards for very long. In his middle years, Eakins was a stout, bearlike man with close-cropped gray hair. He was a fervent nonsmoker, and his conversation, when it could be coaxed from him, was blunt and terse. He customarily wore flannel shirts under his baggy, unpressed suits; in the summer months he worked at his easel stripped down to an undershirt and a pair of old trousers. The studio was a plain workshop crowded only with an accumulation of unsold canvases. These habits and preferences were in unfashionable contrast to less obstinate painters, who dressed "artistically" and entertained in princely ateliers fitted out in Moorish taste. Eakins, as Whitman said, lacked "parlor gallantries."

As he lost prominence and influence—and in the aftermath of what may have been a nervous breakdown—Eakins retreated to painting portraits, a genre he could pursue without the constant fear of criticism and public censure. Portraiture seemed to be a shrinking of his artistic territory, but it was more a case of shifting directions. Instead of stretching outward, he burrowed inward. With uncanny penetration, he stripped his sitters of the pomp of their domestic circumstances, the traditional artistic impedimenta that sealed off access to the deeper recesses of personality. In 1910, Eakins painted his last significant canvas: a staggering analysis of Mrs. Gilbert Parker. His loosely dabbed brush strokes etched the stolid features that betrayed, like Edith Wharton's Mrs. Welland, a lifelong authority over trifles.

Plagued thereafter with eye and kidney troubles, Eakins grew blind and lethargic. He died on June 25, 1916—with no articles having been published on him and only three of his paintings in museums. A memorial exhibition assembled in 1917 by an admiring curator at the Metropolitan Museum of Art was taken grudgingly by the still-hostile Pennsylvania Academy. Mrs. Eakins, however, who died in 1938, lived to see her husband's art exhibited in the newly established Museum of Modern Art and Whitney Museum, and the publication (1933) of Lloyd Goodrich's invaluable biography, *Thomas Eakins: His Life and Work*, still the best book ever written on the artist. (This October, 49 years later, a new, more detailed study by Goodrich, called simply *Thomas Eakins*, will be published by Harvard University Press.)

To proper Philadelphians, art was supposed to be pretty and reassuring. To Eakins, art was beautiful only when it was unflinchingly truthful.

Eakins, of course, never planned his alienation from the art establishment. Yet as his art grew in its range and power, it confirmed inescapably the irreconcilable difference between his idea of truth and the public's expectation of what art was supposed to look like.

At first his work posed few problems. Probably his most famous early efforts are a series of scintillating rowing pictures completed between 1870 and 1875, especially "Max Schmitt in a Single Scull." They are remarkable as documents of how quickly Eakins came to artistic maturity. He returned from Europe to Mount Vernon Street, infused with optimism and determination, knowing exactly what he wanted to do. In this respect, "Max Schmitt," done when Eakins was 27, is the quintessential young man's picture, painted with the clarity of a young man's eyesight. It is a boldly articulated tour de force, proclaiming the maker's skill at brushing in a subtle landscape, conquering perspective, geometry, and anatomy, gauging the reflections of light on water, recreating the feeling of an exact place and time of day, simulating *plein-airisme* in the studio, and capturing a fine likeness of his friend, the local sculling champion. (As a jaunty piece of wit, Eakins put himself in the scene: He is pulling along in the second scull, whose stern reads "EAKINS 1871.") The calm clear days and the muscular grace of the athletes in these works signal a mind in harmony with its surroundings. Eakins was glad to be home.

"Max Schmitt," with its conscientious devotion to reproducing details of oars, ripples, clouds, and steam, was a triumph of particulars. Yet it transcended slavish preoccupation with mathematical and mechanical contrivances, as did the glistening "Fairman Rogers Four-in-Hand" of 1879. Though that picture, too, seems not to challenge traditional tastes in art, Eakins was less interested in portraying a happy outing than in demonstrating how horses actually trotted when they were in motion. In that way he could placate his stern conscience: His painting, comely as it is, was done to gratify the mind, not just please the eye. Both canvases were expert distillations of observation and knowledge. Although Eakins was a badger for facts, he was not trapped by the narrowness of literalism. "The big artist does not sit down monkey-like and copy," he wrote while abroad; "... he keeps a sharp eye on Nature and steals her tools."

If the sculling scenes appeared to be odes to the community as a recreational paradise, "The Gross Clinic" (1875) was a tribute to Philadelphia's superiority as a center of science and intellectual inquiry, as personified in an eminent man. Eakins wanted to record the city's illustrious physician, Dr. Samuel David Gross, at work in the operating theater of Jefferson Medical College. In composing the picture, Eakins's genius was to seize on what art historian Jules Prown calls "the synthetic moment that sums up all that has gone before... and implies what is to follow." Dr. Gross, pausing during the operation to explain the incision he has made to his students observing him from above, is seen as simultaneously a teacher and a surgeon, presiding over life and death. Focusing on this eloquent spot of

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time gave the painting its tension and urgency, centered in the play-off between Gross's head and hand. The compassion manifest on his face embodies the humanity of science, the fingers wet with blood its routine objectivity.

Eakins's use of light in the painting was willfully symbolic. The limelight in which Dr. Gross is bathed recalls associations with illumination and enlightenment. Like Rembrandt, Eakins was willing to manipulate light and shadow to produce what he envisioned as a more genuinely felt version of the unfolding drama. "The Gross Clinic" is indebted to Rembrandt's "Anatomy Lesson of Dr. Tulp" for its subject matter. But the work's extraordinary level of artistry, its centrality to Eakins's career, its stature in American art history, and the petty criticism it engendered turned "The Gross Clinic" into as seminal a painting for Eakins as "The Nightwatch" was for Rembrandt.

The press denounced the frank treatment of surgery (inadvertently confirming the composition's startling wallop). The canvas was labeled a "degradation" to "sensitive" and "artistic natures," and the Centennial's jury rejected it immediately. Due to pressure from Eakins, the picture was hung. But it was consigned to the far less visible medical section, where women and children were not likely to see it. Two years later, Jefferson Medical College bought "The Gross Clinic" for $200.

In painting "The Gross Clinic," Eakins took up the thankless, perpetual task of all original artists: to broaden and redefine what constitutes beauty, bending everyone else to their will. Nowhere did he achieve this more impressively than in the portraits made after 1886. These years emerged as heroic ones for Eakins, when his art grew in concentration and resonance, and he ranged farther and farther away from accepted taste.

Eakins's ruling ambition was, as he said, to "peer deeper into the heart of American life." So he pursued candor and character, attributes valued considerably less than they are today. Edwin Austin Abbey, a fellow artist, avoided posing for Eakins "because he would bring out all the traits of my character that I have been trying to hide from the public for years." His Philadelphians are meditations on sorrow, avarice, introspection, failure, strain, and spite.

As a result, commissions were rare. Most of the time he had to persuade friends to pose for him. For Eakins was nothing if not exacting, wanting weeks or months of sitting, as he picked at the locked vault of his subjects' subconscious while he worked. The people he respected or sympathized with seem lost in reverie or melancholy. To those he apparently despised—the businessman and the society dowager, for example—he was merciless. Without ever resorting to caricature, convincing the viewer always of his portraits' faithfulness, he rendered his verdicts and imprisoned his subjects in their own hard-bitten selfishness.

Revealingly, the only well-documented instance of Eakins deciding to soften the impact of a portrait involves two likenesses he made of himself in 1902. In that year the National Academy of Design elected him to its membership. A requirement for joining was a gift of a self-portrait. The study Eakins originally prepared was a close-up, full-faced view, in which the artist projects himself into our presence with the force of a battering ram. This image corresponded to the Thomas Eakins who answered a biographical query with, "My honors are misunderstanding, persecution & neglect, enhanced because unsought." But the portrait he finally submitted to the Academy and now in its possession is distinctly more reserved. Eakins presents himself in three-quarter view, pulling back before our gaze. Evidently Eakins reconsidered, mindful that his peers were showing a sincere mark of respect, no matter how tardy. It is a portrait of a weary, wary, disillusioned man, but not a misanthrope. He was not as indifferent to recognition as he protested.

Eakins painted a nude woman without the requisite classical allusions. Soon after, he was dismissed from his teaching position.

Eakins was dismissed from his academic duties because he treated men and women with equal seriousness. His egalitarianism extended to portraiture, and those characterizations broke new ground. Whereas Eakins's solid, full-bodied figures of men have their counterparts in works by other American artists from Smibert to Whistler, not even Copley endowed his female sitters with the firmness and weight that Eakins sought.

The implications of Eakins's vision were far-reaching. The typical late 19th-century portrait of a woman suggests an idealized creature of leisure in a charming room. Screens, mirrors, furniture, and bibelots enhance the atmosphere of domestic graciousness—and compete with the woman for the viewer's attention. The tacit assumption was that women were too insubstantial and delicate to carry the composition on their own, that a woman's surroundings defined her. Eakins, however, looked at women with more demanding eyes. Beauty, for him, was not an artificial bloom that thrived only in a climate of sentimentality and romanticism. On the contrary, glamour was incompatible with beauty in his scheme of art, and he destroyed one to make way for the other. Yet even at his most scathing, he credited his subjects—male and female alike—with a valid and sometimes painful inner life.

For a consummate illustration of the forthright tribute Eakins paid to female individuality we need only look at the great unwavering image of his wife painted in 1899, when she was 48. Eakins said it was one of his own favorites, and Mrs. Eakins recalled that he admired the way her hair was turning gray. By their sensitive delineation, we can see that he also cherished her red-rimmed eyelids and the lines on her cheeks. Susan Eakins tried to interest her husband in a bright costume she had, but he would have none of that. His purposes were served better by a dark green taffeta dress. The darkness of the background and dress prevents our eyes and thoughts from journeying very far from the intelligent open face regarding us with such luminous resignation and understanding. We are a long way from the Gibson Girl and the stagey swagger portraits that captivated the popular imagination of Eakins's day.

Thomas Eakins brought us a great distance from 19th-century philistinism—but before we congratulate ourselves inordinately on our tolerance for truth, it might do to remember who the most popular American painters are in 1982: Leroy Neiman, Norman Rockwell, Andy Warhol, Andrew Wyeth. In terms of the values they uphold and perpetuate, all are more akin to plastic surgeons than to artists. Much like Philadelphians a century ago, we are still uncomfortable with anyone who tells us more than we want to know about ourselves. ■

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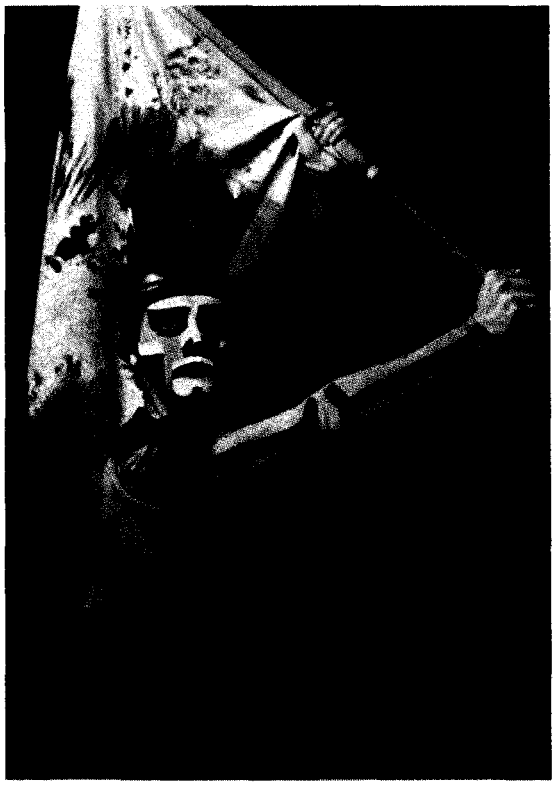

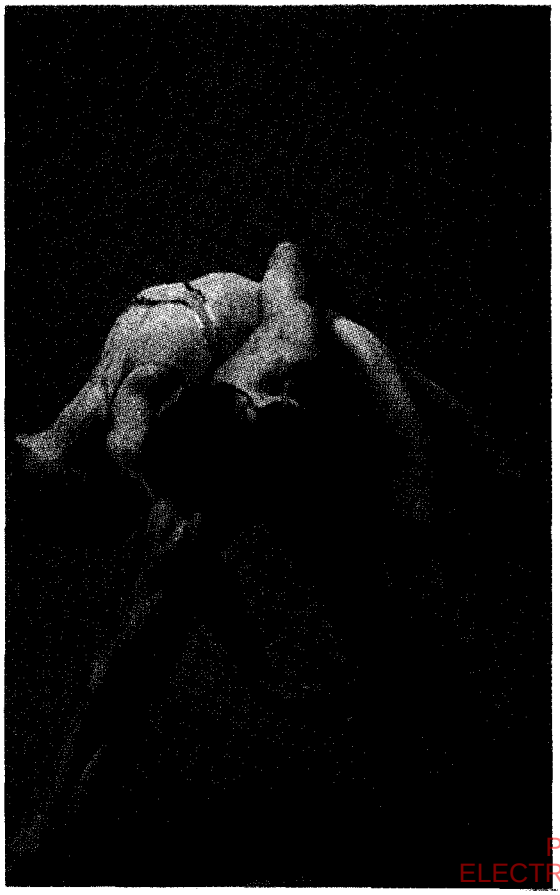

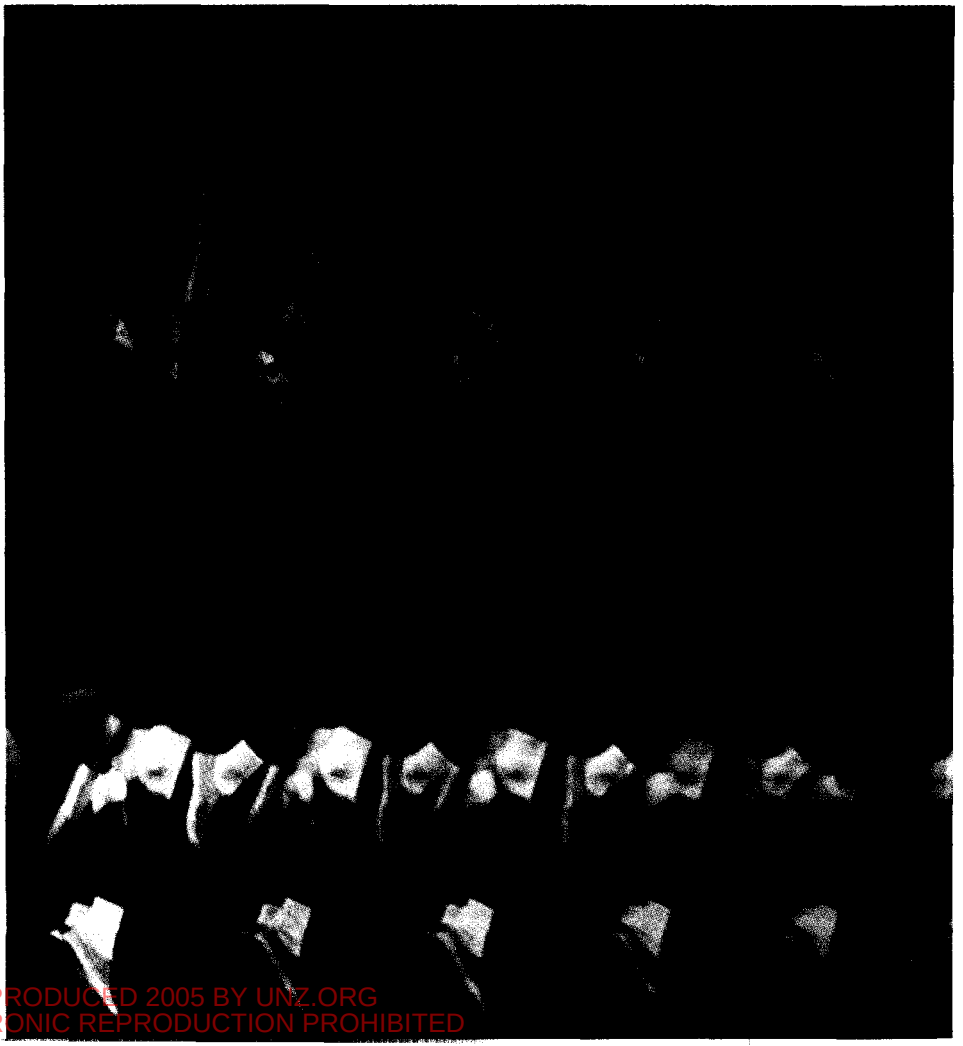

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(top left) Philip Jerry in Kurt Jooss's THE GREEN TABLE. Cynthia Anderson (top right) in Gerald Arpino's SUITE SAINT-SAENS (bottom right). Madelyn Berdes and Jerel Hilding in Gerald Arpino's LIGHT RAIN (bottom center). Christian Holder and William Whitener in Jerome Robbin's NEW YORK EXPORT: OPUS JAZZ. (bottom right) Denise Jackson in Robert Joffrey's POSTCARDS. *© Philip Morris Inc. 1982.*

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Is There Anything Jonathan Miller Can't Do?

Sacrificing a career in medicine, he has become a Renaissance man of the arts—writing books, directing plays, and creating TV shows. This month, he makes his American debut as an opera director.

BY LAURENCE SHAMES

Back in the dim and innocent year of 1959, a lanky and earnest young intern walking the wards of London's University College Hospital was given an interesting proposition.

The intern's name was Jonathan Miller. A Cambridge scholar, the son of a distinguished scientific and literary family, Miller was 25, recently married, and broke. He was on that delicate and poignant cusp between youth and manhood, between the self-styled scatter of one's student days and the rigorous demands of professional commitment. He was well immersed in the esoteric field of neuropathology, and he rode around London on a bicycle. He was about to embark on an august career of research and teaching, and he supplemented his meager intern's salary by doing zany late-night shticks in cabarets.

The proposition he was given was to co-write and co-star in a comedy revue to be presented at the following summer's Edinburgh Festival. The offer came about because Miller, while at Cambridge, had starred in the university's "Footlights" theatricals, and had been acclaimed as a comedian of almost frightening natural gifts. While yet an undergraduate, he had been cajoled by the London critics to give up the wards for the boards—which, of course, he had no intention whatsoever of doing. Still, the two-week Edinburgh engagement was tempting because it corresponded rather neatly with a break between the terms of Miller's internship, and it might provide his last opportunity for unabashed clowning before his life turned irretrievably serious. Besides, he needed the money. He accepted, and along with three other virtually unknown wags, began to piece together some bits of foolishness.

Miller's collaborators were named Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Alan Bennett. The revue they created was called *Beyond the Fringe*. So far as Jonathan Miller's medical career was concerned, *Fringe* was a disaster. In every other way, it was one of the most singular and unforeseeable successes in recent theater history. What had started out, in Miller's modest estimation, as "forty-five minutes of assing around with things that amused us," would be hailed by critics as a revolutionary opus that, in the words of one reviewer, "shattered all of the old conceptions of comedy." Certain astute observers would come to see the quartet from *Fringe*—with their unprecedentedly pointed and uncompromising satire—as the egg-head counterparts of a scruffy foursome of working-class musicians just then beginning to draw attention down in Liverpool. The Beatles went straight for the gut, *Fringe* went to the mind by way of the funny bone, but both were engaged in a new and shocking send-up of the strictures and hypocrisies of proper English life. Both were part of a liberating and intoxicating thaw.

Beyond the Fringe created such a giddy ruckus up in Edinburgh that London producers started queuing up with offers to take the show to the West End for a commercial run. This put young Dr. Miller in a distinctly perplexing spot: He'd bargained for a diverting and profitable summer vacation, not a radical skewing of his destiny. He was proving to be too versatile for his own comfort. At length, after an agonizing and wryly symbolic night of walking through the northern mists in search of clarity, Miller decided to postpone his entrance into the serious business of medical academics for 12 months—just long enough to put aside some money and get this comedy business out of his system.

That was 23 years ago and Dr. Miller has yet to return to the lab, and yes, he does regret it. He takes some consolation—but less than you might think—from the fact that he's done very nearly everything else.

Jonathan Miller has been called "a one-man festival of English arts and sciences"; it is only a slight exaggeration to speak of him as a one-man Renaissance. He's produced two seasons of the BBC's awesome Shakespeare series, and directed six of the plays himself. He's also interpreted the Bard on stages ranging from the English National Theatre to the Yale Drama School, working with actors as different as Sir Laurence Olivier and John Cleese. He's conceived and adapted television versions of Jules Verne, Lewis Carroll, and, of all people, Plato. He's lectured at major English universities, written for *Partisan Review*, and clowned on *The Ed Sullivan Show*.

Laurence Shames is a freelance journalist who frequently writes about the arts.

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On television: Miller wrote and hosted a highly praised, 13-week science series, *The Body in Question*, that was aired by the BBC and PBS in 1980.

He's scripted and hosted a 13-part BBC science extravaganza called *The Body in Question*, and has translated the programs' highly visual and staggeringly eclectic style into a hefty and unique book. He's currently at work on a vast study of 18th-century mesmerism, is about to publish an aesthetic-historical treatise called *The Afterlife of Plays*, and is serving as a consultant on a pop-up book about the human throat.

Back in the mid-1970s, Miller added opera to his multimedia repertoire—and this month he makes his American opera-directing debut with a spry new *Così fan tutte* in St. Louis. Like all Miller productions, his *Così* will feature a blend of erudition and eccentricity, with costumes inspired by the Metropolitan Museum's "Eighteenth Century Woman" show, non-naturalistic lighting intended to suggest nothing short of the Enlightenment itself, and even a bit of stage business involving a mesmeric "animal magnetism" machine. It will be Mozart staged with the imagery and paraphernalia of Mozart's own time.

"I've never planned my career," says Miller, who claims that the serendipitous opportunity to do *Beyond the Fringe* established the pattern by which he falls into things. With the exception of a couple of pet projects, "everything I've done—including the present opera—has come about because someone rang me up or appeared at the door and asked if I'd like to come out and play."

But of course there's a reason that people ask Jonathan Miller to join their games. The reason, quite simply, is that he's got one of the most pliant, expansive, and humane artistic and moral visions of our day, a vision that sees past the technique and limitations of a given medium, to something that's essential. In the early 1960s, when *Fringe* was enjoying an 18-month run on Broadway, Miller was asked to write television criticism for the *New Yorker*; he didn't even *like* television, yet his commentary on TV's coverage of the Kennedy assassination focused so effectively on the portrayal and mechanics of grief that it remains one of the most thoughtful pieces ever written on television's affect and potential. At about the same time, Miller happened to fall in with a clique of Manhattan intellectuals who were launching a rather esoteric journal called the *New York Review of Books*; Miller put on yet another hat and contributed some of the toothy lit-crit that helped establish that powerful tabloid. Similarly, Miller just happened to come to mind when a fledgling enterprise called The American Place Theater was fishing around for someone to direct a trilogy by a novice playwright named Robert Lowell; *The Old Glory*, staged by Miller in 1964, won five Obies and is still considered one of the significant theatrical events of that decade.

All this happened, it's worth noting, before Jonathan Miller had passed the age of 30. But here's the funny part: In those years, when Miller already had a considerable following on both sides of the Atlantic, as well as a reputation that spanned the even wider gulf between intellectual respectability and general acceptance, he was *still* planning to return to the life of a research scientist. It wasn't until he left New York to return to London—just shy of half a decade past the close of his two-week gig in Edinburgh—that "I finally admitted to myself that maybe this sloppy life of the theater and so forth suited me better after all." However reluctantly, Miller acknowledged that keeping abreast of developments at the cutting edge of psychopathology and neurophysiology would thenceforward be relegated to the status of a hobby, something he did just for fun.

I was born," says Miller, "in 1934, into a respectable, book-lined world against which I did not feel inclined to rebel." He is speaking from his own lovingly preserved fragment of that world, a cozy town house in a peaceful and unchic London neighborhood called Camden Town. Miller lives there with his wife of 26 years—Rachel, a practicing physician—their three children, a cat, and an exorbitant amount of printed matter. The place has the haphazard and nestling feel of university digs, with amiably unmatched furniture, well-worn rugs laid out not exactly on the square, and an extraordinary miscellany of images and objects tacked onto the walls and strewn about on every horizontal surface—gargoyles and seashells, icons and dolls' heads, Cézanne prints and anatomical models, a poster of Marilyn Monroe and an array of Renaissance panels and triptychs. For Miller, these things are not mere decorations, but the stuff of memory, metaphor, and the contemplative pleasure-pain of recognizing that there are more things to be thought about than one will ever get to.

The habit of far-flung curiosity was instilled early in Miller. His father, Emanuel, an army-doctor-turned-psychiatrist, did pioneering work with shell-shocked patients during World War I, and later changed the focus of his career yet again to become one of the founders of modern psychiatric criminology. Miller's mother, Betty, had been a published novelist at 19, and wrote several other books of fiction before turning to biog-

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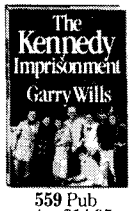

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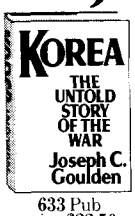

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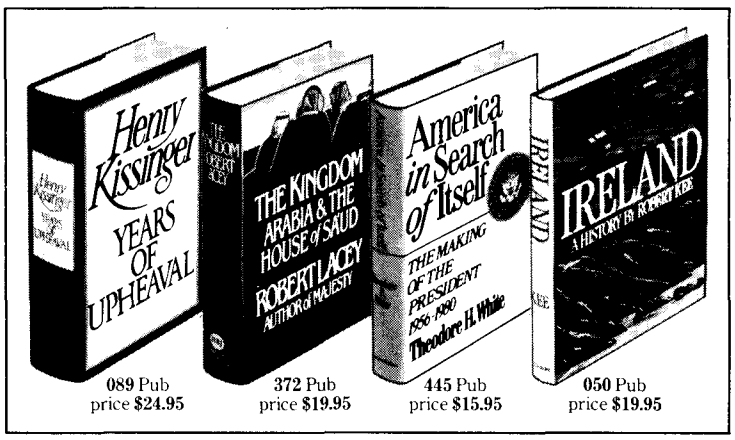

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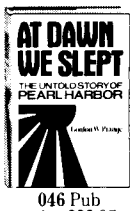

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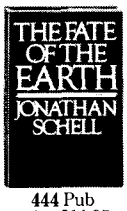

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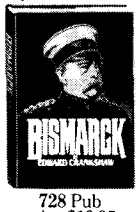

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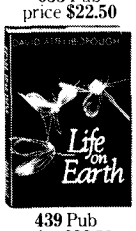

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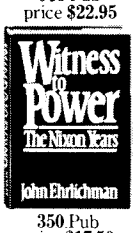

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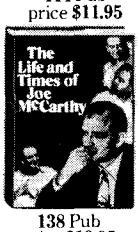

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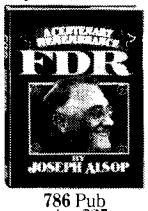

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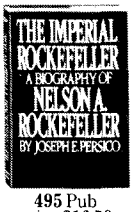

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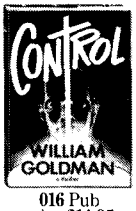

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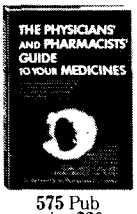

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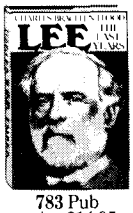

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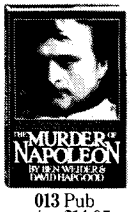

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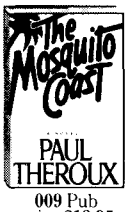

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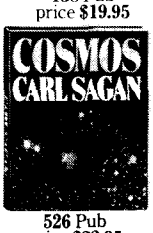

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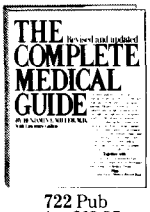

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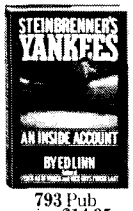

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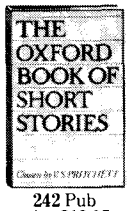

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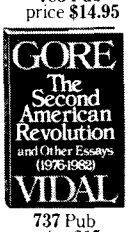

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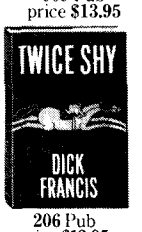

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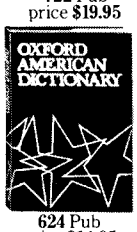

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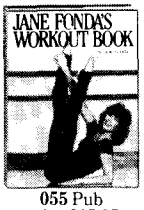

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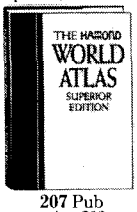

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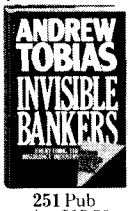

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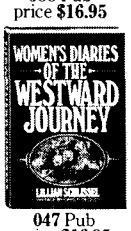

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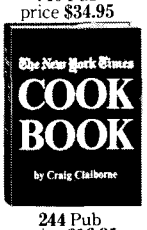

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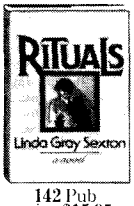

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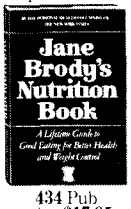

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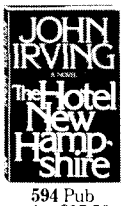

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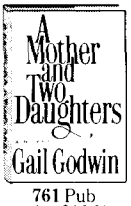

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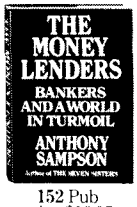

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raphy in the 1950s; her psychological portrait of Robert Browning is still considered a standard text, and it established her as a bona fide *literata*. Coming of age in this heady milieu, Jonathan absorbed its priorities and also its limitations. He attended London's St. Paul's School, and remembers himself as "a flat-footed Jewish intellectual who didn't like getting hit on the nose in boxing matches, was uncoordinated in ball games, and, on Wednesday afternoons, when most of the other fellows went trudging around a muddy field, tended to seek refuge in the art school." But if it was not Miller's lot ever to be the hero of a rugby scrum, he had other means of assuring his popularity; he was, even as a boy, a master mimic and contortionist who regaled his classmates "by doing peculiar things with my limbs" as well as dead-on imitations of Danny Kaye.

Like his father, Miller went on to St. John's College, Cambridge, entering as the winner of an open scholarship in 1953. Aside from his medical subjects, he devoted considerable time to art history, philosophy, and to those "Footlights" theatricals that would in fact turn out to be his professional training. Perhaps even more important for the cementing of Miller's character, he also became a member of a group called "The Apostles." "It was a secret society," says Miller, leaning forward, with his endless arms and legs spilling out of his chair in various directions, "but as one of the members has seen fit to write a book about it, I suppose I'm at liberty to mention it. Besides, there's nothing terribly mysterious about it—it was just a group of like-minded friends who got together to talk and talk and talk." Except that there were some rather extraordinary talkers doing all that talking. Founded by no less a figure than Tennyson, The Apostles had included such illustrious men as Bertrand Russell, Maynard Keynes, Alfred North Whitehead, and E.M. Forster. The club was a bastion of the sort of rarefied discourse—"pure Cambridge Platonism," as Miller puts it—that any university student worth his salt explores to some degree or other, but that most people renounce or simply forget in the face of the more mundane and pragmatic business of life. Some people, though, *don't* renounce those gorgeous and impossible ideals, but carry them around always as an inspiration, a goad, and an undodgeable rebuke. Jonathan Miller is one of those.

"It's a sort of haunting, actually," he says, running his hands over his hair as if trying to get at an itch that is actually

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ANTHONY CRICKMAY

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A Miller sampler (clockwise from top left): Clowning in *Beyond the Fringe* with Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook (1964); hosting a science series on public television (1980); directing Anne Marie Mallik in a controversial production of *Alice in Wonderland* (1966); and directing the National Theatre's production of *The Merchant of Venice* (1970).

inside his cranium. "Cambridge gets into the soul of those who are susceptible. It infuses you with these absolutely unattainable standards—the standards of Newton, of Darwin—with the feeling that the only accomplishment that really counts is in the *other* worldly sphere. I don't mean anything religious—simply the pure pursuit of knowledge, that quest to see behind the veil.... And much of the wistfulness and disappointment I feel about my life has to do with the gnawing sense that I've fallen far short of that—that I've let Cambridge down."

But hold on a minute: wistfulness? disappointment? letdown? What about all the things Miller *has* accomplished, otherworldly or not? Surely his writings and entertainments have contributed at least as much to this world's store of insight as would a lifetime in the lab; haven't those things sufficed to make peace with whatever idealistic demons are tweaking Jonathan Miller? Apparently not.

"Look," he says, his voice a blend of melancholy and slight embarrassment, "I don't want to overdramatize, but the fact is that I've reached this rather difficult age, and I really don't feel that my life is on the track. What have I done, really?—I've come out to play when people have asked me to. And as time goes on, I'm less and less satisfied with that. I'm full of

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frustration, rage, depression, despair."

And, in the face of it all, humor. He settles more deeply into his chair, gives a gigantic shrug that lifts his shoulders higher than his ears, then, after a pause that is a perfect measure of comic timing, he crinkles up his forehead, cranes his neck, and says in a conspiratorial and slightly cackling whisper: "My family think I'm quite mad, you know."

There's this elaborate myth that directors have fostered to preserve their exclusivity, this flattering macho image they have of being half astronaut, half cowboy. But the fact is, all you really have to do is spend an hour peering through various lenses to figure out what is and isn't possible, so that you can't be bamboozled by your cameraman. The rest is mumbo-jumbo."

Thus Jonathan Miller sums up the technical training he underwent en route to becoming one of the world's most highly regarded creators of television film.

In 1965, after a grimly unhappy year as host of the arts-magazine show *Monitor*, Miller asked the BBC if he might be compensated for his pain by being allowed to make a program of his own. The result—rather unlikely for television but perfectly fitting for a Cambridge Platonist—was an adaptation of the *Symposium*. Called *The Drinking Party*, it consisted, essentially, of a rather vinous reading of Plato's text—though with enough flexibility in the format for Miller to insert some commentary, some humor, and some medical metaphors of his own. Already in this work, certain hallmarks of Miller's mature directing style are evident—a conscious shunning of *auteur* bravura in favor of long takes that spotlight the actors and the narrative itself; a subtly but unapologetically didactic emphasis on the conveying of great ideas; an insistence on de-solemnizing the classics, on reminding the viewer that high seriousness and low comedy have never been mutually exclusive, not in Plato nor in Shakespeare nor in Mozart.

The Drinking Party was well enough received so that, the following year, Miller was turned loose on a big-budget, star-studded *Alice in Wonderland*. More than any other single work, it was *Alice* that confirmed Miller as a director of substance; it also established him, apparently forever, as a figure of considerable controversy in his native country. How many television shows have actually been deplored as "perversions" in the House of Commons? How many versions of children's classics intended for a mass television audience have been pronounced "unfit for children" and fastidiously aired after the kiddies' bedtime?

From all the brouhaha, one might have imagined that Miller had done all sorts of unspeakable and pornographic things to Carroll's much-loved little girl. But all he had done, in fact, was to strip away the trivially benign cuteness that did not exist in the text, but that had come to dominate conventional views of *Wonderland* because of the pictures by Sir John Tenniel. The book had been degraded to the status of a comic strip, and Miller dared damnation to restore the hard emotional truth of "that wistful, lonely Victorian bachelor writing about the pains and terrors of childhood—the real and dreadful boredom of those tea parties, the bafflement and revulsion of being in the power of those grating and inane adults." Miller got rid of the animal heads and played down the pageantry. His *Alice* was a nightmare actuated by the collision of a child's brittle logic with a perverse and misleading world. Miller's vision stood in the same relation to conventional views of the story as Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* occupies with regard to *Bambi*.

The wildly divergent critical responses to *Alice* defined, broadly speaking, the framework by which Jonathan Miller's output has been regarded ever since. Miller's partisans, who hold a comfortable majority among London's more literate arbiters, tend to lionize him as a bold and endlessly inventive interpreter, a director who does indeed see behind the veil—if not in the unreachable philosophic sense, then certainly to the degree that his art uncovers new meanings in works we thought we understood and freshens our appreciation of them. Some of Miller's champions have gone so far as to invest him with an unsought and rather embarrassing near-messianic aura. One observer summed up the visual look of a Miller production as "posed by Rembrandt, with... lighting by la Tour... and sightlines by Vermeer." When the BBC's Shakespeare series began, in the opinion of one critic, "to sputter and stumble," the network could call on no one but Miller "to save its bacon"; another reviewer, if given his druthers, "might have tried to persuade Miller to direct the whole lot" of 37 plays.

Such immoderate praise was bound to bring about a reaction. One critic dismisses his painterly conceptions as self-conscious "culture puzzles" that have little to do with the drama at hand. Similarly, while fans salute Miller as a thoughtful innovator, detractors accuse him of straining after novelty; while admirers enjoy his toning down of Shakespeare so that "the remarkable quality of the unshouted line" can shine through,

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opponents complain that his low-key approach undermines the plays' stagy grandeur. And it must be said that, in the ticklish business of compressing the Bard's epics to the size of a TV screen, it simply isn't possible to please everybody. One of Miller's hallmarks is his modesty with the camera, his theater-oriented preference to have the actors *enter* the frame, rather than sending the lens out in search of the players; still, critics' complaints of a "static style" are at least understandable when Miller takes his self-effacing approach to the extreme—as he did in his *Othello*—of holding a single camera angle for *26 minutes*.

But, these critical quibbles aside, there is a deeper sense in which Jonathan Miller remains a figure of controversy, a veritable battleground of conflicting opinions. He is, to put it bluntly, the object of tremendous envy. He's one of those people who *seems* to have everything, and who *seems* to have gotten it rather easily. For this perceived offense, certain people *want* to dislike him—and Miller only adds to their annoyance by refusing to be dislikable. He lives quietly, dresses modestly, drives a beat-up old car, and remains friendly, gracious, and accessible, without a jot of the arrogance usually associated with his degree of accomplishment—and this is more than certain people can take. Add to it Miller's ubiquity on TV talk shows, radio programs, and newspaper interviews, and you begin to understand how a number of invidious individuals could be driven to distraction by him.

Miller has paid the price for his enviability. He's been the butt of several vicious *ad hominem* attacks in the press—attacks whose motivation has been clearer than their substance. Not that Miller is a tough target to hit—his eccentric stagings and occasionally sensational choices in casting (such as Monty Python's John Cleese as Petruchio in *Shrew*) open him to the charge of trendiness; his universal enthusiasms make it easy for his detractors to slam him as a dilettante. Curiously, both anti-intellectuals and ultra-intellectuals have further accused Miller of being a pseudo-intellectual—the former because they would never tip their hand by admitting that they loathed a *genuine* intellectual, the latter because they could not abide the fact that one of their own ilk had made it into the cultural mainstream, while they themselves were rotting away in a library somewhere. But by far the greatest monument to the envy that Miller has aroused is the treatment he received at the hands of the publication, *Private Eye*. Pretending to satire but seldom transcending malice, it created a character named "Dr. Jonathan" whom they lampooned, relentlessly and tediously, every week *for six years*.

Clearly, such a grand-scale roasting is a compliment of a sort, but the fact is, Miller is genuinely upset by the nastiness of it. As celebrity has failed to make him arrogant, so has it failed to give him the sort of protective shell that public personalities generally develop. "To be known by more people than you know," he says, rubbing his head in that unconscious brain-soothing gesture that seems to come about whenever he's wrestling with a question that can't be resolved—"it's definitely paranoia-inducing. You're always finding out what people think of you—or what they *think* they think of you, since they don't actually know you. Still, it's disconcerting. The person who lives the usual anonymous sort of life never learns how others see him—except by the rare and embarrassing accident. And it seems to me that not finding out is an extremely merciful luxury."

"Look, I've reached this rather difficult age, and I really don't feel my life is on the track. I'm full of frustration, rage, depression, despair."

Ask Jonathan Miller about the place and purpose of art, and he will unflinchingly and passionately espouse a radically unfashionable point of view: a Puritan point of view. When Miller invokes the Puritans, though, he's not talking about "the white-bibbed killjoys of American folklore"; he's talking about the *original* Puritans, a group "with a great and joyful tradition based on the doctrine of an intelligent and moral relish for life." For them, art was a sacrament of a sort, a way "to improve the soul through the medium of delight." Miller has no patience with "those fatuous exquisites who talk about art as if it were wine-tasting—part of the good life, like fine bindings or Jacobean glass." He demands far more of it.

Nowhere is this more apparent than in his attitude toward opera. Miller deplores the "social junketing" of gala evenings, "the metropolitan glamour that serves as a pretext for people to celebrate their worldly success" rather than attend to the music. Miller the Platonist-Puritan believes that opera, far from providing an occasion for people to flaunt their jewelry and other secular baubles, should steer them toward the *other*-worldly, should serve as "a purifying experience in which the music is linked to a story that actually sharpens moral insights, that clearly presents a human predicament."

In accordance with this credo, Miller, in his own productions—which have included works by Mozart, Verdi, and Janáček, for the Kent Opera and the English National Opera—has been at pains to sweep away all snobbery and pretension, to remove all obstacles that might stand in the way of the audience's involvement and edification. He is a firm believer in performing works in the language of the listener; his new *Così* will be sung in English, by a company Miller admires for their "good consistent ensemble work," and not for any sort of overhyped star quality that actually distracts people from the music. Miller wants to demystify opera, to de-specialize it—and he himself is a perfect instance of that de-specialization: he is not a musician and he doesn't read scores. "What's called for," he maintains, "is simply the ability to listen, and to infer the metaphorical relationship between what you hear and the dramatic implications of it."

Even more basically, what's called for is the knack of mounting an engaging show—and there's no question whatsoever that Jonathan Miller is a master at that. His new *Così* is bound to be visually elegant, conceived with discipline and verve, and rich in the sort of comedy whose savor comes from the gentle but unsparing revelation of human folly. "The goal," says Miller, clasping his hands behind his head, kicking out his bandy corduroy-clad legs, and putting on a slightly facetious voice that neatly separates the seriousness with which he holds to his ideas from the modest humor with which he regards himself—"The goal will be what the goal always is: to lift up the spirit and galvanize the intelligence.

"But you know," he goes on, after an amused pause. "Every now and then I'll say something like that, and someone will miss the point, and say, 'Yes, but what about entertainment?' My God, if *that's* not entertainment, what is?" ■

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Celebrating James Joyce

His centenary will be commemorated this month with a pilgrimage to Dublin. Critic Anthony Burgess, who will open the festivities, offers an assessment of the man who revolutionized literature.

BY ANTHONY BURGESS

The Joyce centenary has hardly begun, and yet I seem already to be full-fed with its rituals. I've been talking on Joyce in three languages. I wrote, composed, and orchestrated a musical version of *Ulysses* entitled *The Blooms of Dublin* that the BBC and Radio Telefis Eireann broadcast over the February snows. On June 16, the day that is Joyce's true feast day, since that day in 1904 the events of *Ulysses* are feigned to have taken place, I join in a joint Dublin commemoration and execration. Dubliners are proud of Joyce and yet they denounce his immorality, religious apostasy, common-law marriage, and lack of the nationalist spirit. Certain singers and orchestral players in my *The Blooms of Dublin* were unwilling to take part on moral grounds until their unions overrode their scruples. Joyce will cause fights in Dublin this summer and be a pretext for drunkenness. But, so much as his work absorbed civic reality, there will be a reenactment of a whole chapter of *Ulysses* in the streets. Sober citizens will pretend to be characters in the "Wandering Rocks" episode. No other author I know of so drives people to extravagance, madness, sober devotion, and academic pedantry. Why should this be so? As Joyce injects himself into certain bloodstreams as a permanent toxic, it is honest to be subjective about him. Much of what comes now is strictly personal.

James Joyce was born in 1882, on February 2, the feast of Candlemas or the

THE GRANGER COLLECTION

Anthony Burgess is a contributing editor of *Saturday Review*. His most recent novel is *Earthly Powers*.

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Purification; Igor Stravinsky was born in the same year, on June 17, the day after Bloomsday. The Irishman and the Russian alike became Parisians. In 1913 Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps* caused a riot at the Paris Opera House. In 1922 Joyce's *Ulysses*, publishable only in Paris, caused a worldwide riot. The two men, who apparently never met, were fathers of revolution in the arts. One hundred years after their nativities, there are people around who say that they can't stand this modern stuff, meaning what they have heard of or seen of one or the other or both. But Joyce and Stravinsky are no longer modern; they are as much classic artists as Goethe and Beethoven. Yet it is their function to continue to disturb.

I leave the celebration of Stravinsky to the musicians. In commemorating Joyce's centenary, I have to approach him not merely as a reader or as a fellow-writer working, to some extent, in his shadow, but as one who, while still a boy, recognized a temperamental kinship. I was brought up in a lower middle-class Catholic Irish ambience in Manchester. Dublin, where Joyce had the same kind of upbringing, was closer to us than London, and not merely geographically: It was a Catholic capital, while London was a heretical one; it was the port where our relatives embarked to pay us visits, usually with illegal Irish Sweep tickets stuffed in their bloomers. Joyce was dim of sight and given to music; so was and am I. I began to lose my faith at the age of 16, and it was then that I first read *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. The great sermon on hell scared me back to conformity, but I could not resist the slow but ineluctable divestment of the peel of faith, and it was to *A Portrait* that I frequently returned to find a magisterial justification of my apostasy.

Of course, according to Joyce, you were really only permitted to abandon the Church if you found a spiritual substitute for it, and it was only art that provided such a substitute. In art, which to Joyce meant literature, you could find priests and sacraments and even martyrs, but art gave you your reward in this world, not just a promise of pie in the sky. So, since I could not be a good Catholic, I had to become some sort of an artist, and I fought against the English side of my upbringing to learn to understand how holy art really was. To the Protestant English, art has always been a somewhat amateurish affair: You don't build a book as you build a bridge; you let it accumulate, like hash. The rigor of Joyce was something new, and his devotion to literature was somehow unclean and Parisian. Oscar Wilde, another Dubliner, had ended up in the Père Lachaise cemetery, and he had always been burbling about how art was above bourgeois morality. Look where art, meaning pederasty, got him.

When Joyce produced *Ulysses* it was promptly banned everywhere except Paris. This, to the bourgeoisie, confirmed the equation of art and dirt. No British or American printer had been willing to risk jail by setting up the abominable text, and it had had to be given to a printer in Dijon who knew no English. The book was published by the American owner of a Paris bookshop, and it was sent through the mails to such as relished highly wrought literature, or dirt. Winston Churchill bought it, but Bernard Shaw did not. It was seized by the customs authorities at New York and Folkestone and sequestered or burned. The ban was still in force when, in 1934, my history master smuggled the Odyssey Press edition out of Nazi Germany and lent it to me.

The sexual candor of *Ulysses* is nowadays nothing in comparison with the multiple orgasms of Jackie Collins or the fretful impotence of Harold Robbins. The mouthfuls of obscenity uttered by Privates Carr and Compton in the night-town episode are kid stuff. even to maiden ladies who see Harold Pinter's plays on television. And it was clear, even to a lubricious 17-year-old like myself, that the sex and obscenity were aspects of a program of realism very remote from pornography. Joyce had taken a day in Dublin—June 16, 1904—and set down in their uncensored entirety the thoughts, feelings, and acts of three not quite representative Dubliners. Leopold Bloom, the advertising canvasser of Hungarian Jewish origin, eats breakfast and then visits the toilet. He has a satisfactory movement, a dose of cascara having eased his slight constipation of the days before. On the beach later in the day he is erotically excited by the sight of a girl's lifted skirt, and, while the fireworks of the Mirus bazaar let off sympathetic whizzes and bangs, he masturbates. Toward the end of the book Molly Bloom menstruates. The outrage of menstruatrices like Virginia Woolf and masturbators like E.M. Forster was considerable, though decently contained in Bloomsbury locutions. One would have thought that Joyce, and not Sir John Harington, had invented the water closet.

Joyce set down life as he honestly saw it, and it did him no good. The Blooms-

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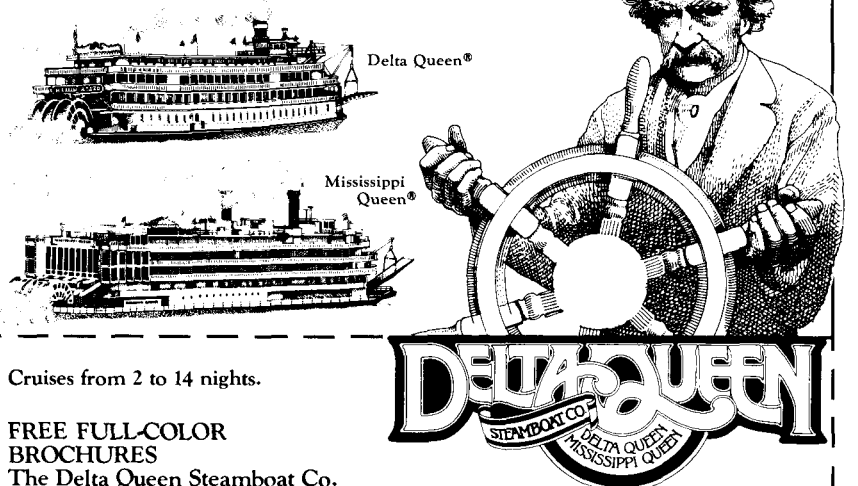

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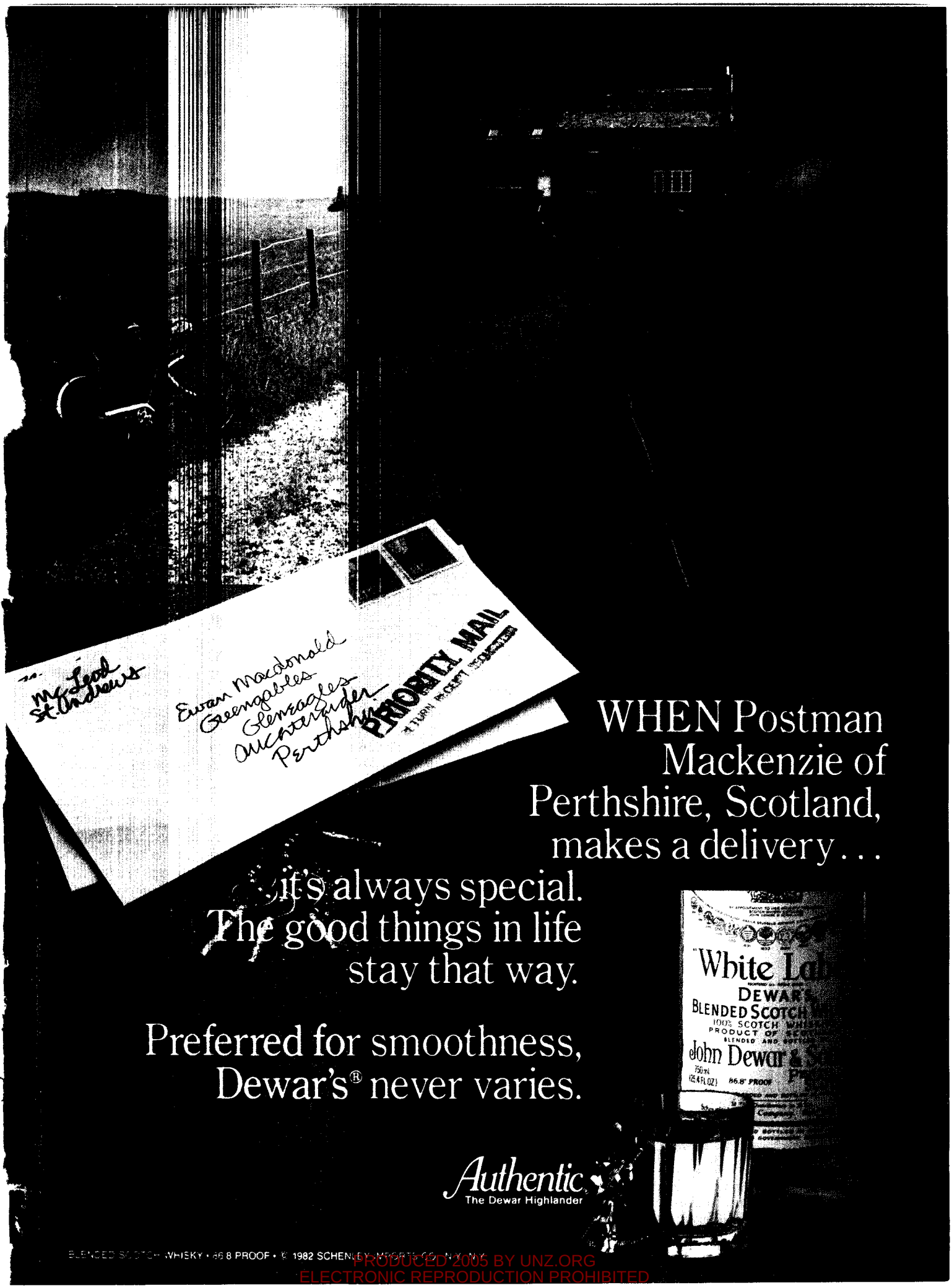

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James Joyce, photographed in Paris in 1924, shortly after the publication of *Ulysses*, with his wife, Nora, and their children, Lucia and George.

buryites did not like what they termed coarseness, and they were not pleased either with Joyce's comic-epic glorification of the lower middle class. *Ulysses* was considered by Communists to be a reactionary book, and Joyce was plaintive about it. "There's nobody in any of my books," he said, "who's worth more than a hundred pounds." But the reactionary charge, raised also against Eliot's *The Waste Land*, which appeared in the same year as *Ulysses*, had more to do with the parade of erudition, and a technique that did not lend itself to easy intelligibility, than with the subject matter.

Erudition is easily obtained: It is available in public libraries and it costs nothing; nevertheless, since neither the workers nor the middle class particularly want it, it is regarded as an unwarrantable imposition in a novel: A novel should be *a good read*. *Ulysses* is not *a good read*. Joyce plays terrible tricks with the English language. He separates out, like curds and whey, its component Latin and Teutonic elements. He parodies every writer from the Venerable Bede to Thomas Carlyle. He turns one chapter into a textbook on rhetoric. Another is made to behave like a *fuga per canonem*. The last chapter has no punctuation marks. And, when these games are not being played, he gives us stretches of raw thought and feeling in the form of *monologue intérieur*:

O sweety all your little girlwhite up I saw dirty bracegirdle made me do love sticky we two naughty Grace darling she him half past the bed met him pike hoses frillies for Raoul to perfume your wife black hair heave under embon *señorita* young eyes Mulvey plump years drawers return tail end Agendath swoony lovey showed me her next year in drawers return in her next her next.

But, as we know now 60 years after the publication of *Ulysses*, the difficulties of experimental writing like that are not so great as they seem. If we have read the book attentively up to this masturbatory point, we shall recognize every motif of the ungrammatical flow. Joyce loves mysteries but does not like them to go on too long. He hides the keys in drawers that themselves have no keys. He is not always easy, but he is never impossible.

There was a time when Joyce excited rage for making the prose style get in the way of the narrative. Nowadays we are more inclined to take pleasure in the manner of his exalting—through myth and symbol—ordinary people into epic heroes, even if exaltation means also shoving them up on to a music-hall stage and making them go through a comic act. The real Ulysses of Homer has a rock hurled at him by a one-eyed giant man-eater. Bloom, the new Ulysses, is assailed by a drunken Irish chauvinist who can't see straight enough to hit him with a Jacob's biscuit tin. Bloom, reviled as a Jew and mocked as a cuckold, ends nevertheless as a king in Ithaca, whose location is No. 7 Eccles Street in Dublin. He is also ourselves, and we too endue the crown of absurd glory.

The world has forgiven Joyce for the excesses of *Ulysses*, but it is not yet ready to forgive him for the dementia of *Finnegans Wake*. Yet it is difficult to see what other book he could well have written after a fictional ransacking of the human mind in its waking state. *Ulysses* sometimes touches the borders of sleep, but it never actually enters its kingdom. *Finnegans Wake* is frankly a representation of the sleeping brain. It took Joyce 17 years to write, between eye operations and worry about the mental collapse of his daughter Lucia. He got little encouragement, even from Ezra Pound, that prince of avant-gardists; his wife, Nora, merely said that he ought to write a nice book that ordinary people could read. But clearly *Finnegans Wake* had to be written, and Joyce was the only man dedicated or mad enough to write it.

It is about an innkeeper living in Chapelizod, just outside Dublin, who seems to be called Mr. Porter. In his dream he becomes Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker, the Nordic Protestant invader of Catholic Ireland, a man who carries the hump of a kind of incestuous guilt on his back, expresses his guilt in a stutter, and turns himself into the whole generality of sinful man. His wife, Ann, is all women, and she is also Anna Livia Plurabelle, the river Liffey, and, by extension, all the rivers in the world. Her consort, who stitches his initials HCE into the text like a monogram, is the great archetypal builder Finnegan and also all the cities that he builds. Their daughter Isobel is all temptresses. Their twin sons, Kevin and Jerry, or Shem and Shaun, represent the eternal principle of opposition—sometimes Cain and Abel, sometimes Napoleon and Wellington, sometimes (God help us) Brutus and Cassius disguised as Burrus and Caseous or butter and cheese. Identities shift, space is plastic, time is the year 1132, which is no time at all, merely shorthand for the circular process of fall and resurrection (to count 11 on our fingers we have to make a new start; 32 feet per second per second is the rate of acceleration of falling bodies). The narrative is cyclical and never ends. The language is a Babylonish dialect of Joyce's own invention, made out of all the tongues he had learned in exile and regarded as suitable for recounting a universal dream.

There must be many people, and they of the most literate, who have opened the book and groaned wretchedly at what they found:

...nor yet, though venissoon after, had a kidscad buttended a bland old isaac: not yet, though all's fair in vanessy, were sosie sesthers wroth with twone nathandjoe. Rot a peck of pa's malt had Jhem or Shen brewed by

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arclight and rory end to the regginbrow was to be seen ringsome on the aquaface...

It looks like nonsense, but it isn't. Joyce never wrote a line of nonsense in his life. Here is Jacob, who is James or Shem, the younger son or cadet, but also a cad, putting on a kidskin and duping his bland-blind old father Isaac into giving him his blessing, and also Parnell wresting the Irish leadership from Isaac Butt. Susannah, Esther, and Ruth are present, all loved by older men (as HCE loves his own daughter), as well as Stella and Vanessa (who both had the name Esther) loved by a Jonathan Swift who is Nathan and Joseph in one. And then Shem and Shaun, cloudily refashioned into the sons of Noah glued together, await the brewing of whiskey at the rainbow's end. There's too much here, of course, but to complain of excess is a little ungrateful. Most writers don't give us enough.

Clearly, Joyce, though a man of the people, did not set out to be a popular writer. Nevertheless, his centenary is being celebrated with rather more enthusiasm than, in 1970, the literary world accorded Charles Dickens, who did set out to be popular. The celebration will achieve its greatest intensity in Dublin, where there are still people who call Joyce a blackguard and revere his father as a great gentleman (compare the situation vis-à-vis Lawrence *père et fils* in Eastwood, Nottinghamshire). It is very hard not to celebrate Joyce in Dublin, in any year and on any day of the year, because, like Earwicker-Finnegan himself, Joyce has created Dublin. He has turned it into a place as mythical as Dante's Inferno, Paradiso, and Purgatorio all in one. At the same time he has stressed its physicality and given the stamp of an enhanced reality to its streets, pubs, and churches. When we drink Guinness in the Bailey or Davy Byrne's, we are borrowing Joyce's taste buds, and when we walk on Sandymount strand it is in Joyce's broken tennis shoes. Joyce couldn't live in Dublin, but he couldn't leave it alone. His obsession with the minutiae of its life and its speech forces all who read him to become Dubliners themselves. No other writer has so made the soaking in of a locality the primary condition for understanding his work.

Ulysses begins in a Martello tower that still stands. The Odyssey of Bloom can be checked with a map and timed with a stopwatch. Even *Finnegans Wake*, the most recondite and rarefied book ever written, has a precise mise en scène—Chapelizod, south of the Phoenix Park, where Earwicker's pub may be identified with the Dead Man (so called because customers would roll out of it drunk to be run over by trams); solidity of place is matched by the solidity of character. Leopold Bloom is so three-dimensional that no amount of linguistic tomfoolery can obscure him. Earwicker's sad stutter sounds clearly through all the mazes of dream. There are some celebrants of Joyce who can ignore the tortuosities of style and concentrate solely on the flesh and blood and their confining geography. Unfortunately, there are far more who revel pedantically in the style, the structure, and the symbolism. The secret of appreciating Joyce lies in not letting him go too much to one's head.

Joyce has been posthumously lucky in having the best biography of our century devoted to him. This is Professor Richard Ellmann's book, a wonder of fact, wit, and qualified affection. Ellmann is entitled to draw our attention to such ingenuities as the asymmetrical book-ends of the opening and closing words—"stately" and "yes." He is similarly entitled to show that Buck Mulligan's mock-transubstantiation at the beginning of the work is contradicted by Molly Bloom's real menstruation at the end. But there are too many scholars—and they will be in Dublin in force on June 16 this year—who treat both *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* as mystical codices, showing no interest in the Ascot Gold Cup (which comes around Bloomsday) and little taste for Guinness. Joyce is, so this centennial ought to show, probably at last becoming the property of the people and not the thesis-writers.

To other, unscholarly writers like myself, Joyce is the novelist's novelist, although neither *Ulysses* nor *Finnegans Wake* can properly be termed a novel. If fiction is the art of fitting the sensations and emotions of life into a structure that shall have some of the shapeliness and autonomy of a piece of music, then Joyce is all our daddies. We can study him on the structural level, finding the principles of symphonic development cunningly exemplified in the "Oxen of the Sun" and "Circe" sections of *Ulysses*, and on the nuclear level of the phrase. These are pieces of distinguished writing:

A wise tabby, a blinking sphinx, watched from her warm sill.

The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wide-leaved flowers of its froth.

He foresaw his pale body reclined in it at full, naked, in a womb of warmth, oiled by scented melting soap, softly laved.

Under their dropped lids his eyes found the tiny bow of the leather headband inside his high grade ha.

For "ha" read "hat." Sweat has erased the "t." John Gross has pointed out that other fictional characters have conventional headwear: Only Bloom has a ha. Yet we have here less literary eccentricity than a concern with reality. Joyce's language is always anchored to its referents. At the same time it achieves a certain melodic independence, reminding us that Joyce was a tenor who, if he'd stuck to singing, would have outsung Count John McCormack.

The man himself—improvident, given to drink, exiled, silent and cunning, vocal, convivial, devoted to his family, lacking in what Hampstead would call good taste, lanky, seedily elegant, half-blind, dead untimely at 59—lives on in anecdotage. But the essence of his personality—eccentric and yet conventional—is totally contained in his works. His preoccupations are there—the social stability that finds its best expression in the lower middle-class family, language as man's supreme achievement. He has left his voice to the world under the hiss and scratches of a pre-electric recording, reciting parts of his two greatest books with skill but a sacerdotal intonation that was perhaps to be expected. Intended for the Jesuit priesthood, he built a church of his own—an ecclesia on Eccles Street. His books are confessional, leaving out no sins but making no excuses. His eucharistic function is the conversion of quotidian bread into beauty, which Thomas Aquinas defined as the pleasing. He does not please Barbara Cartland nor Lord Longford, but he reminds us that life is a divine comedy and that literature is a jocose and serious business. He has left us in *Finnegans Wake* a little prayer that sums up his attitude to life. It is a very reasonable attitude: "Loud, heap miseries upon us yet entwine our arts with laughters low." ■

The sexual candor of "Ulysses" is nowadays nothing in comparison with the orgasms of Jackie Collins or the impotence of Harold Robbins.

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A Smash Year For London Theater

Several plays, some of them headed for the U.S., are big hits in England. And the Royal Shakespeare Company finally has a lovely new home in the recently opened Barbican Center.

BY ROLAND GELATT

After 21 years of "temporary" residence at the Aldwych Theater on the eastern fringe of Covent Garden, the Royal Shakespeare Company at last has a permanent London home of its own. The RSC's move last month into a custom-built theater in the new Barbican Center is probably the best, certainly the most auspicious, news of the current theatrical season in London. It means that Britain's foremost repertory company now has a London base for which no excuse whatever need be made.

Roland Gelatt is a contributing editor of *Saturday Review*, based in London.

To be sure, the old Aldwych had a certain cozy Edwardian charm (the ambience suited *Nicholas Nickleby* to perfection), but the theater's sightlines and acoustics were mediocre, and its cramped stage a nightmare for designers and directors alike. There is nothing at all cramped about the new theater. The stage is spacious, and so is the seating. Nevertheless, even though the theater can accommodate an audience of 1,158, it is astonishingly compact. No seat in the house is more than 65 feet from its thrust-stage apron. By eliminating space-consuming aisles (rows are entered through separate doors at either side of the auditorium) and by having the balconies overhang each other (so that the top balcony is the one furthest forward), the theater's designers have achieved a remarkably close link between actors and audience. It's certainly a handsome place, with dark wood paneling, seats upholstered in chocolate plush, orange carpeting, and a gleaming fire-curtain of stainless steel.

The RSC began playing to a paying public in the Barbican Theater on May 7 with a new production of *Henry IV*, Parts 1 and 2, directed by Trevor Nunn, and with incidental music by An-

Bob Hoskins (below right) stars as gambler Nathan Detroit in the National Theater's hit revival of *Guys and Dolls*.

JOHN HAYNES

***Hobson's Choice*, a 1916 comedy, features Anthony Quayle as a father with troublesome daughters.**

ZOE DOMINIC

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drew Lloyd Webber. Marathon-length plays have become a *spécialité de la maison* at the RSC (*Nicholas Nickleby* was only one of several such in recent years), and Nunn has been heard to remark, not entirely in jest, that he wouldn't dream of moving into the new house with a production lasting less than eight hours. So on Saturdays at the Barbican, determined playgoers can plow through the whole of Shakespeare's two-part history from 2:00 until 11:00 PM with an hour-and-a-half respite for dinner.

Throughout June and July, *Henry IV* will alternate with two productions previously seen earlier this year in Stratford: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, conceived as a kind of Victorian extravaganza, and *All's Well That Ends Well*. The latter is the darkest of the so-called "dark comedies" and altogether one of the most difficult pieces in the Shakespearean canon, with a heroine (Helena) who will stop at no trick or deceit to ensnare her man, and a hero (Bertram) whose caddishness and self-absorption hardly seem worth all her effort. Trevor Nunn has made the play not only palatable but close to believable by extracting from each character the utmost sincerity and depth, and by setting the action in a Ruritanian kingdom on the eve of World War I. Viewed in this light, the play becomes almost Shavian in mood and matter, a precursor of *Man and Superman*, with a dash of *Arms and the Man* thrown in for good measure. The players in Stratford were faultless—all the way from Peggy Ashcroft, touchingly tender as the Countess, to Cheryl Campbell (who portrayed the Scottish lass in *Chariots of Fire*) in the small but pivotal role of Diana—and fortunately the entire cast moves intact to the Barbican.

The Barbican's opening season will also see the premiere of a new play by Peter Nichols plus guest productions by two of the Royal Shakespeare Company's most distinguished alumni, Peter Hall and Peter Brook. Altogether, the RSC looks to be the Barbican Center's trump card; if anything can induce Londoners to venture there with any regularity, it will be the presence of this superlative troupe. The complex—which includes a concert hall, art gallery, library, cinemas, and restaurants—is located far from the center of town in a charmless neighborhood of modern office blocks. It was conceived in the mid-1950s, when the British were still gung-ho for big and ambitious redevelopment projects, and is today viewed as a rather embarrassing anachronism. Five years behind schedule and at a cost ($300 million) some ten times the original budget, the Barbican Center could be the costliest architectural folly since the heyday of Ludwig II of Bavaria. But the RSC might just make it work.

Britain's other major repertory company, the National Theater, fills three auditoriums nightly in its South Bank bastion across the Thames and is currently staging its first musical ever—no less than *Guys and Dolls*, the 1950 Frank Loesser-Abe Burrows classic based on a story and characters by Damon Runyon. The project has been on the NT's agenda since the early 1970s, when Kenneth Tynan persuaded the company's then director, Laurence Olivier, not only to produce the musical but to play the juicy part of Nathan Detroit himself. For a number of reasons, nothing came of it at the time, but now at last *Guys and Dolls* has entered the NT's repertory—appropriately, in the Olivier Theater, with the band seated to the right of its large open stage.

Skeptics wondering how a bunch of limeys could possibly do justice to this quintessentially American show are in for a salutary surprise. It's an absolutely enchanting production—wholly idiomatic in accent and tone, lovingly true to the period, and as precise and zippy as anything on Broadway. The four principals make a formidable team. Sky Masterson is performed by Ian Charleson, best known in America as the sandy-haired Scottish runner (Eric Liddell) in *Chariots of Fire*; Julie Covington, whose stage credits run from the original *Godspell* and *Rocky Horror Show* to Stoppard and Shakespeare at the NT, plays

Peggy Ashcroft is the Countess in a much-praised mounting of Shakespeare's *All's Well That Ends Well*, directed by Trevor Nunn, who staged *Nicholas Nickleby*.

NOBBY CLARK

***84 Charing Cross Road* is an epistolary romance between an American woman (Rosemary Leach) and an English bookseller (David Swift). A New York production is planned.**

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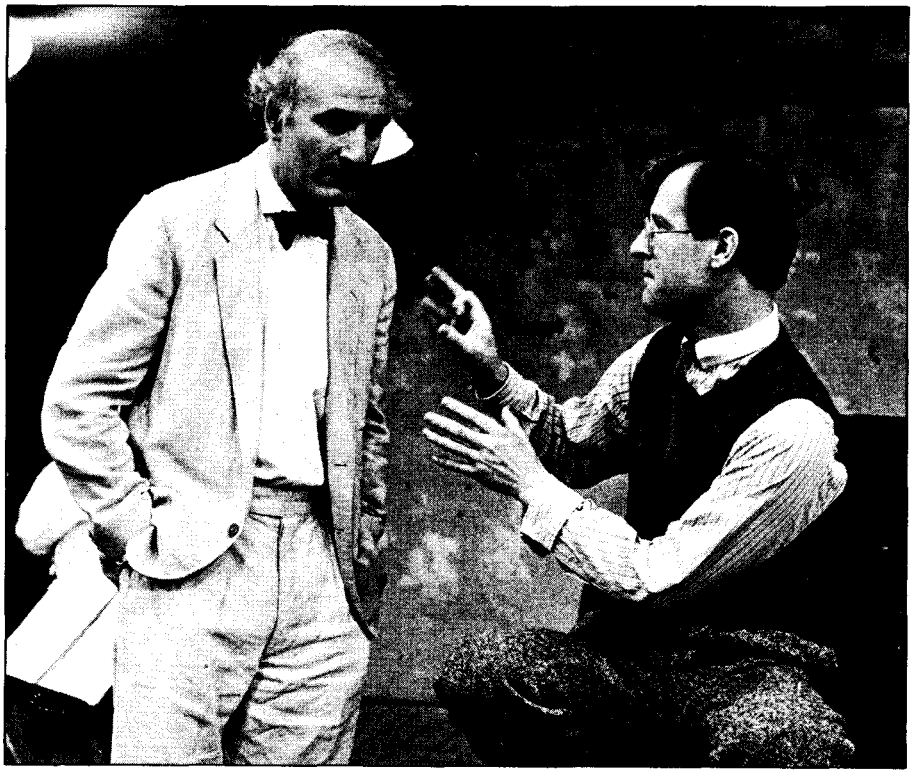

ALASTAIR MUIR

Joe Melia (left) and Alan Howard in *Goods*, a drama about the Nazi era in Germany.

Sister Sarah Brown; Julia McKenzie, one of the *Side by Side by Sondheim* team, is an irresistible Miss Adelaide; and Bob Hoskins, the street-wise Iago of Jonathan Miller's recent *Othello* on television, has clearly been singled out by divine providence to re-create the role of Nathan Detroit. John Gunter's neon-lit sets are replete with evocative 1940s touches (a Ruppert's beer sign, a New York *Sun* newsstand), and the choreography devised by David Toguri keeps the cast in fluid motion without unduly stretching their dancing talents.

My memories of the original *Guys and Dolls* at the 46th Street Theater in New York some 30 years ago are admittedly rather dim, but I don't recall it being one jot better than this London revival. Certainly, audiences at the Olivier Theater are going wild over it, and the show ought to be a fixture there for many months.

In the NT's other large theater, the proscenium-arched Lyttelton, Arthur Wing Pinero's *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is alternating with Tom Stoppard's *On the Razzle*, the latter being yet another adaptation of the 19th-century Viennese comedy that also provided the plot for Thornton Wilder's *The Matchmaker* and in turn inspired the musical *Hello, Dolly!* This latest incarnation of the durable farce by Johann Nestroy takes some fairly flagrant liberties with the original, but it's ablaze with Stoppardian verbal fireworks and is played to the hilt by a cast of NT regulars. One of these is Felicity Kendal, donning male attire most convincingly in the role of the young grocer's apprentice. She is one of the most accomplished young actresses in Britain, little known in America as yet because her work for TV and the movies has been comparatively slight. Having first come to attention nearly a decade ago in the original London production of Alan Ayckbourn's *Norman Conquests*, she has since become a mainstay of the National Theater—a radiant Constanze in the original production of *Amadeus* and a moving Desdemona opposite Paul Scofield's Othello.

In the revival of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, Miss Kendal at last gets star billing in the part created by Mrs. Patrick Campbell. When the play was first given in 1893, it was regarded as a bold breakthrough in the theater of its time, comparable in impact—the NT's program annotator suggests—to John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* in the 1950s. Today the situation and its dénouement seem terribly dated, the dramatic machinery lumbers ludicrously, and there is little of the philosophical wit and wisdom that keep Shaw's similarly dated plays still evergreen and stageworthy. Nevertheless, as Shaw himself admitted (and he was no fervent admirer of Pinero), "Paula Tanqueray is an astonishingly well-drawn figure," and Felicity Kendal makes a most persuasive case for this no longer shocking but still alluring "woman with a past."

Among the new plays mounted in London this season, two deal in different ways with the canker of nazism. *The Porterage to San Cristobal of A.H.*, adapted for the stage by Christopher Hampton from George Steiner's novella, had its world premiere at the Mermaid Theater in mid-February. Those who remember the old Mermaid—a quonset hut built over a bomb site by the Thames, adjacent to Blackfriars Station—will rub their eyes in disbelief, for the Victorian terminus has disappeared and a large office block now occupies the bomb site. Inside the new building, however, there is a Mermaid *redivivus*, looking remarkably like the old one but larger with better stage facilities. It's good to have it back.

The A.H. of the clumsy title is Adolf Hitler, tracked down at the age of 90 in the swamps of the Amazon by a band of Jewish commandos, whose task it is to bring him back to civilization and to trial. Steiner's story poses some knotty questions. What kind of justice is applicable to a monster like Hitler? Who has the right to sit in judgment on him? Should he be tried at all? Does the post-Hitler generation really care? Are his obsessive hunters merely perpetuating the Hitler myth? Unfortunately, the play surrounding these questions is at once strident and tedious, simplistic and banal. It comes to life only at the end when Alec McCowen as the aged demagogue delivers a tirade of fiendishly clever self-justification. The production was directed by John Dexter, who will henceforth divide his time between the Mermaid and the Metropolitan Opera in New York.

The other new play to grapple with the Nazis is *Good*, by the British writer C.P. Taylor, who died at the age of 52 soon after its first performance last September. Though less intellectually challenging than *Porterage*, it is much more rewarding as a play: imaginatively constructed, subtly textured, layered with multiple meanings, and quietly powerful. The central character is a bemused and bespectacled German academic, fortyish, totally self-centered, who escapes from the troubling discordancies in his marriage and in his country by switching on an imaginary band in his mind's ear (five instrumentalists are on stage throughout the play, and the actors take turns singing popular songs of the period). Professor Halder means to be good, indeed continues to persuade himself of his goodness, while sinking ever deeper into the morass of nazism. It is a familiar tale, perhaps, but told here with consummate elegance and performed with palpable

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PETER BLOOMFIELD

The highlight of the season was the long-delayed opening of the Barbican Center, a $300-million complex for the arts.

dedication by members of the Royal Shakespeare Company. Alan Howard, unrecognizable at first to those of us accustomed to seeing him in the trappings of Shakespearean monarchs, plays the shambling professor with the same kind of aloof detachment that his uncle Leslie managed so well in roles like the Scarlet Pimpernel.

Good was first given in the RSC's former "alternative" theater in Covent Garden, The Warehouse. It has now transferred to the Aldwych Theater for a limited season until mid-July, and there is talk of bringing the play to New York in the autumn.

All the productions mentioned so far originated in theaters subsidized to a greater or lesser extent by the Arts Council of Great Britain. Without them, and the substantial government funding that keeps them going, London's theatrical scene would be far less varied and distinguished. Nevertheless, the commercial West End still continues to give birth to some first-rate shows and at the same time to make a profit. A few of those currently on view:

• *84 Charing Cross Road* (Ambassadors Theater), adapted by James Roos-Evans from the book by Helene Hanff. Readers familiar with the 20-year correspondence between Miss Hanff and the manager and staff of Marks & Co. may well ask how her delightful epistolary romance with a London bookshop could possibly be dramatized. The short answer is that it can't. Instead we have the two protagonists—Helene Hanff in her Manhattan brownstone on stage left, Frank Doel in his Charing Cross Road premises on stage right—talking at each other across an ocean. Despite an initial artificiality, the antiphonal dialogue quickly begins to engage our attention, and by the end of the evening Anglo-American relations are in a state of splendid euphoria. It's a nice piece of nostalgia, particularly for those of us old enough to remember the London of postwar austerity, with its dowdy populace still cheerfully shouldering on despite ration cards and bomb-scarred streets, a city that has vanished just as completely as the bookshop at 84 Charing Cross Road.

• *The Beastly Beatitudes of Balthazar B.* (Duke of York's Theater), another adaptation, this one by J.P. Donleavy himself from his picaresque novel of 1968. Again, it's not much of a play, being a rambling account—randy, farcical, occasionally touching—of two undergraduates at Trinity College, Dublin, and their subsequent coming to terms with life. What makes it altogether memorable is the virtuoso performance of Simon Callow as Beefy, Balthazar's effervescently articulate and endlessly woman-hungry friend. Callow, the original Mozart in *Amadeus*, is an actor of immense energy and dynamism, a latter-day British equivalent of the young Marlon Brando. He's not to be missed.

• *Hobson's Choice*, a 1916 comedy by Harold Brighouse about mercantile shenanigans in Victorian Lancashire, has opened a repertory season at the Theater Royal, Haymarket, built by John Nash in 1821 and still the crown jewel of London theaters. After a dazzling first act, *Hobson's Choice* runs downhill rather alarmingly, but the piece is kept in motion by an accomplished cast headed by Anthony Quayle as the blustering father, Penelope Keith as his no-nonsense elder daughter, and Trevor Peacock as the below-stairs bootmaker whom she literally drags into prosperity and the marriage bed. Until the end of July, the Brighouse comedy will alternate in repertory with a new play by Donald Millar and with Shaw's *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, in which Penelope Keith takes the role originally written for Ellen Terry.

• *Noises Off* (Savoy Theater), a farce within a farce by Michael Frayn, and one of the funniest new plays to reach the West End in years. It's about a troupe of not very talented British actors who are shown rehearsing and then performing a not very inspired comedy to some not very demanding provincial audiences. The tomfoolery onstage and backstage is uproarious, the cast's timing impeccable.

Aside from these adaptations and revivals, the West End is awash with musicals. Three come from the unquenchable Andrew Lloyd Webber: *Evita*, still drawing capacity houses; *Cats*, a magnificently staged but only meagerly nourishing dance-rhapsody on themes by T.S. Eliot; and *Song and Dance*, a so-called "concert for the theater." Among the importations, *Barnum*—with Michael Crawford on the high wire—is threatening to become the longest running show in the history of the London Palladium. Just arrived, as of May 26, is the Joseph Papp production of *Pirates of Penzance*, which presumably will persuade Londoners that the only thing wrong with Gilbert and Sullivan has been the demoralized (and now defunct) D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. ■

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Irving Kolodin

Two Historic Recitals

The spring music season came to New York this year in a manner worth commemorating, with two events to be remembered as historic.

One was of such magnitude that it was perpetuated on videotape for future repetition. It was a glowing demonstration of artistic fulfillment attained by two great American vocalists: soprano **Leontyne Price** and mezzo-soprano **Marilyn Horne**. Here was clear evidence proving that all contentions that vocal artistry has vanished from the world are bunk and nonsense. Healthy bodies with strong vocal cords are still being born. The true challenge is to find those with the minds, the abilities, *and* the voices to raise their artistic command of such resources to the level required by the immortal composers of the past. Price and Horne have precisely such command.

The other historic event was a piano recital in Carnegie Hall by that rapidly rising meteoric product of Milan, Italy, **Maurizio Pollini**. Not only was every seat in the hall sold, so too were all the stage seats the law allows. When Pollini walked on, the eruption of applause was of a kind that many others would settle for as an evening-ending reward for work well done.

Was all this evidence to support the usual alarms that audiences of today are largely attracted only to displays of virtuosity? More bunk and nonsense.

For Price and Horne's memorable program (for which the top price of $100 per ticket included a contribution to the production fund of the Metropolitan Opera Guild), the two singers walked on beautifully, hand in hand, trailed by conductor James Levine on his way to the podium, to preside over the now-excellent "house" orchestra. Their first choice was a connoisseur's delight: a grand duet from Act I of Mozart's *Così fan tutte*.

Their format then prescribed a solo for one, followed by a duet, then a solo for the other, again followed by a duet. The choices were not conventional "show-stoppers": They were arias by Handel, Verdi, Rossini, and Bellini. When encore time came, Horne set forth an adorable version of "Non, non, non, non, non, non," written by Giacomo Meyerbeer for the Page in his opera *Les Huguenots*. Price responded with a loving rendition of Doretta's aria from Giacomo Puccini's nearest thing to an operetta, *La Rondine*.

In recital: mezzo-soprano Marilyn Horne (left) and soprano Leontyne Price.

To say that every measure of a nearly two-hour program (including an occasional orchestral piece) was perfectly sung would be absurd. But the level of artistry attained in the opening Mozart duet remained throughout.

Pollini is well known for his dazzling Liszt and superior Chopin. This time, he bypassed all such easy access to applause and acclaim. The first half of the evening was devoted to music of Mozart; the second half drew upon the repertory of Franz Schubert. Pollini played the music of both Viennese masters with knowledge, sympathy, and perception.

The evening began with a rather overstressed, too purposeful playing of Mozart's C minor Fantasia, K.475. But when the acoustical dust had settled, Pollini went on to a beautifully balanced evocation of the Sonata, K.457 (also in C minor) with which the Fantasia is associated. Its glorious adagio was gloriously played.

In the succeeding Sonata in D, K.576, which is perhaps the most frequently performed of Mozart keyboard works, Pollini pushed beyond a merely beautiful performance to a glowing expression of re-creation. The notes were ordered, emphasized, and restated in a manner to convey what Mozart meant them to *say*.

Such language is seldom applied to music, because euphemisms pertaining to "soul," to "heart," are easier to understand. But the simple, basic fact is that music is a language. The true masters of it had the God-given ability to say, of the winds and the waves, the heights and the depths of human experience—with all the variants in between—much the same that Shakespeare and Shelley, Dante and Goethe, Cervantes and Chekhov could say in their languages. But to bypass exaggeration and translate notes into meaning takes a master. Pollini is now such a master.

Pollini's first choices in Schubert (three piano pieces listed in the now standard Otto Deutsch catalogue as D.946) struck me as a shade monotonous and insubstantial for their post-intermission placement. Nonetheless, they were rapturously applauded.

But I agreed with the audience regarding Pollini's transcendent recapture of all the drama, the eloquence, both the high and the low spirits that Schubert poured into his "Wanderer" Fantasy (Op. 15, D.760). The applause that resounded was eventually of the rhythmic variety associated with audiences at a Russian ballet performance.

Finally, Pollini returned, sat down, and summed up well what had preceded with a simple, fervent translation into sound of Robert Schumann's *Arabeske* (Op.18).

What a beautiful way to end a beautiful evening!

That spring evening in Carnegie, as at the Met a few days before, renewed the conviction that, when fine musicians speak a composer's language, this is still a time of greatness. ■

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Stanley Kauffmann

The Old Enemy

Here it is again—the old enemy, mediocrity. It has always been with us in the theater, of course, but lately there seems to be a growing crusade, mounted by playwrights' festivals and conferences and foundations, to promote it. Naturally they don't call it mediocrity; it's called encouragement of talent. But look carefully at the work that they produce and publish and circulate and hail, and you can infer the motivating principles. Anything that is Not Bad is Good; anything that treats an American subject with first-hand knowledge deserves lenient judgment; anything that is sincere is sound.

In art the enemy of the best has never been the worst, it's always been the mediocre. The worst is naked; the mediocre is frequently disguised. To encourage the mediocre is to make the theater unattractive to the better talents that might be drawn to it, and it's corruptive of taste in general. Just because a play is written in recognizable English and attempts to deal seriously with serious characters and themes is not enough reason for tears of joy. Crusade or no crusade, I can't see that our theater drastically needs more A. R. Gurneys and Lanford Wilsons.

A recent instance is Percy Granger, not a dreadul writer and not a cheap trifler but not a dramatist whose work, as yet, is worth seeing. And what's particularly discouraging is that his first full-length play to be seen in New York, **Eminent Domain**, has reached us with more prenatal care and obstetrics than Princess Diana's offspring will get. Better luck to the royal child. *Eminent Domain* was "first presented as a staged reading" at a playwrights conference, then was "further developed" in two different productions. Presumably it was also "further developed" in its Circle in the Square production. I wonder what it could have been when it started if, quadruply developed, it comes out so flaccid.

The leading characters are a middle-aged professor of English and his artist wife, so we know before we see it or its reviews that it's going to be called "literate." No playwright would deal with such characters unless he could deliver at least some semblance of donnish rhetoric and coy epigram. Granger can do that adequately enough. What he has failed to do, however, is to disclose any pressing reason for the play's existence.

Betty Miller and Philip Bosco in *Eminent Domain*, a play of insidious mediocrity.

The professor and wife are mutually courteous but physically estranged; she's a reformed drunk, he's a secret drinker. (*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, 20 years later and fuzzier.) Their son, an only child, ran away at 16 and now, eight years after, is a noted poet. A doctoral candidate, about the son's age, arrives to do research for a dissertation on the professor's son. (But what faculty would have sanctioned a dissertation on a poet so early in his career?) The young scholar comes just when the professor is awaiting a call from Brandeis confirming his appointment to their staff. It's not quite the Harvard post he would have liked; still it will get him out of the Midwest provinces (as he thinks them) where he has been so long.

Now all the above are ingredients for a possible play. But, in Granger's mittened hands, they remain disparate ingredients. No strong connection is made between the couple's troubles and their son's flight; no insight illuminates the father's jealousy (he sidles away from what has been written of the dissertation on his son); no revealing drama is crystallized between the ambitious young scholar and the declining older one. Lurking beneath these ingredients, teasing us until we tire of disappointment, are themes of cultural ambition and cultural corruption, a marriage caught between, and a child who fled his parents in order to surpass them. But none of this is fused, fired. The play is a collection of moderately engaging ideas; it has no center, no drive, no kind of enlargement. There's no reason why any reasonably intelligent, cultivated person should haul himself/herself to see it.

But, says the mediocrity crusade, Granger is not a bad writer and therefore is a good one; and if we want the American drama to prosper, we must applaud not-bad writers. Include me out, as Sam Goldwyn is said to have said. I'll wait for the not-mediocre writers; and will hope that Granger may someday be among them.

Paul Austin directed as fluently as possible in the domestic interiors racked across the grotesque, racetrack playing space of the Circle in the Square. Betty Miller gives lovely, resonant quietness to the wife. But, sorry though I am to say it, the career of Philip Bosco, who plays the professor, is suffering from inflation analagous to that inflicted on some playwrights. I often admired Bosco in the old Beaumont Theater days when he contributed acutely drawn supporting roles to a wide variety of plays. Lately he has been elevated beyond his powers, like a reliable opera *comprimario* bumped into leading roles. He simply could not supply the Plutonian power and magisterial humor for Undershaft in Shaw's *Major Barbara* or Tarleton in Shaw's

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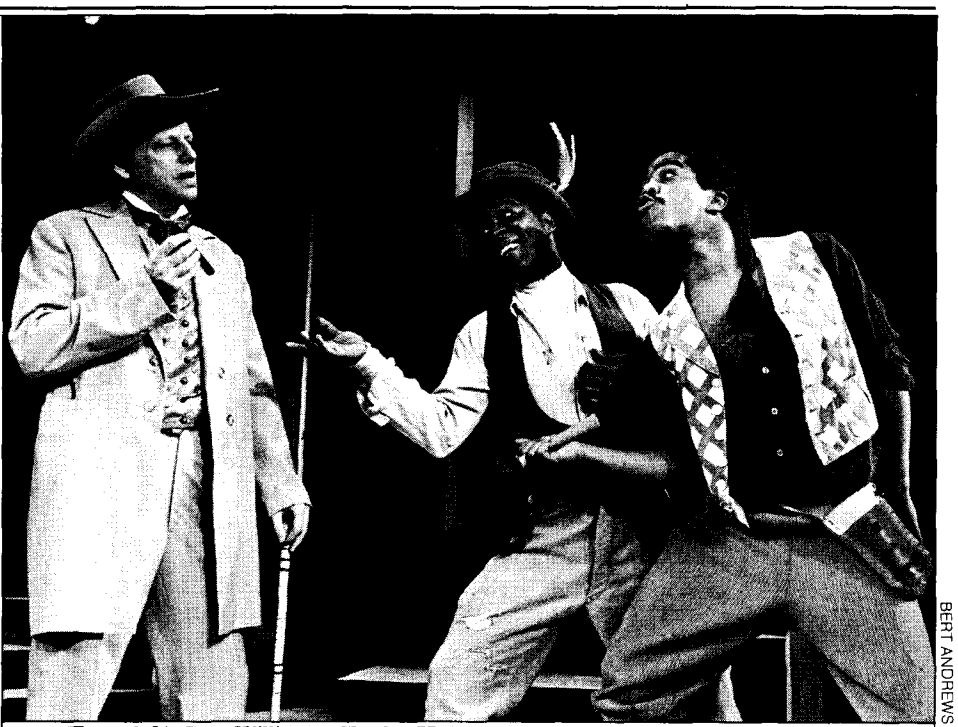
Misalliance. In *Eminent Domain*, the demands are very much less but his role is even bigger. Some actors have the resident strength to engage us for a whole evening; Bosco, skilled and likable though he is—intelligent, too—is not one of them. For innate strength, he substitutes—consciously? fearfully?—mere push.

This year's Pulitzer Prize in drama went to Charles Fuller for **A Soldier's Play**, but in my view it really went to the Negro Ensemble Company, which produced it. Fuller's play is another mediocrity and is in fact much more attenuated than Granger's. A black soldier is murdered on a Louisiana army base in 1944, and the investigation is conducted by a black captain. After much mechanical dragging-about and some pleasant musical interludes, it's finally revealed that the murder was committed because of racism among blacks—the dislike of some blacks for the failure of other blacks to "rise" by basically white standards. Thus this intra-black enmity is a not-so-oblique result of subservience to white racism. A pungent point—dated, I hope—and worth, in the context given here, a good half-hour "historical" play. Instead, we get two hours of "Come in, sit down, tell me where you were on Thursday night" prolongations. What chiefly holds the play together, insofar as it *is* held, is Adolph Caesar's raspingly fierce performance as a tough professional-army sergeant. But all in the cast are good and do their enriching best.



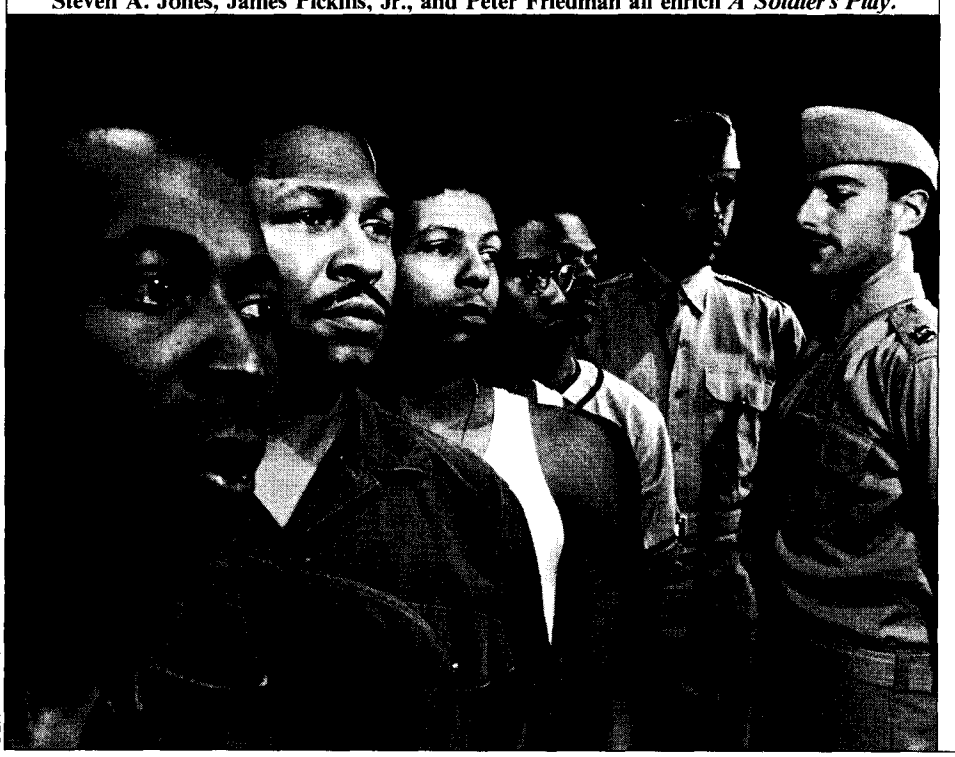
BERT ANDREWS

(From left) Curt Williams, Charles H. Patterson, and Robert Gossett in *Colored People's Time*: Giving humanity, understanding, suffering, pride to a weak script.

Which is why I think the NEC is the real winner of the prize. Its plays are usually mediocre, never better, occasionally worse; but the actors are generally excellent and seem to improve the plays. If they could find scripts as good as they themselves are, the NEC would be one of the outstanding theaters in the English-speaking world.

The company proves it again in a subsequent production, another mediocre play, **Colored People's Time**, by Leslie Lee. The title is a phrase often abbreviated to "C.P.T." among black people; it means that they live by private clocks, not necessarily matched to white chronometry. Lee's play consists of 13 scenes intended to give a capsule history of black people in America as seen from the inside; it begins with runaway slaves in 1859 and ends with the victory in the Montgomery, Alabama, bus boycott in 1956. Not one whit of enlightenment, in any historical or dramaturgic sense, comes from the script, but a good deal of humanity, understanding, suffering, and pride comes from the nine versatile actors. Outstanding among them, each in several roles, are the NEC stalwart (Ms) L. Scott Caldwell, the appealing Debbi Morgan, and the reliable Charles H. Patterson. The scenery by Felix E. Cochren and the lighting by Shirley Prendergast are, as is too often the case with NEC productions, so unremarkable that they must be remarked on.

It was directed by Horacena J. Taylor, whose work I've previously admired in *Nevis Mountain Dew* and *Old Phantoms* and who seems to me the NEC's premier director. Under her hand the tiny stage of the off-Broadway Cherry Lane Theater is never stifled, and each of the seedling scenes flowers as far as it can. ■



BERT ANDREWS

(From left) Brent Jennings, Samuel L. Jackson, Eugene Lee, Denzel Washington, Steven A. Jones, James Pickins, Jr., and Peter Friedman all enrich *A Soldier's Play*.

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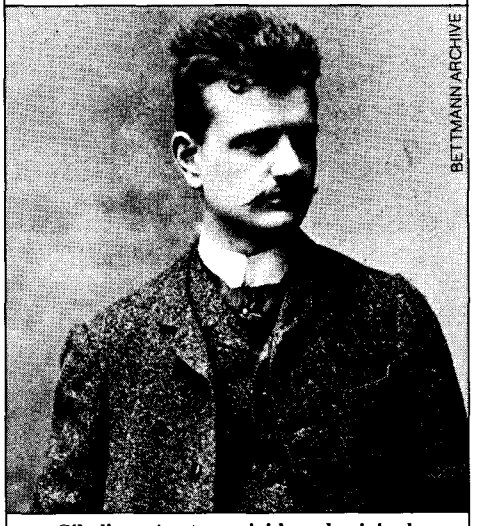
Tim Page

A Sibelius Revival

Finnish-born **Jean Sibelius** has long been a controversial figure. Recognized as a nationalistic composer when he was still in his twenties, the government of Finland voted to pay him a yearly stipend for the rest of his life, beginning in 1897 when he was only 32. During the 1920s and 1930s, he was all but universally considered one of the world's most important composers. However, a reevaluation took place in the succeeding decades. "I realize that there are sincere Sibelius lovers in the world," sniffed Virgil Thomson in 1940, "though I must say I've never met one among educated professional musicians." The postwar avant-garde was even more hostile; composer and conductor René Leibowitz, a disciple of Arnold Schoenberg, went so far as to title a polemic, "Sibelius: The Worst Composer in the World." By the time he died, in 1957, at the age of 92—having published nothing since 1929—Sibelius was remembered mainly as the composer of *Finlandia*, *The Swan of Tuonela*, the *Karelia Suite*, and the Symphony No. 2, all dating from the earlier part of his career.

Now there seems to be a Sibelius revival under way. Concerts and recordings are exploring the range of his compositions, and critics are revising their opinions. Many are discovering that while the young composer was a full-fledged romantic, somewhat in the manner of Tchaikovsky, his later, more substantial works reveal Sibelius as a neoclassicist of sorts, as vivid and original in his way as Stravinsky or Prokofiev. The mature Sibelius temperament is austere and somewhat Olympian—"above the battle," to borrow Romain Rolland's words. This is one reason that conductors with overly romantic dispositions have always misunderstood Sibelius. He must be approached with clear eyes, steady hands, and a total absence of ostentation and hysteria, with no attempt to wring anything out of the music that is not there, no attempt to gloss the composer's granite with an artificial sheen.

Although Sibelius wrote a good deal of material—more than 100 pieces for piano, many songs, a substantial quantity of chamber music, and several tone poems—his seven symphonies are the heart of the matter. They span the years 1899 to 1925 and chronicle the composer's odyssey from the rather naive and romantic fustian of the early works through the harsh, uncompromising snarl of the fourth symphony, into the rarefied and soulful sunshine of the last masterworks.



BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Sibelius: Austere, vivid, and original.

There are currently three stereo recordings of the complete symphonies listed in Schwann. Only one of these, featuring the Utah Symphony under Maurice Abravanel (Vanguard SRV 381/4, four discs, $23.92), can be discounted immediately. Although Abravanel displays a real affinity for Sibelius and the budget price is attractive, the conductor is betrayed by his orchestra, which is not up to the challenge of this difficult music.

The listener is left with a choice between two sets, each of which has its merits. An imported package by the Paavo Berglund/Bournemouth Symphony offers more than the seven symphonies (EMI SLS 5129, seven records, $55.86; available from the German News Company, 220 East 86 St. New York, N.Y. 10028). It features the only recording of the early "Kullervo" Symphony, a massive quasi-oratorio, and strong renditions of some of the tone poems. In general, Berglund emphasizes the lyrical side of Sibelius, with slow, measured tempos and careful attention to orchestral detail. The Bournemouth Symphony plays with sensitivity, if not brilliance, and the performances are well-recorded.

But I would recommend buying Berglund's "Kullervo" separately (Angel SB 3778, two discs, $19.98) and opting for Colin Davis's Philips package of the standard seven symphonies with the Boston Symphony Orchestra (Philips 6709 011, five discs, $39.92*). This is the definitive Sibelius set to have. All of the performances are fine—particularly the fifth symphony; how well Davis understands its icy grandeur! And the perfectly balanced, highly spirited seventh symphony may be the best on record. Some might prefer more drama in the enigmatic fourth—Davis eyes Sibelius's barren, craggy tonal landscape through a soft-focus lens—but I greatly admire the subtle, chamber-music textures he coaxes from the Boston Symphony.

Vladimir Ashkenazy has now recorded three of the Sibelius symphonies—the second, fourth, and fifth—with the Philharmonia Orchestra (London LDR 10014, LDR 71019, and LDR 71041 respectively, $12.98 each*). These are unsentimental, clearly etched performances—Ashkenazy brilliantly illuminates the shards and shadows of the fourth, in particular—recorded in lifelike digital sound.

Finally, there has been a reissue of Georg Schneevoigt's 1934 rendition of the sixth symphony with the Finnish National Orchestra (Turnabout THS 65067, $5.98)—a classic that captures the almost supernatural serenity of this exquisitely beautiful work as no subsequent recording has; a desert-island disc if ever there was one. ■

*Cassette available

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Walter Terry

Jacob's Pillow at 50

A major era in American theatrical dancing came to an end a half-century ago and a new era was about to be born. Ted Shawn had separated from his wife and partner, Ruth St. Denis, and thousands of fans poured into New York City's Lewisohn Stadium in the summer of 1931 to see for the last time the internationally famous Denishawn Dancers headed by their superstar founders. At 40, Shawn had to determine his future in the youth-oriented world of dance. He moved up to an 18th-century farm in Becket, Massachusetts, that soon became the center of a vast dance network that he would rule for the second 40 years of his life.

Bible-minded settlers had named the zigzag mountain road Jacob's Ladder, and Bible-minded Ted Shawn, in search of rest at the end of Denishawn, named his farm Jacob's Pillow because of an enormous pillow-shaped boulder lying comfortably in the meadow near the old house. But rest was not for him, and Jacob's Pillow became the site of a Shawn renascence that was to bring him even greater fame than Denishawn.

This year, the world-famous Jacob's Pillow celebrates the golden anniversary of its inception with performances and dance-school events that run from June 19 through September 5. Historic dances created long ago by St. Denis and Shawn will be re-created for today's festival audiences by this year's Jacob's Pillow student dancers and by such stars as the American Ballet Theatre's Cynthia Gregory and by the Stuttgart Ballet's American-born Richard Cragun. The season will also celebrate ethnic dance, modern dance, post-modern dance, clog-tap, and exhibition ballroom dancing, a diversity that does honor to the eclecticism on which Shawn prided himself: His festival introduced countless dance fans and creators to a wide range of artists and styles that ultimately influenced all American dance.

Shawn, dedicated to the principle that dance was an honorable profession for the American male even in a society that scorned the male dancer, began teaching experimental dance classes for men at nearby Springfield College. With two promising young athlete-dancers from the college and a few professionals from Denishawn, he began to rehearse a group that became the innovative and historic Ted Shawn and his Men Dancers. The old farmhouse and two sturdy barns at Jacob's Pillow became the training ground for the new project in 1932.

Ted Shawn and Ruth St. Denis, circa 1916: After they split up, he founded Jacob's Pillow.

For seven years, Ted Shawn and his Men Dancers toured the United States with more than 100 one-night stands a season, ending each tour with summer performances at the Pillow. Audiences grew but the word "Festival" was not introduced until 1940, when Shawn disbanded his men's group, mission accomplished for the place of men in dance.

Two years later, the first theater in America designed and built expressly for dance opened its doors at Jacob's Pillow. Designed by Joseph Franz, the architect for the Music Shed at Tanglewood in nearby Lenox, where the Boston Symphony holds forth in summers, the new 500-seat wooden theater, with massive beams and sliding doors that could open the back of the stage directly into the woods, was an architectural extension of the complex of old barns. Here, Shawn introduced American audiences to such foreign visitors as the National Ballet of Canada (1953), Les Grands Ballets Canadiens (1959), 10 leading dancers from the Royal Danish Ballet (1955), and England's Ballet Rambert (1959). There were dancers from Spain, India, Sierra Leone, Samoa, Indonesia, and Iceland. But glamorous imports were far outnumbered by American talent.

During the Shawn years, more than 300 dances, ranging from modest solos to major ballets, were premiered at the Pillow, among them works by the choreographic greats Agnes de Mille, Antony Tudor, Bronislava Nijinska, Charles Weidman, as well as Robert Joffrey, Anton Dolin, Glen Tetley, and Edward Villella. Modern dancer Paul Taylor, Tanaquil LeClerq (later to become Mrs. George Balanchine), and Bambi Linn, who went on to become the principal dancer in such Broadway hits as *Oklahoma!* and *Carousel*, first attracted critical attention dancing at the Pillow.

The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, under its present artistic director, Liz Thompson, not only celebrates a glorious past this year but also looks toward the future, with a $25,000 grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. The NEA grant will pay for architects, naturalists (the Pillow is situated near forests, streams, ponds, and fields), historians, economists, artists, technicians, and arts-consultants to pool their findings for a blueprint for the next 50 years. The planners should not lose sight of the almost biblical inspiration that Ted Shawn pursued a half-century ago, expressed in his favorite dancing image from *Isaiah*: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings." ■

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Judith Crist

"Annie": Better Than on Broadway

"...we have come naturally to expect, when a movie is good, that it will be good all the way; made with and by the right people, it stands complete in itself, and fumbles with its cap before no art whatsoever..."

Thus wrote the late great film critic Otis Ferguson 43 years ago anent *Dark Victory*—but he might well have been writing about **Annie**. The key word is, of course, "expect"—and the news about this almost over-publicized, lavish, literate and, God help us, lovable musical is that it goes beyond expectation.

I confess to small expectations. Though the stage musical is now in its sixth year on Broadway, having spawned touring companies in 50 American cities and 14 foreign countries, I found it old-fashioned, musically undistinguished, mawkishly sentimental and even, in its political references, offensive (anybody here remember the fascistic overtones of the *Orphan Annie* comic strip during the Roosevelt era?).

But indeed, "the right people" took over the movie-making. At the heart of the matter is Ray Stark, the agent-turned-producer who is a master packager and a man of taste. For script he chose Carol Sobieski, one of television's finest writers; for direction, the venerable John Huston, whose humor we tend to forget because of the "classic" stature of his works; for musical sequences, Broadway's gifted Joe Layton. For stars? Start with Albert Finney to give dimension and brio to Daddy Warbucks; Carol Burnett to give comic appeal to Miss Hannigan's villainy, as do Bernadette Peters to Lily's and Tim Curry to Rooster's; Ann Reinking, that exquisite dancer, to give Warbucks a secretary who's a proper romantic foil; Geoffrey Holder to make Punjab both magical and mortal. And then there's Aileen Quinn as Annie. As someone with an aversion to child belters, those banes of Broadway musicals, I lost my heart—within a half hour—to this completely un-cute, simply charming and charmingly simple nine-year-old.

What works, of course, is the space—and pace—of the production and its governing intelligence. The fairy-tale aspects are edged with a Depression-era grit, the sentimentality is bolstered by genuine emotion, and all is leavened by humor. For example, in the instant-classic sequence, "Let's Go to the Movies" (one of four songs written for the film), a gorgeous extravaganza that starts in the Warbucks mansion and explodes in Radio City Music Hall, Warbucks, his secretary, and Annie sit through *Camille*, with Garbo and Robert Taylor: It's a nostalgic wallow—capped by a funny conclusion. "Taste" is the guiding word in the light-handed orphanage-horrors, personal affections, and chase sequences, and particularly in the White House affair, where Annie doesn't inspire the Cabinet to the New Deal (as she did on Broadway), but has a sweet private encounter with FDR and Eleanor. And finally, albeit inspired by weather conditions during filming, the sloshy exploitation of Christmas in the finale has been changed to a loud, lavish Fourth of July. Very fitting for the ideal "summer" movie—one that is an exhilarating entertainment for any season.

COLUMBIA PICTURES

Albert Finney as Daddy Warbucks and Aileen Quinn, thankfully "uncute," as Annie.

There are movie-born comic strips as well, as Sylvester Stallone's **Rocky III** attests. Starting out in *Rocky*, the 1976 Oscar-winner for best film, Rocky Balboa, an appealing lunkhead of a boxer with heart of gold and spirit of platinum, went on to two-dimensional championship in a redundant 1979 sequel. In this second triennial follow-up he has evolved into a completely one-dimensional cartoon figure, his frame-by-frame progress toward completing the cycle (or so we hope) as tediously predictable as it is blood-splattered.

Stallone, his own author, star, and, as in the first sequel, director, apparently had would-be-deep personal thoughts about the impact of success and public acclaim on a semi-literate, demi-articulate guy from Philadelphia, and they are as ingenuous as the original Rocky but twice as witless. He has won his title and

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defended it 10 times—but did he really have first-class competition? Was his manager (who dies, of course, just as Rocky is losing the title in the ring) overprotecting him? Has wealth softened him? Has he lost his "hunger"?

Well, not to worry—not if you know Stallone's dedication to the simple virtues and the simplistics of dramaturgy. Defeated by a bestial, foulmouthed, Apache-headed behemoth of a contender ("He's a wreckin' machine and he's hungry," his manager had warned), Rocky is rescued by—guess who? It's Apollo Creed, that classy champ who defeated Rocky in the first film and lost to him in the second. Rescue, prizefight trainers will be interested to know, means leaving the pleasures and palaces of Philadelphia and living in a fleabag in a ghetto slum in Los Angeles, training in the gym where Apollo got his start, and confessing that "I'm afraid—I don't want to lose what I got." Faith—from wife and friend—and belief in self conquer all.

Stallone, gaunt and strained, goes the route as before, as do Talia Shire, as his inarticulate wife; Burt Young as his crass brother-in-law; and Burgess Meredith as his manager. It's Carl Weathers, that ex-football player turned actor, who steals the show as Apollo, simply because he seems to see the comic strip plain. The fight sequences, reinforced by Dolby stereo, are bloodier than before—but nothing else is new.

What's "old" is the gimmick in Carl Reiner's **Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid**, and an enchanting gimmick it is for movie buffs. Reiner, Steve Martin, and a writer, George Gipe, came up with the idea of using old movie footage in the reconstruction of a 1940s-1950s private-eye film with Martin in stage center. "I knew if we could find singles and over-the-shoulder shots," Reiner explained, he could make the old stars and Martin "actually talk to each other. I knew it was a one-in-a-million idea."

And so it is, especially for starters in this tale of Rigby Reardon, $10-a-day-plus-expenses pupil and devotee of Marlowe, who is hired by a gorgeous creature to investigate the death of her father, "noted scientist, philanthropist, and cheesemaker." Along the way to solving the case, Reardon encounters mysterious lists, hit men, beautiful blondes, mystery men and women, and a numbing number of bullet-in-the-shoulder wounds between doses of mickeys. The "gimmick" enables him, for example, to call upon Marlowe: Yes, it *is* Humphrey Bogart, clipped right out of not only *The Big Sleep* but also *In a Lonely Place* and *Dark Passage*. And thus Barbara Stanwyck and Ray Milland are on hand as the heroine's sister and brother-in-law; Cary Grant is on Reardon's trail; Ingrid Bergman, Veronica Lake, and Lana Turner are the blondes in his life; Joan Crawford and Bette Davis old flames; Ava Gardner an important lead. Kirk Douglas, Alan Ladd, James Cagney, Burt Lancaster, Charles Laughton, and others show up to exchange a few words, add a bit of action, or simply remind us of screen immortality.

Steve Martin, whose talents broaden and comedy gifts flourish under restraint (and Reiner is coolly disciplined in his direction), does an elegant and eloquent apotheosis of the cinema-noir private eye; Rachel Ward, a model-turned-actress in only her second role (her first was in *Sharkey's Machine*), is the ultimate heroine, down to her ever-present gloves and bullet-removal technique; Reiner himself reminds us of his performing talents as a Premingeresque type in the bang-up finale, where hero and villain vie to tell the tale. The movie is elegantly costumed and set in period, and appropriately filmed in black and white. The clothes were designed by the late Edith Head, and the film, again appropriately, is "affectionately" dedicated to her and "all the brilliant technical and creative people" who worked on the films of the 1940s and 1950s.

Rocky redux redux: Sylvester Stallone stars in yet another sequel to *Rocky*.

As with any "gimmick," of course, this one tends to become obtrusive, even in an 88-minute movie. The technical trickery wears thin at times but the ingenuity doesn't, not with all those forever-young movie stars popping up in odd places. It's old home week—or decade—and a proper summer entertainment.

Gregory's Girl arrives with cachet: The British Academy of Film and Television Arts gave it the best-screenplay award. "Conceived, written, and directed" by Bill Forsyth, and produced for a mere $400,000, it is "the first feature film ever to come out of Scotland that was made and produced entirely by Scots."

Well. It's a charming little film, of special delight for Scotsophiles and for youngsters in its story of a 16-year-old's encounter with first love in a town near Glasgow. It is filled with local color and details of Scottish suburban life, and it's given energy by a fresh young cast, headed by Gordon John Sinclair, as the soccer player who finds his position preempted by the first girl to make the team and the first girl to win his heart. There are only occasional "cutes" along the way but the charms of adolescence—if such there be—predominate. It's noteworthy that not all the adults are made to look idiotic.

One of the best made-for-television movies of recent years, **Too Far to Go**, telecast in March 1979, is now in theatrical release thanks to Francis Ford Coppola, who so memorably undertook the distribution of Abel Gance's *Napoleon*.

In contrast, this is a chamber film, an intimate and searing story of an upper-middle-class couple who destroy a loving relationship—and family—almost in spite of themselves. The William Hanley teleplay, based on 10 John Updike stories, is brought to almost painful personal levels under Fielder Cook's direction, both by memorable performances by Michael Moriarty and Blythe Danner and by its television-rooted emphasis on the close-up.

Elizabeth Swados has rescored the work, and some out-takes have been restored (yes, the commercials are missing). The result is a devastating "history" of domesticity; its moral, as Updike wrote, is "that all blessings are mixed. Also, that people are incorrigibly themselves." ■

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Thomas H. Middleton

The Tarzan Theory

A friend asked me recently if I had noticed that hardly anyone says "You're welcome" any more. It has become "You welcome." I said that I thought "You welcome" was usually said in jest—that "You welcome" probably stemmed from the southern "Youah welcome" and the rather sloppy "Y' welcome," and that almost everyone who says "You welcome" would write it as "You're welcome." I think "You welcome" is a bit of fun.

He disagreed. He thinks most people who say "You welcome" consider it a standard phrase and would also write "You welcome." "You mean like 'Me Tarzan; you Welcome'?" I asked. "Exactly," he said.

My own stream of consciousness is seldom under what anyone would call good control, and so, in a sort of white-water rapids of free association, I caromed to random thoughts about the disrepute that objective pronouns seem to have fallen into in the minds of so many otherwise well-spoken people. "I'm Tarzan; you're Jane" would have been grammatically impeccable, but it would not have been appropriate for a man reared by apes. Thus, "Me Tarzan; you Jane." Similarly, "I'll look for Boy" must be rendered "Me find Boy." The subjective "I" is thought to be somehow too sophisticated for a primitive speaker of the language. And this leads in some people's minds to the deliberate avoidance of the objective (primitive) case and the insistence on the use of the subjective (civilized) case even when it is clearly wrong.

Here, at least in part, lies the root of what is probably the most distressing misusage in American English today: the solecism "between she and I," along with its various sisters, brothers, and cousins. We hear it, not just in casual conversation, but on television and radio news shows, where the text has presumably been written before it is read and spoken. "It was a bad week for he and his family"; "This is a crucial time for he and his teammates." A great many lapses of usage—these among them—may be overlooked in casual speech. (Or do I mean patronized? Maybe so.) It is simply unrealistic to expect everyone to be consistently grammatical in daily conversation; but when someone who is actually paid to write words to be read aloud commits to paper such ungainly phrases as "for he," "between she," and "up to we," someone should blow the whistle. (That "up to we" reminds me of a letter to the editor I saw in the *Los Angeles Times* a few years ago that contained the line, "It is up to we educators." You think that helped my breakfast?)

Listen, between you and me, "between you and I" is just plain wrong.

Many years ago, I knew a girl who swore to me that she had been taught in school that "when you're talking about more than one person, you say 'she and I.'" What she meant of course was that you always use the nominative case. I was young and innocent at the time, so I didn't believe a real schoolteacher could have said anything so absurd, and I told her so. Since reading "It is up to we educators," I've wanted to call that girl—who is by now a middle-aged woman—and apologize, but life's ripples have carried us our diverse ways, and unless she reads this column, which is quite unlikely, she'll never know of my repentance.

The best we can do is to conjecture as to how anyone who routinely says, "They invited me," "They invited her," and "They invited us," could then say, "They invited she and I" without feeling his flesh crawl. One hypothesis must be that there really are teachers who believe that "when it's more than two, you say 'she and I.'" Another hypothesis might be based on the nagging feeling that the nominative case has more of civilization—more elegance even—than the objective. We could call this the "Me Tarzan; you Jane" theory.

A concomitant of "Me Tarzan; you Jane" probably lies in childhood experience. As children, we are primitive users of language, and I suspect that in our early years most of us said something like "Me and Jane went to the playground," and our parents or teachers corrected us, saying, "Jane and I went to the playground." Many of us little primitives undoubtedly went so far as to say, "Her and me climbed the jungle gym," and our mentors reacted in horror, correcting it to "She and I climbed the jungle gym." We were much too young to know why "she and I" was better than "her and me" in that instance, and of course, because we were too young to understand, we were given no explanation. Those of us who had what might be a natural bent for language, and those of us who were fortunate enough later to have teachers who knew something about language and could communicate their knowledge, eventually did learn why "Her and me climbed" is ungrammatical, while "They invited her and me" is not.

Not surprisingly, I get a lot of mail on this. As I said above, it is probably the most distressing misusage in American English today—distressing because for us who get an immediate, unpleasant feeling from "for she and I," it is difficult to understand how such a phrase can come readily to the tongue, and it is even more difficult to comprehend committing it to paper. Some of my correspondents ask if we should simply give up, as though we were fighting for a lost cause. I don't see it as a fight or a cause at all. It's just a simple rule of grammar, and it will survive. It will survive not because scholars have written, "The object or objects of a preposition always must be in the objective case," but because we still say "to me," and not "to I."

Just remember, "I subject; me object; you welcome." ■

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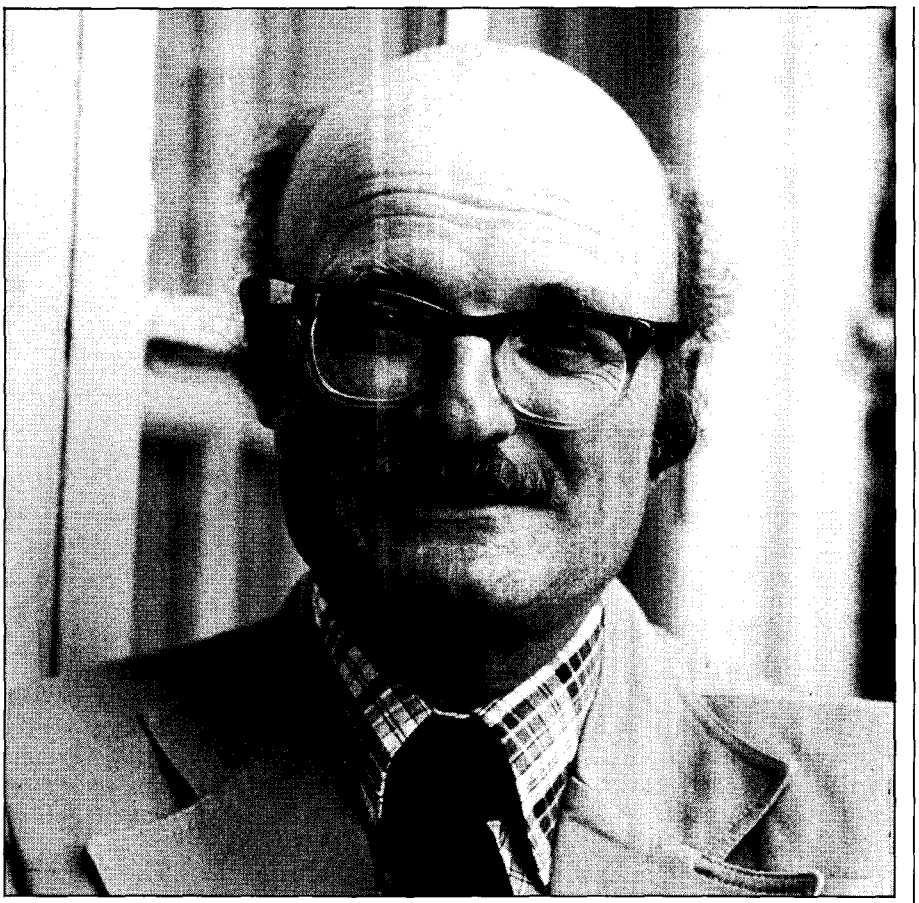
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John Barth: A highly refined propensity for literary riddles.

The Literary Games of John Barth

Sabbatical: A Romance
by John Barth, G.P. Putnam's Sons, 352 pp., $14.95

Reviewed by Mordecai Richler

THERE IS SO MUCH that is appealing, even wise, in *Sabbatical*, that if I finally found it irritatingly cute, I hope the shortcoming is mine, not the author's. John Barth certainly has the right stuff. He can, as Saul Bellow once prescribed, put a spin on words, but it seems to me that in *Sabbatical* he has not so much hammered out a novel as proffered a long and convoluted academic write. Seductive here, touching there, but ultimately confusing. Unsatisfying. Undone, perhaps, by its own cleverness, a highly refined propensity for literary games and riddles.

Sabbatical is the love story of a worried man, a worried literary man, a middle-aged sailor. Alas, this tale of his long sail is always taking a different tack. Becalmed, it lapses into winking ingratiatingly at the reader, poking fun at itself:

Susan observes that Horace advises, in his epistle on the art of poetry, that to tell the story of Troy's fall one needn't start ab ovo, from the twin eggs Leda laid. Fenn wants to know Why not: James A. Mitchener does it all the time, and it's earned him millions of readers and dollars. What tex brecket was this Horace in?

Get out of here with tex breckets. This is art.

Seriously, Suse: Let's flesh beck to the flesh that all flesh fleshed from: the Big Bengk itself!

The what?

You've told me many a time how Jack Seckler liked a story to start off with a bengk.

That's not what I meant, Fenwick. I meant we should start bang in the middle of things, like Homer, and catch up later.

So we'll start with a bengk and end with a bengk and go bengk in the middle too. We'll bengk in the fleshbecks and bengk in the fleshforverts.

Fleshforverts!

Sure, fleshforverts... Virgil did it: so can we. Fleshforverts.

Take that, Jim Mitchener, Susan says.

For all its self-consciousness, plentiful footnotes pedantic or ponderous, and showy literary references, *Sabbatical* has been built on a frame of very stale convention. Which is to say, at the novel's end—well, no, it doesn't end, it stops—the author and his black-eyed Susan are (wait for it) about to sit down and write the novel we have just read with, as the blurb writer coyly puts it (wink wink), a little help from the author.

The novel we have read, to be fair, is about an immensely likable couple, worried about the proliferation of nuclear weapons, "the deforestation and desertification of the planet. The decline of almost everybody's living standards. The massive cover-up of toxic waste disposal. The acid rain problem." They are touchingly aware, at other times, of their own American good luck. "To be healthy, comfortably off, in love and faithfully loved, competent in a benign, worthwhile profession, and sailing with one's darling on the gracious Chesapeake on a fine June day—nine-tenths of the mortal world was never so fortunate!"

They are Fenwick Scott Key Turner, 50, ex-CIA, aspiring novelist, author of *KUDOVE*, an exposé of Company obloquy, and Susan Rachel Allan Seckler, 35, associate professor of early-American lit., part Jewish, part gypsy. Fenn may just be descended from the author of *The Star Spangled Banner*; she, possibly, from Edgar Allan Poe. On a sabbatical, they have just completed a nine-month

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voyage, on board the *Pokey, Wye 1*, from Chesapeake Bay to the Caribbean and back, and, having survived a splendidly described storm, are now homeward bound to Carmen and Mim and Eastward Ho and Sy.

Complications.

Fenn and Susan, who have been married for seven happy years, are each twins. Fenn's dashing twin, Manfred, a.k.a. Count, a.k.a. Prince of Darkness (get that, Byron readers), a former senior officer in the CIA's clandestine service division (code-named KUDOVE), has been missing since March 1979 from the cutter, *Pokey, Wye 1*. He was not only Fenn's twin, and the lover of his first wife, but also his common-law father-in-law, as he lived with Carmen, Susan's mother, for years. So, looked at another way, Fenn is not only Susan's husband, but also her uncle. In fact she first knew him as Uncle Fenn. Anyway, out of the union of Manfred and Carmen came Gus, or Mundungus, 27, who has disappeared, probably having endured torture and death in Chile in 1974. Gus, it seems, went to Chile in 1973 to help oppose the CIA's successful efforts to overthrow the socialist government of the late President Salvador Allende Gossens. Furthermore, it is possible—after all, gypsy Carmen dreamed it—that Manfred only "staged" his Chesapeake Bay drowning and actually perished in an unsuccessful attempt to rescue Gus from a Chilean prison camp. In any event, it was Gus's untimely death that has confirmed Carmen in what the author calls her kerflooeyhood.

Susan's twin, Miriam or Mim or Mimsi, once a free spirit, now a sometime junkie, has not been quite the same ever since she was gang-raped by a motorcycle gang, pissed on and buggered and left pregnant, yielding the moronic Sy (short for Messiah). Since then she has taken Can Phung Ho, 32, as a lover. Ho, a poet of sorts out of Huế, is also known as Eastward Ho. He beats Mim up regularly, but, on the credit side, he has also given her a son, Edgar Allan Ho.

Ho ho ho.

I'm repeating all this about the bizarre characters, because, to come clean, though I've now read *Sabbatical* twice, I'm still not sure what it's about—what actually happened—what was dreamed—and any attempt to summarize the plot would be futile. It would also embarrass me.

The CIA, however, does figure largely in everything that happens. Maybe the CIA was responsible for Fenn's heart attack, when he was 49, and it is equally possible that it induced another heart attack, this one fatal, in his friend (or maybe double agent) Dugald Taylor. The CIA would like to recruit Fenn again as well as Orrin Marsh Turner, or Oroonoko, 30, his son by his first marriage to Marilyn Marsh Taylor, whom I warmed to immediately if only because she, mercifully, has no cutesy nickname whatsoever. Orrin is an expert in molecular biology.

The CIA certainly has succeeded in recruiting Marilyn and possibly even Fenn's mother-in-law, Carmen. Eastward Ho, bless him, once worked for them, but now confines himself to informing on drug dealers. The CIA is also up to sinister hijinks on Key Island, out there somewhere in Chesapeake Bay, though cunningly uncharted.

Buried beneath all this unlikely foul play—the stuff of spy fiction, never logically worked out—is a tender, sometimes movingly written, love story. The story of Fenn and Susan. Alas, I fear they deserved a better book. A little more help from the author. ■

Teddy White: A Summing Up

America in Search of Itself: The Making of the President, 1956-1980
by Theodore H. White, A Cornelia & Michael Bessie Book/Harper & Row, 465 pp., $16.95

Reviewed by David S. Broder

IN 1961, Theodore H. White invented a new art form—the campaign history. Writing with the intimacy of a personal photographer—closer to the candidates at critical moments than any other reporter, yet with the perspective of history that no daily or weekly journalist enjoys—he showed the world (and, particularly, his colleagues in the press) how much a campaign book could reveal about the contestants for power, their strategies, and the character of the country they were striving to govern.

The Making of the President 1960 was a landmark in political journalism. It caused an institutional change in campaign reporting and a fundamental shift in public perceptions of the political process. It and its successor volumes on the 1964, 1968, and 1972 campaigns have spawned dozens of imitators and competitors; six books about the 1980 election were on my shelf before this one arrived, and more, I'm sure, are to come.

The series has brought White deserved acclaim—and a few less happy consequences. No one warned him, as he began, that the office about which he was writing was about to be dragged through the mud in the most scandal- and violence-filled era in its history. White himself skipped the 1976 campaign; just as it began, he was publishing *Breach of Faith: The Fall of Richard Nixon*, a book that read, in some ways, like an apology for his being gulled by Nixon in the 1972 volume of his series.

But now White has returned to his work, with a book that will be welcomed, read, and debated by almost everyone with more than a casual interest in American politics. It is a book that stimulates, aggravates, and, in many more important ways, rewards.

White does not disguise—and cannot overcome—his fondness for American politicians. Despite his disillusionment with Nixon, White still writes like a man who "never met a president (or presidential aide) he didn't like." On a single page, for example, Edwin Meese III, a top Reagan adviser, is described as "an affable, ever-courteous man, of old California stock... an outstanding organizer... a man of law and order, an old-fashioned patriot... a tireless worker... with an endless capacity for absorbing and sorting out detail."

There is danger in the intimacy he achieves with his subjects. I will not be the only journalist who will cringe, I suspect, to hear White's thoughts when Senator Edward M. Kennedy asked him, over a post-New Hampshire primary luncheon, what White thought of his campaign: "I knew the long view was hopeless. But I did not want to depress him.... I urged

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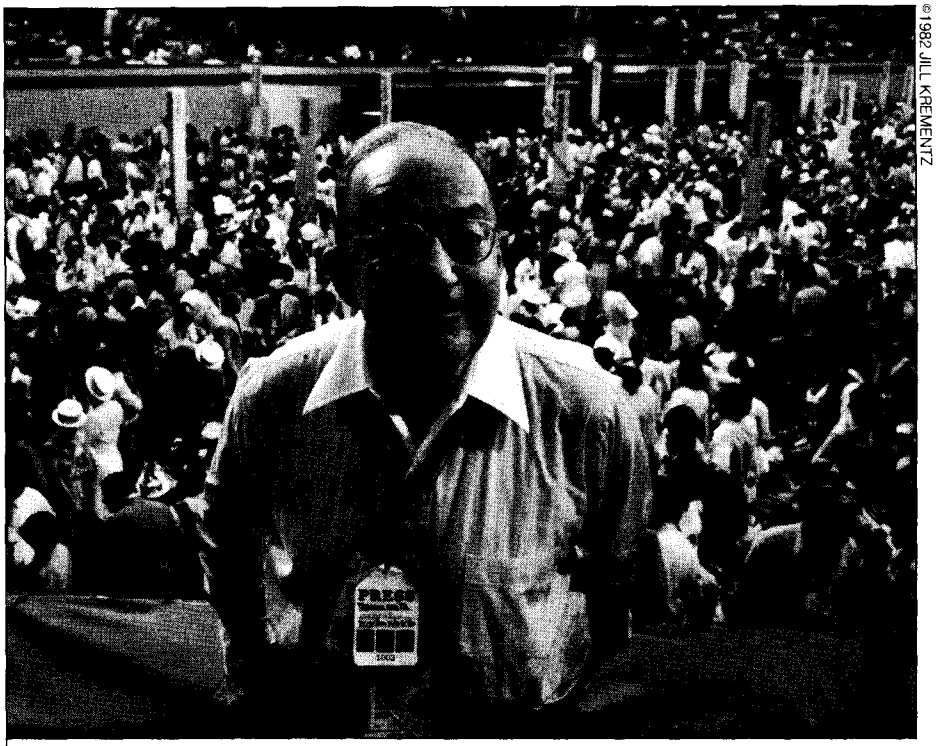
that he carry on at least as far as the New York or Pennsylvania primaries so as to keep faith with his supporters. And after that, quit."

But White is honest enough to report the conversation. And—for all his love of the Kennedys—he is faithful enough to his own judgment to report that the youngest brother ran a campaign in 1980 that was "historically preposterous," because he had "nothing, at this point, to say," except to echo the outdated rhetoric of 1960.

Those who have passed up the speedier journalistic renditions of the 1980 race to wait for White's authentic version will find the personal touches on this portrait that they have come to expect. White's imitators have reduced his quotient of "scoops," but I learned for the first time, for example, that contrary to their statements at the time, James A. Baker III, a confidante of George Bush and now Reagan's chief of staff, knew "very early on" from Bush that Bush would gladly be No. 2 if he could not be No. 1 on the ticket. White has the perfect description of Kennedy on the last night of the Democratic convention. When Jimmy Carter sought to embrace him on the platform in Madison Square Garden, White says, Kennedy "lifted his hand in a seignorial wave of goodbye, as if he had appeared at the wedding of his chauffeur, and was gone." And White pulls from his journal a passage exposing Kennedy's real feelings about the man who had beaten him for the Democratic nomination and was now running against Ronald Reagan: '...lunched with —— today, who had seen Ted Kennedy this week. Kennedy had asked, 'Hey, do you want to see some good news?' and then pulled out some private polls of Pennsylvania, *with Carter trailing*."

What sets this volume apart—and what guarantees it longer life than most of the other 1980 narratives—is that "this time," as White says, "I wanted to add it up." This is his summary of a quarter-century of personally observed American political history. And it is that long-term analysis, which occupies more than half the book, that will give this work its lasting reputation.

White takes as his reference point, not the 1960 campaign that was the subject of the first book, but the 1956 contest, in which Dwight D. Eisenhower repeated his earlier victory over Adlai E. Stevenson. Aside from the nostalgic touches (there were only seven reporters in New Hampshire on the final weekend before the primary that year), it seems—at first—a curious choice. But White makes brilliant use of it, reminding us of an America that seemed serene, self-sufficient, and self-confident. That year, 1956, was, he says, the last year where both parties offered highly qualified candidates, where the convention delegates themselves made an important nomination choice, and where the voters re-elected a president who was to serve eight years. It was also the campaign of the Suez crisis—an event that significantly foreshadowed the upheaval in the Middle East that contributed strongly to the "Great Inflation" and the "National Humiliation" which dominated the 1980 election.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Theodore H. White at the 1980 Democratic Convention: Grand Finale.

In subsequent chapters, White recalls the political structures and processes of "the Old Country" and describes, in a superb essay, how television (a medium he knows inside out) has altered the style and substance of American politics.

White's major theme—and the one that will be most debated—is the argument that after Eisenhower, the U.S. government embarked on a 20-year experiment with the concept of equality that led to the counterrevolution he sees in the election of Ronald Reagan in 1980. "It was," he writes, "the explosive renascence of the idea of equality that transformed American politics between 1960 and 1980.... What began as a quest to expand the definition of freedom was to end in the centralization of federal controls on a scale never envisioned by those who dreamed the dreams of the early sixties and still remembered John F. Kennedy calling, 'I say this country must move again.' New words like 'quotas,' 'entitlements,' and the officialese 'protected classes' replaced older words, changing the nature of the American government."

White is writing, of course, of his own disillusionment, as a man who thrilled to JFK's politics (the only president he met "who might qualify as a genuine hero") and who found himself, by 1980, with attitudes close to those of Ronald Reagan and expressed them even more bluntly. ("To stop inflation," White says in an author's dictum, "many must suffer.") This line of analysis serves historian White wonderfully in some respects. It enables him, for example, to treat the Democratic conventions of 1964, 1968, and 1972, in retrospect, as linked eruptions of the new assertiveness of blacks, first, then of youth, and finally of women.

But White is not a dispassionate observer of politics or politicians; and throughout this discussion, his vivid writing carries a tone that many may think biased. The urban riots of the 1960s, he contends, were "provoked usually by real or imaginary police abuse of authority." At the bloody Chicago convention of 1968, "while abhorring the brutality below, my reason told me that the police

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were doing what was required—though with too joyful zest; there could be no other recourse, except to force, to defend convention headquarters and the law itself." In pursuit of equality, he says, the courts, by the 1970s, "were spraying the Constitution into every nook and cranny of national life, drawing it about matters best left to state legislatures or about trivia which in other times might have been left to city halls or town councils."

That tone continues through his descriptions of the "damn-the-cost" entitlement programs of the Great Society, his condemnation of affirmative-action programs, and, most clearly perhaps, in an attack on the Immigration Act of 1965, which eliminated national-origin quotas and shifted the source of migrants to Asia and the Latin American countries. As White acknowledges, he finds it difficult to denounce this as "the most thoughtless of the many acts of the Great Society ...without exposing oneself to the charge of racism." I happen to think he is flat-out wrong about the immigration issue and that by the end of this decade—when our skilled labor supply is pinched—we will count ourselves lucky to have had what he calls "a stampede" of Asians and Latinos.

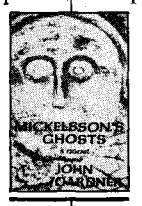
But whether he is right or wrong on this matter, White has done something much more important. From the first chapter of the 1960 volume—still one of the classic pieces of sustained narrative writing in all of American journalism—to the last pages of this book, he has brought the men and women, the sights and sounds, the scenes and the controversies of this age of upheaval in American politics into vivid life as has no other writer. It is an achievement any of us could envy—and all of us can savor and enjoy. ■

What's So Moral About John Gardner's Fiction?

Mickelsson's Ghosts
by John Gardner, Alfred A. Knopf, 641 pp., $16.95

Reviewed by Robert R. Harris

IT IS A good bet that John Gardner enjoys writing his novels far more than the public enjoys reading them. *Mickelsson's Ghosts* is dreadfully long and padded, and it often degenerates into drivel.



Gardner has striven to become America's Tolstoy, or, perhaps in this new novel, its Dostoevsky. He's failed, but has convinced a lot of critics. In a split of critical sensibilities, the National Book Critics Circle, by a single vote, conferred its 1976 fiction award on Gardner's *October Light* over Renata Adler's brilliant *Speedboat*. The majority of one was convinced that Gardner had something deep to say about bicentennial America and fiction-writing, mistaking for profundity his workmanlike ability to describe rural life and characters and his simplistic ruminations about, for example, the evils of television. It is rare to find a review of Gardner's fiction that does not respectfully dub him a "philosophical novelist."

In this new work, Gardner takes this praise literally. His protagonist is a philosophy professor. Readers are required to sit through endless classes during which they are subjected to long sophomoric discourses intended to solve, once and for all, such pressing questions as whether Plato and Aristotle were really fascists. It is a maddeningly talky book; abstractions are bandied about in a sleep-inducing dialectic. As he has done in earlier novels, Gardner ponderously tries to infuse his discussions of basic notions (order vs. freedom, nature vs. art) with originality.

Gardner's confidence that he's an originator of ideas has gotten him into trouble. He was accused of "borrowing passages" from scholars in his *The Life and Times of Chaucer*; he admitted to "paraphrasing." On the defensive, he writes in this novel's acknowledgments that he has "borrowed ideas and good lines" from Martin Luther, Friedrich Nietzsche, Ludwig Wittgenstein, Norman O. Brown, Martin Heidegger, and—if that's not enough to cover himself—from "acquaintances, friends, and loved ones." He's also effectively hidden them. The ideas in *Mickelsson's Ghosts* are so muddled that one doubts that anyone would want to claim them.

Gardner's connection with ideas has always been dilettantish. His book *On Moral Fiction* was, for the most part, a diatribe against those who write more sophisticated—better—novels than he does. An early foray into the cultural conservatives' trendy war on contemporary writing, it was a cut above the kind of literary massacre that the old regime at *Harper's* perpetrated every other year or so. Gardner beats to death the obvious point that true artists "seek to improve life, not debase it." The "lost" artist, he argues rightly, "either puts all his money on texture—stunning effects, fraudulent and adventitious novelty, rant—or he puts all his money on some easily achieved or faked structure, some melodramatic opposition of bad or good which can by nature handle only trite ideas." The trouble is that most of the writers Gardner scorns—from Saul Bellow and Joseph Heller to Joan Didion and Thomas Pynchon—are not, in fact, guilty of those crimes.

Gardner is quick to point out that art "is not didactic because, instead of teaching by authority and force, it explores, open-mindedly, to learn what it should teach. It clarifies...and confirms." But in *Mickelsson's Ghosts*, Gardner's efforts to clarify and explore moral truth turn on a muddied, ambivalent relationship between Mickelsson and Gardner himself.

Peter Mickelsson, "on the dark side of fifty," is a philosopher and author whose orderly life disintegrates when his marriage breaks up. He has left Brown University for the lowly State University of New York at Binghamton and a run-down house in nearby rural Pennsylvania. Mickelsson's son has gone underground to pursue terrorist activities against the nuclear-power industry. Mickelsson worries about him a lot. He loves his daughter, too, and wants to pay his ex-wife more in alimony than he earns. The IRS is on his trail. He has affairs with a fellow teacher and a teenage prostitute. He condescends to academic colleagues and students. And Gardner involves him in a neat little murder mystery. (Are the murders the work of local Mormons, or a sinister homosexual conspiracy, or the nuclear-power industry as representative of the evil forces of the Modern World?) This mystery holds the reader's attention; when Gardner gets

Robert R. Harris is the literary editor of *Saturday Review*.

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JOEL GARDNER

John Gardner: His confidence that he's an originator of ideas leads to trouble.

around to spinning a yarn he can be quite good—at times sensitive and even funny.

And Mickelsson is haunted by ghosts—an incestuous brother and sister who did guess-what to their child. The ghosts are present to scare the bejesus out of Mickelsson and to force him to ruminate—philosophically, of course. Gardner needs the ghosts, you see, to show that although fiction aspires to tell the truth about life, that truth needn't be realistic. The fantastic happens—ghosts exist! The reader, however, might reasonably want to hear more from the ghosts and less from Mickelsson. If there is anything more insufferable than a whiny philosopher, it is a philosopher who whines about Wittgenstein.

As a philosopher about literature, Gardner holds that although fiction should be moral (i.e., that during the creative process the artist affirms what is good for man), a character may do evil. As a result, Gardner distances himself from Mickelsson, hoping his character will "get his just deserts hereafter." But because the distancing applies only to Mickelsson's acts and not to what he thinks, it is not convincing. Too often, Mickelsson is a garrulous spokesman for Gardner. When Mickelsson reflects on his own writings, one is more than a little suspicious that he is expressing Gardner's high opinion of Gardner: "What Nietzsche had done to Christians, Mickelsson had done to the surds of Academia....if he was occasionally careless ...he was nonetheless a better philosopher—bolder and more original—than a vast majority of the nit-picking dullards...." The old claim to originality persists, even though one of the major lessons that Gardner has to offer in *Mickelsson's Ghosts* is this startling gem: "Women are people too; that was the crushing wisdom of modern love." And it isn't nit-picking to wonder if the admission of occasional carelessness sanctions the moral morass that Gardner gets into when he lets Mickelsson first call some Marxist sociologists Nazis, then later claim that it is those who run the nuclear-power plants who are Nazis. The "moral" artist would have made some distinctions.

When his teenage prostitute becomes pregnant, anti-abortionist Mickelsson robs a man to pay the girl to have the baby. To inject some moral "ambiguity" into the scene, Gardner makes the victim a former bank robber. During the robbery, the man is stricken with a heart attack, and Mickelsson watches him die. (The girl takes the money, runs away, and has an abortion.) Gardner does not excuse Mickelsson's actions. But he does allow Mickelsson—like Gardner, a self-appointed "ranter against sloganers and simplifiers...indefatigable shamer of the shallow-minded, fulminator against the frivolous and false"—to get away with the arrogant assertion that there exists a "widespread practice of aborting when the foetus is not of the parentally desired sex." *Widespread*? It is obvious that Gardner enjoys—and mostly approves—Mickelsson's clichéed view of the world, and therefore the novelist never convinces us that he himself believes that Mickelsson has "lost the ability to tell the truth." Gardner may chastise Mickelsson for what he does, but Gardner is so taken with Mickelsson's thought-processes (because they are so much his own) that he fails to make clear just how creepy Mickelsson's ideas are.

Gardner sometimes has as much trouble with his writing as he does with his ideas. Here are a few samples: Mickelsson "listened to the soft, mindless singing of the electrons in the [telephone] lines"; grown-ups have a "miserable otherness of self-regard"; a character steps toward Mickelsson "unconsciously invading his space." And Mickelsson is forever name-dropping: "It was sentimentality that made a fool of the hermit in the woods. Flip side of fascism, as Jung had pointed out." This is not germane to the story, but does show, I guess, that Gardner has read some Jung and thought about sentimentality. Many of these feeble philosophical frolics go on for pages.

Late in the novel, Gardner defines religious fundamentalism as "permission not to think." Some of his own fundamentalist ideas about how to write fiction seem to invite the same definition. He has attempted to equal the great Russians—to write "something obsessive and morose and no doubt philosophical"—but as a philosophical novel, *Mickelsson's Ghosts* is a sham. Stripped of its excesses, however, it does have enough substance to have made a good Raymond Carver short story. ■

Fiction Briefs

The Killing Ground
by Mary Lee Settle
Farrar, Straus & Giroux
364 pp., $14.95

IT IS 1980. But for Hannah McKarkle—the heroine of Mary Lee Settle's powerful final novel in the "Beulah Quintet"—the year is clouded with times past. Although over 40, Hannah, a novelist living in New York, has remained as childlike and tied to her Southern family as has her dissolute but far more fragile brother. He stayed home and remained his mother's boy and the town's most eligible bache-

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lor. When he is murdered, Hannah returns to West Virginia to find out why. In the process she gets to know him and herself in entirely new ways.

Southern traditions freeze Settle's genteel townfolk in isolation from one another and their own feelings. Settle describes this desolate setting as a "wounded land," peopled with "unneeded men." Finally, Hannah comes of age by exchanging talk, experience, anger, and affection with all those around her. She moves beyond self-pity to "the choice to choose, to be singular, burn bridges, begin again." This fictionalized world is so rich and so tough it is impossible not to believe in.

—VALERIE BROOKS

The Terrible Twos
by Ishmael Reed
Richard Marek/St. Martin's Press
169 pp., $11.95

A CHRISTMAS CAROL, *Dr. Strangelove*, *The Manchurian Candidate*, and Robert Coover's *The Public Burning*—all hover as influences over this latest production by Ishmael Reed, the novelist and poet who has been called the best black writer in America today.

Imagine an America—observed during the decade 1980-1990—in which the cities and the economy are collapsing, radical Catholic clergy do battle with Moral Majoritarians, and a top male model elected president to front for wealthy Western businessmen turns into a compassionate neo-socialist. So does Santa Claus (rebelling against the monopoly that owns "exclusive rights" to him), emboldened by the terror spread by "the Nicolaites, a local cult which believes that St. Nicholas is God."

Reed's mastery of crosscutting techniques and his extravagant inventiveness keep the madness on the boil and help disguise this novel's essential commitment to savage social criticism. It's a jeremiad against "the bosses, and the subzero people, the heartless Scrooges," a surrealistic accusation that America's prosperity was "built on the bones of blacks and the blood of injuns." In its (many) finer moments, this is matchless comic invective. Ishmael Reed is a one-of-a-kind writer.

—BRUCE ALLEN

Worldly Goods
by Michael Korda
Random House, 353 pp., $14.95

REMEMBERING MICHAEL KORDA'S tangy family memoir *Charmed Lives* and his earlier analyses of professional interaction in *Power!* and *Success!*, one slogs through this first novel expecting something interesting to turn up—a character to care about, perhaps, or a communicable emotion, or a fresh insight into some professional activity. High financial manipulations, for instance, on which the plot turns. Or how book publishing actually works, also part of the story—and a part Korda, who is editor-in-chief of Simon & Schuster, must know in every detail. Alas, one slogs in vain.

Worldly Goods is the saga of a singularly unpleasant Hungarian family torn apart by various fortunes, a terrible betrayal back in Nazi days (there are flashbacks to Hitler, Himmler, and the Holocaust), and insatiable lust for money, power, and vengeance now. Paul Foster (née Grunwald) survived Auschwitz and has at last amassed the worldly wherewithal to avenge his father, all unbeknownst to his betraying uncle and cousin. Foster is a cold fish (though there's a heroine to adhere to him), but he

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only wants to take enough fortune away from his uncle to make him cry "uncle." How he goes about this is extremely intricate and lucky—the plot is a maze of coincidences—and a challenge for the reader, who must constantly dig beneath the delaying-action glitz to find out what's happening and why. The why is in the flashbacks, which, because the rest is so static, take on a perverse enticement.

But it's all for naught. Even the courage of Korda's cynicism turns to ashes at the end, as everyone gropes for a sentimental dénouement. That may be life among tycoons—it ain't suspenseful thrilldom. —ELIOT FREMONT-SMITH

Felice
by Angela Davis-Gardner
Random House, 299 pp., $13.50

ANGELA DAVIS-GARDNER'S first novel, *Felice*, is an unusually quiet, gracefully written story about life at a convent school in Nova Scotia during the 1920s. At its center is a charming, imaginative child torn between the nun's world of routine, obedience, and self-sacrifice—a life that has provided her refuge from a drunken uncle—and her dawning interest in music, storytelling, and boys. Several unusual incidents—the appearance of an injured, tongueless man who is harbored at the school; the martyrdom of a mad, artistically gifted nun—prove pivotal in the child's spiritual struggle, signaling her rite of passage to womanhood. Davis-Gardner writes with considerable beauty, modesty, and refinement. Hers is not a novel crowded with contemporary preoccupations, and the depth and delicacy of her characterizations make it a special book.

—ANDREA BARNET

Dr. Rocksinger and the Age of Longing
by Jill Robinson
Alfred A. Knopf, 384 pp., $13.95

JILL ROBINSON, who told us all about her open marriage in *Bed/Time/Story*, now entertains us with the story of Margot—in her early 40s, "sexy, appealing, romantic" (that's from the publisher's blurb), a radio talk-show host and celebrity. Margot has been divorced twice, and as the novel opens, recently abandoned by her third husband, Bill. The reader finds her driving around the back roads of Connecticut, close to hysteria, shouting "rats to four years" and trying to "become a tree [sic]." Bill got out of this novel just in time.

Bill remains enviably absent, but Margot soon finds Hedy, a dumb but cute rock-'n'-roll star in his 20s whose sexy legs and tight jeans lift her out of her momentary depression. Most of the time Hedy wisely confines himself to utterances of one syllable or less ("uh"), but once in a while he'll venture a "heavy," and riding the crest of inspiration—usually when Margot takes off her clothes—he'll say "Dynamite." While Margot plays out her incestuous fantasies, her two teenage children fend for themselves, but that's all right because they're so cute, too. (Everyone in this novel is cute, which is probably why they're hugging each other all the time.)

Margot's realization, when she finds her son "heavy into dealing coke," that it's "time to let go"—as she puts it, "detach with love"—is matched only by her discovery that Christians don't feel guilt. Margot is Jewish. "How wonderful, she says, "to be a Christian and not have guilt." This should come as a welcome surprise to many Christians. Worth the price of the book right there.

—JOSHUA GILDER

Bad Guy
by Rosalyn Drexler
E.P. Dutton, 192 pp., $11.95

BLESSED (OR CURSED) with Norman Mailer's pre-publication endorsement, *Bad Guy* is a jerky, jittery novel matchmaking the psychoanalysis of violence wih the violence of psychoanalysis. An inner-city *Equus*, it presents a crazy analyst's imploding account of her encounters with a 15-year-old Puerto Rican murderer and rapist, and her wild attempts to explain away the inexplicable, to pigeonhole a random violence that defies her earnest analysis. As the novel progresses (through a disjointed, distorted sequence of non sequiturs), the criminal seems increasingly normal and the therapist increasingly schizoid. Theories run amok, events go haywire, and well-meaning psychology self-destructs, creating more problems than it seeks to cure.

Rosalyn Drexler's novel is neither complex nor deep, but its effects, jangled rhythms, and implications are unsettling. As the kamikaze narrative reels ahead—tricked out like a surrealist collage with tense juxtapositions and casual luna-

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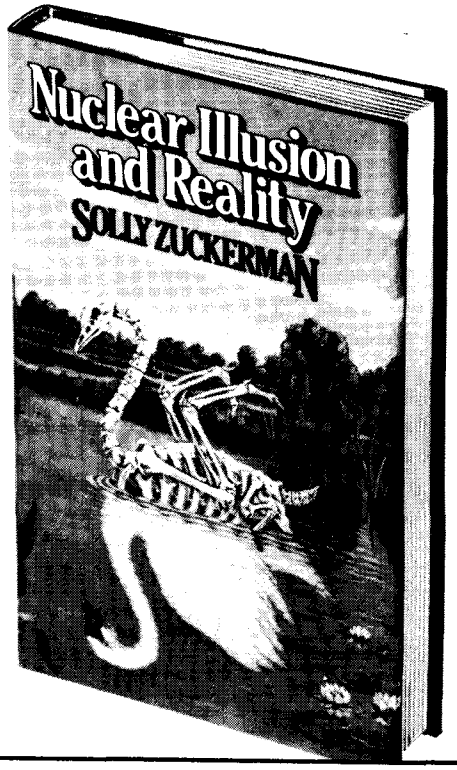

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cies—its nutty shifts in tone (and personality) are by turns scary and amusing. Perversely, the book's gaudy violence terrifies less than its persistent illogic. And the delinquent's brutality shocks less than his victim's hatred and his therapist's irrelevant clinical speculations. For *Bad Guy* cross-examines a society whose raging disorders are less terrible than its cool diagnoses.

—PICO IYER

Nonfiction Briefs

Going to the Dance
by Arlene Croce
Alfred A. Knopf
466 pp., $20; paperback, $8.95

IF CRITICISM must be quotable to be good, Arlene Croce eminently fulfills the requirement. She can describe a dancer's falls as "buttery," emotions as "freeze-dried," and liken a musical setting of words by Gertrude Stein to "tying ribbons on an elephant." Her writing about dance is exceptionally vivid. She remembers movement as accurately as others remember lines of poetry, and rises nearly to poetry herself in her will to bring what she has seen to the reader. Croce is not just a wonderful writer about dance, she's a wonderful writer.

Calling dance "the ephemeral art," she not only captures individual performances in prose for all time, but she dramatizes. It's like reading a novel whose plot hangs on the question: Will the dance be good? There are subplots: Croce follows Baryshnikov from the ABT to Balanchine and back, chronicles the rise, fall, rise of Gelsey Kirkland, and traces the rise, rise, rise of Suzanne Farrell. At times her discussion of Farrell or Balanchine is too worshipful, though at least Croce does confess her prejudices. But this is like rebuking a novelist for being too close to a character. One can only love Croce for writing so passionately, so knowledgeably, and so well.

—ANNA SHAPIRO

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Post-Conservative America
by Kevin Phillips
Random House, 234 pp., $14.50

IN 1968 Kevin Phillips predicted the rise of a "new Republican majority," tilted toward the Southwest. He coined the terms "Sunbelt" and "New Right." If naming is power, Phillips is no mere pundit.

In *Post-Conservative America*, Phillips analyzes the 1980 election and America's troubled prospects. Ronald Reagan heads an uneasy coalition of traditional conservatives, right-wing populists and a disenchanted middle-class coalition, contends Phillips, fused only by a sentimentalized vision of America's past. He argues that the country has been Balkanized by special interests, single issues, and the "unfortunate" militance of civil-rights groups. What remains of the center has been dangerously frustrated and "radicalized" by America's recent decline. The U.S., he says, is ripe for, at best, a "soft" authoritarianism.

Phillips's antidote for our ills is a modified parliamentary system of government, coordinating the efforts of Congress and the Executive and limiting the jurisdiction of the Judiciary. What he wants is a stronger, more Imperial Presidency. He mourns what he calls the "regicide" of Richard Nixon and the stable Republican majority derailed by Watergate.

There is much missing here, notably a concern for the inequities that have disrupted American society, fueled civil-rights campaigns, and forced activism on the federal courts. But Phillips has deftly summarized the disparate trends that have shaped our recent past and left our future such a doubtful legacy.

—WENDY KAMINER

Me Again: Uncollected Writings of Stevie Smith
edited by Jack Barbera and William McBrien
Farrar, Straus & Giroux
358 pp., $15.95

THE RECENT RESURGENCE of interest in Stevie Smith appears to be predominantly due to Glenda Jackson's remarkable portrayal of the brilliant, peculiar, and reclusive poet and critic in last year's movie *Stevie*. Smith, who died in 1971, spent most of her adult life living quietly in a suburb of London, outwardly content with writing and reviewing for major British publications while inwardly aching with loneliness and religious angst.

This first collection of her work includes letters, essays, reviews, 10 short stories, and one radio play. The stories, with the exception of "Beside the Seaside," are slightly parched, as if Smith were straining for a voice and mood. And the inclusion of letters is unedifying; none of the correspondents are known to the reader, and the editors' explanations don't help. The three strongest sections of the collection are the reviews, essays, and poems. They deal provocatively with politics, religion, and feminism.

Smith's friend James MacGibbon writes protectively of her in the preface: "The essence of her private life is in her novels and poetry and... anything like an official biography would have to depend too much on surmise and speculation." Yet someone should undertake her biography. After reading the best of Stevie Smith's writing, albeit in this uneven yet fascinating collection, we want to know more about this witty, sensitive woman.

—SUSAN K. REED

Uncivil Liberties
by Calvin Trillin
Ticknor & Fields, 224 pp., $10.95

WHEN CALVIN TRILLIN agreed to write a humor column for the *Nation*, his fee was promised to be in the "high two figures." While the historically-short-on-cash *Nation* is left-of-center, Trillin is, simply, off-center. He dresses down politics and other American conventions in a delightful fashion. The rise of the new New Right, the word *holistic*, and the promise that every boy can grow up to be president even if he will never be invited to dine with the Oscar de la Rentas are all given short shrift here.

Trillin knows where to poke fun because he knows what is half-baked. Recognition of China ("Was it wearing a disguise, daddy?") and health food ("Am I the only one worried about how unhealthy the people who work in health food stores look?") both figure among the fodder. Not all of *Uncivil Liberties* is inspired or hilarious, but the essays never approach dullness except to take a swipe at it. At the end, the suspicion arises that if it did not make strange bedfellows, politics would put Trillin to sleep. As it is, he is happily on the prowl.

—SUE M. HALPERN

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A Moving Target
by William Golding
Farrar, Straus & Giroux
202 pp., $12.95

WILLIAM GOLDING is back doing what he does best: stalking the miraculous. In this richly provocative collection of essays, he contemplates his native Wiltshire, its cathedrals of Salisbury and Winchester, Delphi, and Egypt. What obsesses him is their ancient stones, their singing mystery. Whether he's writing about Dutch waterways or Homer's *Odyssey*, Golding's quest is the same: the holy grail of the self. The true journey, he knows, is interior.

The core of this book, though, is a subtle meditation on writing itself. Probing the origins of his own novels, Golding shifts his focus to creativity. What fascinates him is the writer's angle of vision, a theme expounded in his essay on journal-keeping. *A Moving Target* vividly displays Golding's passionate intellect, luminous in its intensity, poetic in its perception.

—ALEXANDRA JOHNSON

Churchill: Young Man in a Hurry
by Ted Morgan
Simon & Schuster, 688 pp. $19.95

THIS FIRST VOLUME of a new Churchill biography, based on previously unavailable private correspondence, succeeds admirably in bringing its obstreperous protagonist to vivid life. Ted Morgan's adroit balancing of narrative and analysis gives the reader a powerful impression of Churchill's assertiveness and tenacity.

Spurred by memories of his own "failures" as son and scholar and by the shame of his father's political self-ruin, Churchill channeled his considerable energies into literary work, military service, election to Parliament, and appointment as First Lord of the Admiralty. Churchill thrived on crisis and controversy, but they also led him into undiplomatic miscalculations that resulted in his resignation from public service in 1915 (when this volume ends).

Morgan's swift, direct prose heightens the suspense and momentum already implicit in this familiar material. And his renderings of political and military maneuverings create absorbing drama while tracing the virtual self-creation of one of our century's extraordinary men.

—BRUCE ALLEN

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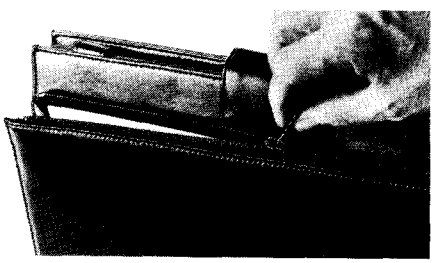

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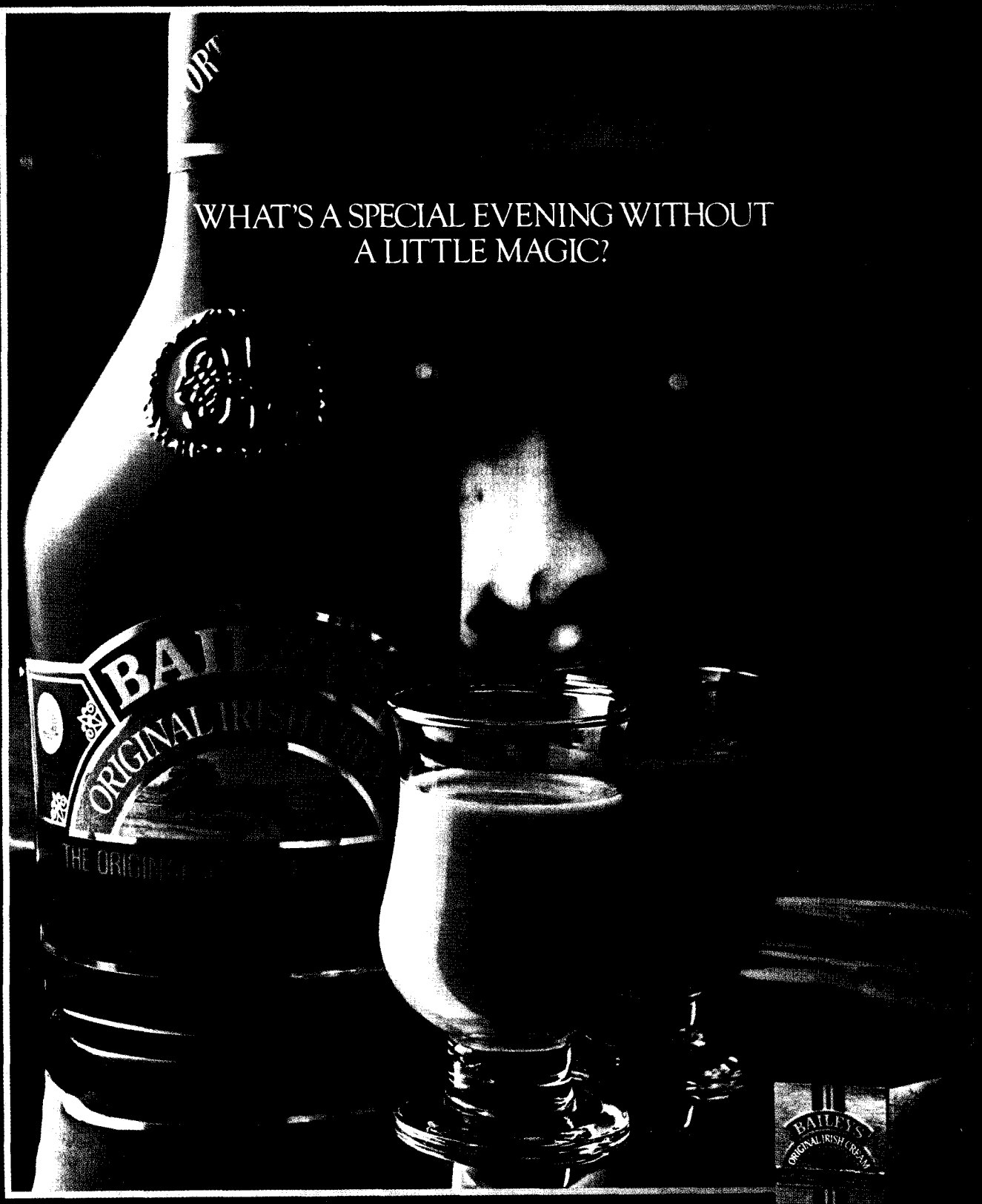

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Saturday Review

CULTURAL TV CALENDAR

M.I. DE FIGUEIRAS

Woody Allen Film Festival, Bravo, June 2, 4, 7, 11, 18

WHAT TO WATCH IN JUNE

PREVIEWS A MONTEVERDI CYCLE
BOB FOSSE'S "PIPPIN"
MOLIERE'S "DON JUAN"
AND MORE

SELECTED LISTINGS ART, DANCE, DRAMA, FILM, MUSIC

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Previews

LAWRENCE TALLES

Van Cliburn winner André-Michel Schub.

Battle of the Pianists

Van Cliburn International Piano Competition
ARTS, June 6, 10:05 PM; June 13, 9:00 PM; June 20, 9:00 PM. Repeats June 10; 16, 17; 23, 24.

MUSICAL COMPETITIONS, certain critics claim, are inherently ridiculous: Winning and losing has more to do with baseball games than art. But there is no doubt that the winner of a major competition shoots to international superstardom. Take the case of Van Cliburn (born Harvey Lavan, Jr. in Shreveport, Louisiana), a young pianist from Texas who won Russia's prestigious Tchaikovsky competition in 1958, at the height of the cold war. His name became worldwide news, and at home he was greeted with a ticker-tape parade. In 1962, as America's most famous champion pianist, he was offered a musical contest of his own. Today, the Van Cliburn is one of the more significant piano competitions in the world, carrying a first prize of $12,000 and a series of concert engagements.

ARTS's three-part view of the 1981 contest, held in Fort Worth, captures the victor, André-Michel Schub, in the early stages of the contest, but the programs are most valuable for their portrayals of all 39 competitors. The two-week process of elimination through opening rounds, semifinals, and finals was arduous and heartbreaking, but none of the 39 young pianists is a loser.

Molière's Ultimate Libertine

Don Juan
TéléFrance, June 13, 9:00 PM.

THE YEARS 1664 and 1665 went badly for Jean-Baptiste Poquelin. His plays fell under one attack after another, and despite the fact that Poquelin was already well-known throughout France for his satiric comedies, written under the pen name Molière, two of his works were forced out of the theaters by outraged moralists. The first was *Le Tartuffe*. The second was *Don Juan*.

Drawn from the unrepentant libertine of Spanish legend, Molière's Don Juan was one of the first fully delineated antiheroes. Tiring of his wife, he abandons her to seduce two other women. Mocking his creditors, he nonetheless offers an extravagant sum to a starving beggar if he will give up his principles and commit blasphemy. Don Juan exploits everyone, ignoring human and divine law, and laughing in the teeth of retribution.

Director Marcel Bluwal's 1965 television version of Molière's play, never before seen in the United States, received critical acclaim in France. Noted actors Michel Piccoli and Claude Brasseur star as Don Juan and his servant Sganarelle in an interpretation that emphasizes the somber over the comic elements of the play. Bluwal has aptly chosen Mozart's *Requiem* as a score for his drama.

Opera's First Masterpieces

Orpheus; The Return of Ulysses; The Coronation of Poppea
PBS, June 7, 14, 21, 8:00 PM.

NO ONE KNOWS how many operas the Italian composer Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643) actually wrote—almost all were lost in the 200 years of obscurity that followed his death. But the three full-length operas that survive—*Orpheus, The Return of Ulysses,* and *The Coronation of Poppea*—are sufficient to mark Monteverdi as the first operatic giant. He began as a choirboy at the Cremona Cathedral, served as violinist, singer, and conductor at the ducal court of Mantua, and became the *maestro di cappella* at St. Mark's in Venice in 1613. *Orpheus* was his first opera, written in 1607, and it is the earliest opera still performed today. *Ulysses* and *Poppea* came at the end of his life, written for the first public opera house, San Cassiano in Venice. The last two works were of pivotal importance in the development of opera, molding the *bel canto* and *buffo* style, and serving as a model for many later generations.

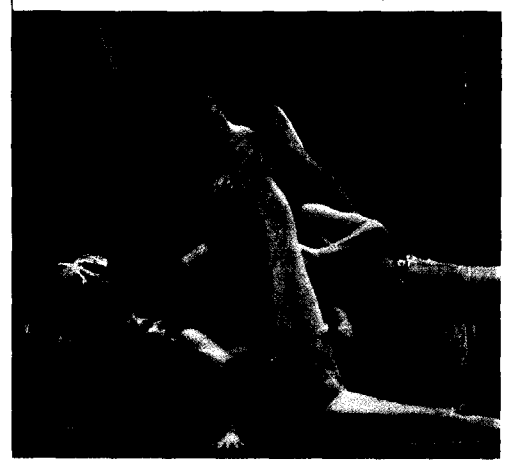
This month, PBS will present all three of Monteverdi's remaining works, staged by one of the most controversial of today's opera directors, Jean-Pierre Ponnelle. Ponnelle has directed operas from La Scala to the Met, from Bayreuth to Glyndebourne, and his highly stylized stagings have brought both glowing accolades and glowering denunciations. Produced for television, Ponnelle's *Orpheus*, *Ulysses*, and *Poppea* are flamboyantly visualized. "The language of the camera adds a complementary richness to an operatic score," says Ponnelle. "I feel it is my duty to put opera on film."

Bob Fosse's Dazzling Stagecraft

Pippin
Entertainment Channel, June 6, 8:00 PM. Repeats June 9, 13, 19, 23, 29.

BOB FOSSE began his career as a dancer in burlesque shows. Working his way up as a Broadway chorus boy, he eventually became a choreographer in the mid-1950s, hitting it big with *The Pajama Game* and *Damn Yankees*. By the end of the decade, he was directing as well, and over the next 10 years he put his lithe and lascivious imprimatur on such hits as

William Katt stars in Bob Fosse's *Pippin*.



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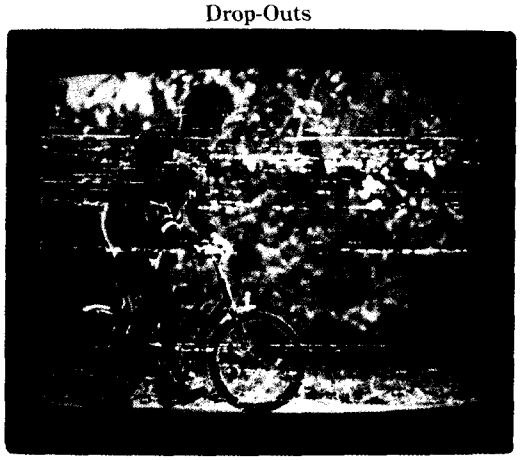

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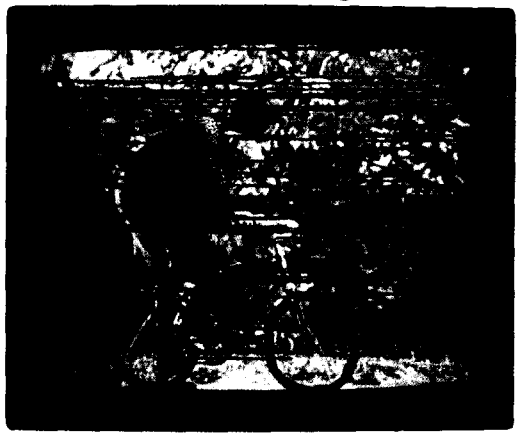
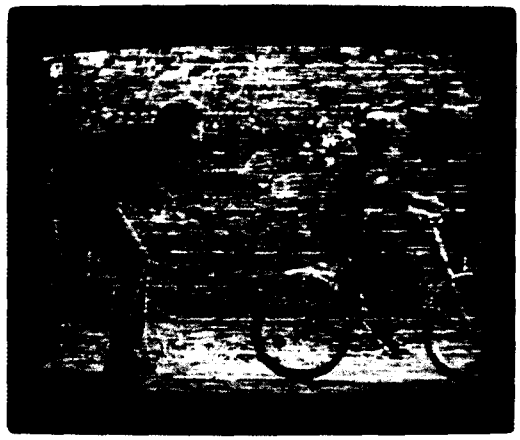


Color Distortion

Noise



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Redhead and *Sweet Charity*. When *Pippin* opened in 1972, it confirmed Fosse's talent: Taking an insubstantial plot about the coming of age of Charlemagne's son, he wove it into theatrical magic, and won Tony awards both as bets choreographer and as best director.

This month, the Entertainment Channel, in its debut, presents a version of *Pippin* taped in live performance. Ben Vereen stars in his Tony-winning role as the smooth-stepping interlocutor, and the television cast includes William Katt, Chita Rivera, and Martha Raye. Inevitably, some of the impact is lost in transferring large-scale stage effects to the small-scale television screen, but the program is a worthwhile record of Fosse's dazzling stagecraft.

In Honor of Bloomsday

James Joyce
CBS Cable, June 16, 8:30 PM.
Repeats June 27.

IRELAND'S JAMES JOYCE was arguably the most influential writer of the past 75 years, and certainly one of the boldest (see Anthony Burgess's appreciation of Joyce, page 41), a rebel in his art and in his life. The credo of his hero, Stephen Dedalus, in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, was Joyce's own: "When the soul of a man is born in this country there are nets flung at it to hold it back from flight. You talk to me of nationality, language, religion. I shall try to fly by those nets." Joyce rejected Catholicism and deserted his native Dublin to live in Paris, Trieste, and Zurich for nearly all of his adult life. He thumbed his nose at conventional morality, living with Nora Barnacle, his companion and mother of his children, for 27 years before they were married. His books met with wrath and scorn—for their views on religion and country, and for their alleged obscenity—and most were banned.

This June 16 (the anniversary of Bloomsday, the date on which *Ulysses* takes place), CBS Cable will present a two-hour documentary on Joyce's tempestuous life. Produced by Irish National Television, it includes commentary by Joyce historians such as Richard Ellmann, interviews with friends and family members, photographs, and recordings of Joyce himself.

Selected Listings

ART

Dreams of Iron and Glass. Ruth Henry's film on the architecture of early 20th-century Paris. *TéléFrance, June 6, 9:00 PM.*

Metropolitan Museum: 18th Century Woman. Marisa Berenson guides this tour of the recent Met exhibition of 18th-century costumes, and describes the powerful women of the period, from Madame de Pompadour to Abigail Adams. *ARTS, June 6, 9:00 PM. Repeats June 9, 10, 27, 30.*

Conversations on the Arts and Letters. Studs Terkel and Calvin Trillin discuss the role of architecture with guests Paul Goldberger, Robert Stern, and Charles Gwathmey. *ARTS, June 6, 11:25 PM. Repeats June 10, 27.*

Antonio Gaudí. A documentary on the 19th- and early 20th-century Spanish architect, a key proponent of Art Nouveau. *ARTS, June 7, 9:50 PM. Repeats June 11, 28.*

Fake. A reexamination of the authenticity of the Metropolitan Museum's painting by Georges de la Tour, "The Fortune Teller." *ARTS, June 8, 11:00 PM. Repeats June 12, 29.*

Signature. An interview with sculptor Louise Nevelson. *CBS Cable, June 17, 7:30 PM.*

Daumier. The life and work of the 19th-century French artist and social critic. *TéléFrance, June 22, 11:00 PM.*

How Many Colors Has a Hand. The life and art of Max Ernst, a founding father of Dadaism and Surrealism. *ARTS, June 22, 11:10 PM. Repeats June 23, 26.*

Hopper's Silence. A documentary on Edward Hopper, an important 20th-century American realist, by art critic and friend Brian O'Doherty. *CBS Cable, June 23, 8:30 PM.*

DANCE

Adam and Eve. Rudolf Nureyev and Daniela Malusardi star in this ballet by Sweden's Birgit Cullberg. *ARTS, June 7, 9:00 PM. Repeats June 11, 28, 30.*

Twyla Tharp. Choreographed especially for TV by one of America's foremost modern dancers, the program features works set to music by composers ranging from Bach to Bruce Springsteen. *CBS Cable, June 15, 8:30 PM. Repeats June 20.*

Romeo and Juliet. A recent Bolshoi Ballet performance of Prokofiev's ballet, featuring Natalia Bessmertnova and Mikhail Lavrovsky. *Bravo, June 20, 8:00 PM.*

Sergi Pavlovitch Diaghilev. A portrait of the great Russian ballet impresario who promoted the influential work of Stravinsky, Fokine, and Nijinsky. *ARTS, June 21, 9:00 PM. Repeats June 25.*

The Bolshoi Ballet in Romeo and Juliet. The 1954 film version of Prokofiev's ballet, starring Galina Ulanova and the Bolshoi. *CBS Cable, June 29, 8:30 PM.*

DRAMA

Charley's Aunt. British performers Eric Sykes, Alun Lewis, and Judi Maynard star in this perennial farce of impersonation. *CBS Cable, June 7, 8:30 PM.*

A Month in the Country. Turgenev's story, as adapted by Derek Marlow, is interpreted by Susannah York and Ian McShane. *ARTS, June 8, 9:00 PM. Repeats June 12, 29,.*

Hamlet. Ian McKellen stars as the melancholy Dane in David Giles's television version of Shakespeare's tragedy. *CBS Cable, June 12, 8:00 PM. Repeats June 13.*

Hedda Gabler. Diana Rigg stars in Henrik Ibsen's drama of a self-centered, self-destructive woman trapped in a repressive society. Ibsen's heroine is one of the theater's supremely challenging roles. *CBS Cable, June 14, 8:30 PM.*

Sizwe Banzi Is Dead. Athol Fugard's indictment of apartheid, with the original stage actors, John Kani and Winston Ntshona. *CBS Cable, June 21, 8:30 PM.*

There are 14 national networks listed here that offer cutural programs—four broadcast networks and 10 cable systems. Because cable packages vary, no single community in the U.S. can receive all of the programs in these listings. Broadcast times listed are Eastern Time, and networks occasionally make last-minute changes. For further information, contact your local station or cable franchise operator. The networks in our listings are:
Broadcast ABC, CBS, NBC, PBS
Cable ARTS, Bravo, CBS Cable, Cinemax, English Channel, Entertainment Channel, HBO (Home Box Office), Movie Channel, Showtime, Télé-France USA

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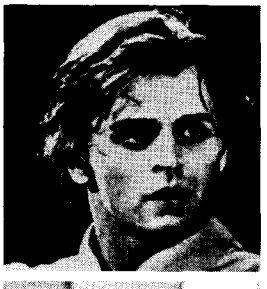
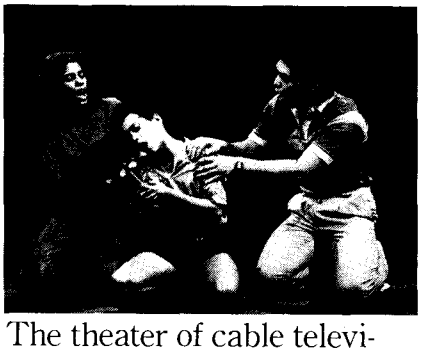


Like McKellen playing Hamlet and Charles Strouse playing songs from "Annie" and "Bye, Bye Birdie."

Like the choreography of a Balanchine, the cinematography of a Chabrol, the bop of a Betty Carter, the Bach of the Lincoln Center Chamber Music Society.



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CULTURAL TV

Selected Listings

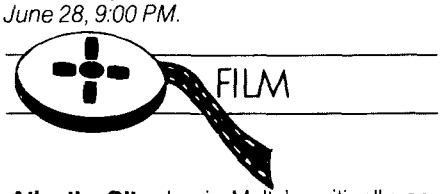
Boesman and Lena. A film of Athol Fugard's play about a black South African couple. *ARTS, June 22, 9:00 PM. Repeats June 26.*

Here Are Ladies. Irish actress Siobhan McKenna appears in portraits of women from Beckett to Yeats. *English Channel, June 26, noon.*

Gertrude Stein, Gertrude Stein, Gertrude Stein. An adaptation of Pat Carroll's hit one-woman show about the American writer and art patron's years in Paris (1903-1935). *CBS Cable, June 26, 9:00 PM.*

Le Malade Imaginaire (The Imaginary Invalid). Molière's comedy of a selfish hypochondriac, directed by Claude Santelli. *TéléFrance, June 27, 9:00 PM.*

Candida. Blythe Danner stars in Shaw's searing commentary on love and marriage, directed by Austin Pendleton. *CBS Cable, June 28, 9:00 PM.*



Atlantic City. Louis Malle's critically acclaimed film about an aging numbers runner and young woman who wants to be a croupier. *Showtime, June 1, 8:00 PM.*

The Grand Illusion. Jean Renoir's classic film about French prisoners in World War I, starring Jean Gabin, Eric von Stroheim, and Pierre Fresnay. *Cinemax, June 1, 9:00 PM.*

Stardust Memories. Woody Allen's most recent film, an autobiographical portrait of a comic filmmaker who "doesn't feel funny anymore." *Bravo, June 2, 8:00 PM, Repeats June 8, 13.*

Ten Days' Wonder. Director Claude Chabrol's film of jealous love, blackmail, and murder, starring Orson Welles and Anthony Perkins. *CBS Cable, June 3, 8:30 PM.*

Bananas. Woody Allen's movie about a frail New Yorker who becomes the heroic revolutionary leader of a South American country. *Bravo, June 4, 8:00 PM. Repeats June 14, 30.*

Pleure Pas La Bouche Pleine (Don't Cry With Your Mouth Full). Pascal Thomas's film of the coming of age of a teenage girl. *TéléFrance, June 6, 9:30 PM.*

What Price Glory? John Ford's film version of the classic anti-war play, with James Cagney. *Entertainment Channel, June 6, 6:00 PM. Repeats June 14, 20.*

The Magic Flute. Ingmar Bergman's movie version of Mozart's opera. *Bravo, June 6, 9:00 PM. Repeats June 16, 22.*

Manhattan. A slice of life in Woody Allen's New York; with Diane Keaton, Meryl Streep, and Mariel Hemingway. *Bravo, June 7, 9:00 PM. Repeats June 17, 20.*

The Last Metro. François Truffaut's tale of a Parisian theater during the Nazi occupation, starring Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Dépardieu. *HBO, June 7, noon.*

8½. Fellini's autobiographical movie won an Academy Award for Best Foreign Film. *Showtime, June 8, midnight.*

The Wrong Arm of the Law. A 1963 film, starring Peter Sellers, about a cockney trio chased by both cops and robbers. *Cinemax, June 8, 5:30 PM.*

Blow-Up. Vanessa Redgrave, David Hemmings, and Sarah Miles star in Michelangelo Antonioni's film about a photographer who may or may not have taken pictures of a murder. *Showtime, June 8, 5:30 PM.*

The Threepenny Opera. G.W. Pabst's classic film of Bertolt Brecht's play about the London underworld at the turn of the century, starring Lotte Lenya. *CBS Cable, June 10, 8:30 PM.*

Small Change. François Truffaut's joyful portrayal of childhood adventures. *Bravo, June 10, 9:30 PM.*

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex but Were Afraid to Ask. Woody Allen, Gene Wilder, Tony Randall, and Burt Reynolds star in this seven-part satire on sex. *Bravo, June 11, 8:00 PM. Repeats June 19, 23, 29.*

Best Boy. Ira Wohl's Academy Award-winning documentary about his cousin, this film is an uplifting account of a middle-aged, mentally retarded man going out into the world for the first time. *Entertainment Channel, June 12, 9:00 PM. Repeats June 13, 14, 26.*

Conversations on the Arts and Letters. Studs Terkel and Calvin Trillin discuss films with directors Wim Wenders and Tony Richardson. *ARTS, June 13, 11:25 PM. Repeats June 17.*

Return of the Secaucus 7. John Sayles's recent low-key but perceptive film about a reunion of college friends proves that not all worthwhile movies are big-budget extravaganzas. *Showtime, June 17, 8:00 PM.*

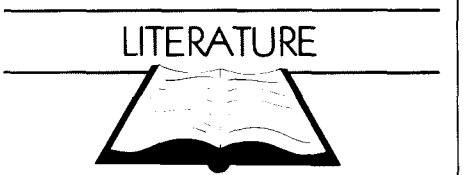
Love and Death. Woody Allen's send-up of epic Russian novels takes place in the midst of the Napoleonic wars. *Bravo, June 18, 8:00 PM. Repeats June 21, 27.*

The Tree of Wooden Clogs. Winner at the 1978 Cannes Film Festival. Ermanno Olmi's movie focuses on the day-to-day lives of a group of poor Italian peasants at the turn of the century. *CBS Cable, June 19, 8:00 PM.*

Ali: Fear Eats the Soul. Rainer Werner Fassbinder's film of an affair between an aging German scrubwoman and a younger Arab mechanic won the International Critics Prize at Cannes in 1974. *CBS Cable, June 24, 8:30 PM.*

Of Mice and Men. Lon Chaney, Jr. and Burgess Meredith star in Lewis Milestone's powerful film of Steinbeck's novel about migrant workers. With music by Aaron Copland. *Entertainment Channel, June 26, 9:00 PM. Repeats June 28.*

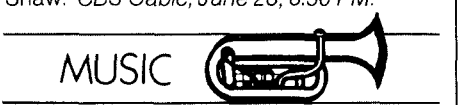
Perceval. Eric Rohmer's 1978 film retells the Arthurian legend of the chivalrous Welsh knight Perceval. *TéléFrance, June 26, 9:30 PM.*



Conversations on the Arts and Letters. Studs Terkel and Calvin Trillin discuss the art of satire with guests Jules Feiffer, P.J. O'Rourke, and Roy Blount, Jr. *ARTS, June 20, 11:25 PM. Repeats June 24.*

Signature. An interview with novelist Jerzy Kosinski. *CBS Cable, June 22, 7:30 PM.*

In Search of Shaw. A documentary about the writing of Michael Holroyd's biography of Shaw. *CBS Cable, June 28, 8:30 PM.*



Academy of St. Martin in the Fields. The heralded chamber ensemble is shown making its first North American tour, performing Handel, Mozart, and Vivaldi. *Bravo, June 1, 10:00 PM. Repeats June 14, 26.*

Two Philharmonics. Live from Lincoln Center, Zubin Mehta conducting the New York and the Israel Philharmonics. *PBS, June 3, 8:30 PM.*

Placido Domingo: The Tenor, the Teacher. A documentary on the world-famous opera singer. *PBS, June 9, 8:30 PM.*

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Bach's Brandenburgs (Part I). Gerard Schwarz and the Y Chamber Symphony's exuberant rendition of Bach's concertos. *Bravo, June 11, 10:00 PM. Repeats June 16, 24.*

Nabucco. Set in Babylon and Jerusalem in 586 B.C., Verdi's opera depicts an oppressed people yearning to be free. The opera was recorded in Verona's outdoor amphitheater, and stars Renato Bruson, Ghena Dimitrova, and Dimitri Petkov. *Bravo, June 13, 8:00 PM. Repeats June 23, 28.*

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra. In rehearsal and in performance with George Solti and the orchestra: pieces by Mahler, Strauss, and Wagner. *ARTS, June 13, 10:20 PM. Repeats June 17.*

A Salute to George London. From the Kennedy Center, a gala tribute to bass-baritone George London, with Beverly Sills, Marilyn Horne, and Joan Sutherland. *PBS, June 16, 8:00 PM.*

Antonin Dvořák's New World Symphony. Karl Böhm conducts the Vienna Philharmonic. *CBS Cable, June 18, 8:30 PM.*

The Philadelphia Orchestra. A portrait of the orchestra and conductor Eugene Ormandy, including an interview with the late celebrated conductor, Leopold Stokowski. *ARTS, June 20, 10:20 PM. Repeats June 24.*

Summer and Smoke. The Chicago Opera Theater presents Lee Hoiby's opera, with text by Tennessee Williams. *PBS, June 23, 8:30 PM.*

Bach's Brandenburgs (Part II). Gerard Schwarz and the Y Chamber Symphony's exuberant rendition of Bach's concertos. *Bravo, June 27, 8:00 PM.*

Bravo Magazine. Profiles of the Houston Ballet, Sarah Caldwell (the controversial director of the Boston Opera), actress Glenda Jackson, and photographer Alfred Eisenstaedt. *Bravo, June 6, 8:00 PM. Repeats June 17, 21, 29.*

When I Think of Russia. Six Russian writers, performers, and artists in exile, including poet Joseph Brodsky, pianist Vladimir Ashkenazy, and dancer Mikhail Baryshnikov, discuss their separation from their homeland. *CBS Cable, June 30, 8:30 PM.*

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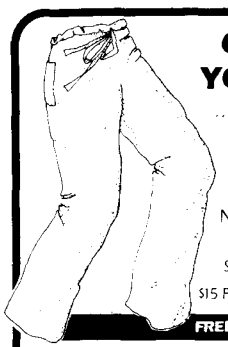

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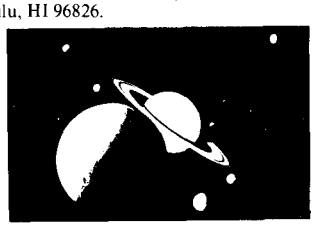

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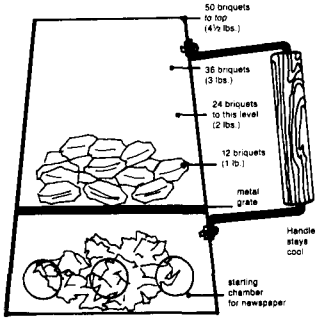
Saving energy means paying attention to the small things around the house—like the refrigerator coils. Once these coils become coated with dust, the efficiency of your refrigerator drops dramatically, especially during the summer when refrigerators work hardest. Simply cleaning the coils—and keeping them clean—can reduce your refrigerator's electric consumption as much as 10%. This brush, angled and with tapered bristles, is designed to clean deep in the coils where vacuum cleaners and dust cloths won't reach. It is a full 27″ long with 12″ of bristles and a sturdy 15″ wooden handle. It also keeps dust off the baseboard heaters and radiators. It costs only **$8.00** ($1.95) #A427.

EASY EMBERS


50 briquets to top (4½ lbs.)
36 briquets (3 lbs.)
24 briquets to this level (2 lbs.)
12 briquets (1 lb.)
metal grate
Handle stays cool
starting chamber for newspaper

The biggest hassle with charcoal cooking is getting the charcoal lit. To keep frustration levels among outdoor chefs manageable, a whole line of charcoal-starter fluids has come onto the market. But they are expensive, and it seems absurd to use a petroleum-base product in this era of short supply when it's far quicker, safer and tastier to fire your coals with Easy Embers charcoal lighter. Using a fireplace-like draft and newspaper, Easy Embers will ignite 4½ lb. of charcoal—enough to fill a large Weber kettle grill—in less than 10 min. You simply light one or two balled sheets of newspaper stuffed in the base of the heavy-gauge steel cylinder. The intense flames will ignite the charcoal briquets, placed on a steel grate just above the coals. When the briquets are fully ignited, simply pour them out of the container into your grill. The grate is securely fastened to the cylinder so there's no danger of it falling out and burning the cook. And because no fluids are used, there's no chance of lighter fluid flare-up. It costs **$15.00** ($2.95) #A433.

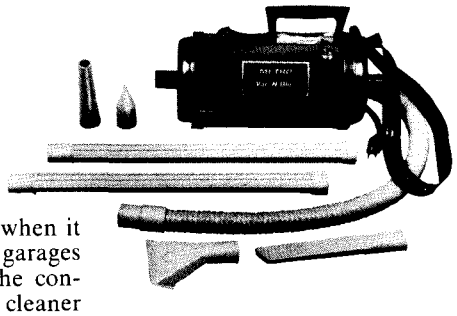
NO HANDS MAGNIFIER

Do you ever do close, exacting work where you would like to see just about twice as well as you do? Here's the answer. A lightweight, high-quality magnifying glass that hangs around your neck, requires no hands to keep in place, is easily adjustable and is comfortable enough to wear for long periods of time. The 4″ round magnifier hangs by a neck cord with padded feet to brace it against your chest. The focal length or working distance is approximately 6″. Made of optical-grade acrylic plastic, this magnifier has no distortion and is ideal for anyone who needs both hands to do precise work for periods of time: sewing, model building, crafts, stamp collecting, assembly work, flytying, etc. This product is also ideal for people who need "extra vision" for comfortable reading. The magnifier does not quite cover a full book page, but it is no great inconvenience to slide the book up or down an inch or so as you read. **$12.00** ($1.95) #A480.

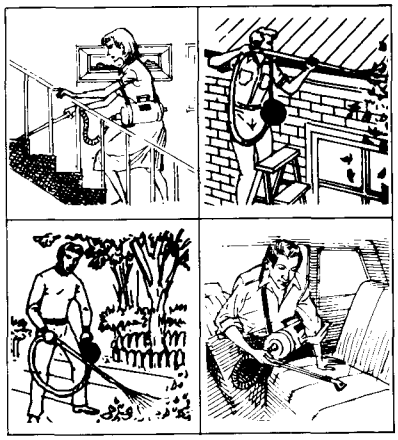
NATURAL CLEANING KIT

When doing any job it's always a pleasure to work with the finest tools available. The job is easier, the results are better. With this in mind we set out to put together the highest quality cleaning kit on the market. We found that you can't always improve on nature. The lambswool duster, ocean sponge and chamois cloth are our overwhelming favorites. On its own the 20″ long duster actually attracts and holds dust like a magnet. The static charge in the lambswool causes dust literally to leap off surfaces where it has accumulated, making this just the thing for dusting china, crystal, pictures and other fragile items. Another natural cleaning tool is the ocean sponge. Unlike synthetic varieties this sponge displays a superior absorbency due to an intricate system of internal canals. It readily absorbs and retains moisture making it ideal for washing, picking up spills or applying cleaning materials. For more delicate jobs you'll want the incredibly soft, supple and highly absorbent chamois cloth. It is a special oil-tanned, suede-finished leather prepared from various skins. It's gentle enough to use on eyeglasses but still rugged enough to use on your car. Given proper care your chamois will last for years. We can send you this fine three piece cleaning kit including duster, ocean sponge and chamois cloth for just **$19.00** ($2.95) #A472.

VAC-N-BLO



All vacuum cleaners are portable in the sense that they can be maneuvered quite easily from room to room. But when it comes to stairs, cars, garages and outdoor uses the conventional vacuum cleaner loses much of its portability. Here is a different breed of indoor/outdoor vacuum. The Metro Vac-n-Blo slips right over your shoulder, weighs less than 10 pounds and will go practically anywhere. Attach to one end and you have a powerful vacuum with suction stronger than some full size canister machines. Attach to the other end and you have a 200 mph blower for cleaning walks and gutters and other outdoor jobs (there's even an adapter for blowing up air mattresses and other inflatables). The Vac-n-Blo unit is made of steel with a permanent cloth bag and comes with a 3′ flexible hose, 2 20″ extension wands and 4 interchangeable nozzles to suit any job. You will need to supply an extension cord. This UL listed Vac-n-Blo costs **$83.00** ($6.95) #512. The American manufacturer supplies a one-year warranty. For more convenient indoor use, there is a conversion kit with a 3-wheel rollaround dolly, 3′ flexible extension hose, dusting brush and swivel carpet/floor tool. **$22.00** ($2.95) #A513.



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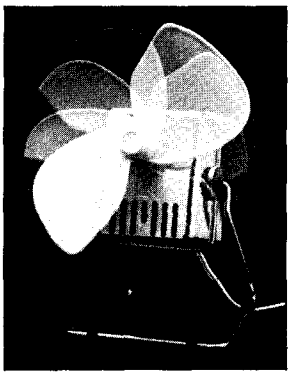
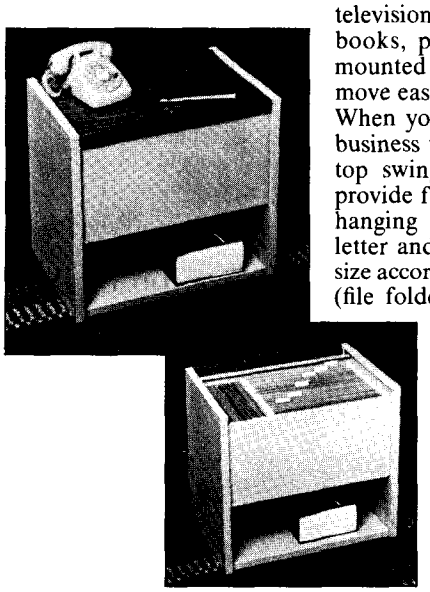
A MIGHTY LITTLE FAN



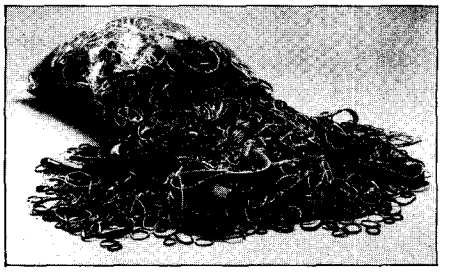
The most important qualities of a household fan are safety, quietness, portability and force enough to get the air circulating. We've found a little power-house of a fan that meets all these criteria admirably. This two-speed fan is completely safe—if the spin of the soft plastic blades is interrupted, the fan simply stops. It moves an impressive volume of air and its operation is nearly noiseless. Good air circulation is essential year round, especially if you're watching your energy dollars. In the winter this fan will help keep warm air off the ceiling; in the summer it will draw cool air off the floor where it will make you more comfortable. We have friends who keep one in the kitchen to help dissipate unpleasant cooking odors. Because of its small compact size it can be used practically anywhere: countertop, desk, windowsill or bathroom. With a chrome-plated motor housing and contrasting white blades, the little fans look as good as they work. We can supply them for **$26.00** ($2.95) #A516. We can send you the same fan with a durable white plastic motor housing instead of chrome-plating for **$25.00** ($2.95) #A523.

CHAIRSIDE FILE

Nearly every home is an office too these days. Partly because more people bring their work home, or do most of it there to begin with. But also because this is the age of paperwork and every family has its files of medical insurance claims, tax records, product warranties, Christmas card lists, children's old report cards and so on. But where do you keep all these papers? Here is the first home file cabinet that doesn't deserve to be hidden in a closet. When it is not actually being used for filing, it makes a handsome chairside or deskside table, sturdy enough to hold a television or a small library of books, portable enough (it is mounted on easy-roll casters) to move easily from room to room. When you need to get down to business the oak grain laminate top swings over and down to provide full access to a two-way hanging file—a combination of letter and legal size or all letter size according to your preference (file folders not included). The top locks. This home file that is also a piece of furniture measures 24″ x 15″ x 23½″ high. The home file cabinets cost **$120.00** ($9.95) each, and come in cream (#A467) or chocolate (#A453) color.

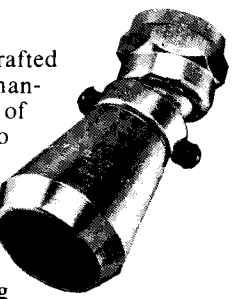


BAND BONANZA



This may sound like we are stretching a point, but no product ever offered in *Tools for Living* has as many uses as this one. It is one kilogram of rubber bands, enough for 2,000 plus large and small around the house jobs. The assortment includes 90 to 100 different kinds of bands both narrow and wide cut in at least 7 different colors. Sizes range from a giant 8½″x⅝″ (for holding your garbage bag around the top of the pail) to ⅝″x1/16″ (for tying off pigtails). It is especially nice to have a supply of those extra-large bands you can never find in stores. You will use rubber bands in every room of the house not to mention the garden, office, garage and basement. Given this sudden superabundance of bands, our favorite use was to put a few around the sunvisors in the car for holding maps, toll tickets, notes, pencils, etc. Each 1-kilo (2.20 pounds) package of rubber bands costs **$11.00** ($2.95) #A514. It's the perfect tool for life in an expanding universe.

SAVINGS IN THE SHOWER



Tools For Living has discovered a finely crafted shower head called the Deluxe Fuel Saver manufactured by Con-Serv, which cuts the use of water—*hot water*—in the shower from 5 or 8 to 2.45 gallons per minute. Remember, heating water throughout the year is second only to the cost of heating the house. With the conventional shower head, the average family of four uses 300 to 400 gals. of water—much of it heated—every day. According to U.S. Department of Energy figures, with the Deluxe Fuel Saver that same family uses 70% less water in the shower and realizes a savings of between $150 and $350 depending on the utility rates. The prototype of the Deluxe Fuel Saver was originally developed for use in the U.S. nuclear submarine program. Con-Serv designed the new Deluxe Fuel Saver expressly for the consumer, without compromising comfort or high quality. Although the amount of water is significantly reduced, it is aerated and accelerated—utilizing the Venturi principle—for an invigorating shower. It delivers a comfortable yet forceful spray—forceful enough to quickly rinse shampoo suds out of a long, thick mane of hair. The Deluxe Fuel Saver also offers a "trickle valve" that allows you to stop water flow while soaping up. Made of chrome-plated solid brass, the Deluxe Fuel Saver is accompanied by a one-year limited warranty. It installs easily over the standard ½″ shower head arm with pliers or a wrench—no plumber is needed. We offer the Con-Serv Deluxe Fuel Saver for **$16.00** ($2.95) #A351.

ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS AND GUARANTEE: We ship via United Parcel Service wherever possible to insure prompt delivery. The cost of each item is shown followed by its shipping and handling charges in ( ). Be sure to add the cost **plus** shipping and handling charges for each item ordered to arrive at the **total price** of each item. If you are not satisfied for any reason, return the article to us within 30 days, and we'll exchange it or refund the cost, per your instructions.

TOOLS FOR LIVING
Dept. SR 062; 400 S. Dean St.; Englewood, NJ 07631

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Enclosed is a check or money order for $_____ payable to **TOOLS FOR LIVING.**

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(Sorry, we cannot handle Canadian, foreign or C.O.D. orders.) Total Amount _____

Please allow 30 days for delivery from our receipt of your order. SR 062

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SR Competition No. 33

Rewrite in part or in whole the story of:
The City Mouse and the Country Mouse
Jack and Jill
Paolo and Francesca
Peter Rabbit
or Robin Hood
in the style of:
Jorge Luis Borges
Rex Reed
William Faulkner
Cosmopolitan magazine
Mayor Edward Koch
or Guy Davenport.

Entries for Competition No. 33 must be received by June 30 and the winners will be announced in the September issue. Send submissions to *SR* Competition No. 33, *Saturday Review*, 150 East 58 Street, New York, New York 10155. All entries become the property of *SR*.

Winners of No. 30

We called for imaginary horoscopes, and never have we witnessed such confusion of doctrine. Astrology must be the hometown of heterodoxy. One heresiarch from Newark, New Jersey (anonymity gladly granted) seethes with contempt for those who hold that the stars commence their control over our lives at the moment of birth. Any fool, according to this sage, knows that the crucial moment is the instant of conception. Woe is us. All that time wasted coaxing from Mother when, exactly, we popped into the world. Nonetheless, we are content to remain Gemini, however approximately. We are not, at least, Cow. Cow, according to Owen Stoon of Memphis, Tennessee, jumped over the moon only to remain stuck in the zodiac ("Avoid persons named Elmer").

Here are more shreds of intelligence from this contest. The most frequent verb in the annals of horoscopy is "avoid." E.g., "LIBRA: Avoid Dupois" (T. McGill, London, Ontario). The spelling of the words "Sagittarius" and "Aries" has been irrecoverably lost. The contempt of a generation of English professors has not obliterated the memory of Eliot's *Waste Land*: Madame Sosostris, at least, survives. Of the many references to her we liked best a letter imagined by Anne P. Ward of New York, which reads in part:

Dear Mrs. Equitone...
...I bring the horoscope myself; one must be so careful these days.
Yours faithfully,
Edith (Mrs. George) Sosostris

Speaking of poetry, we liked the 53-line poem submitted, with the doomed optimism of the typical Gemini, by Hyacinthe Hill of Yonkers, New York. Aside from its being hopelessly long and outside the rules, we loved it. It has (naturally) two titles—"Look at Me. I'm Gemini" and "Hi! I'm Gemini"—to accommodate the two possible pronunciations. Here is a sample:

I'm not alone. I have, within, my twin,
My alter self, my better half, my clone....
I ride a horse and end up in the gorse
From taking every road at once, of course.

Finally, we learned that zodiacal whimsy is more often attempted than achieved. Here are our winners:

First price to Caryl McColly of Eagle Rock, California, who horoscoped every sign in the zodiac and then some. Into the usual syndicated guff on this non-topic, reader McColly seems to us to have placed the dagger very deftly, and then turned it. Here are samples:

GEMINI: Tendency is to shift the blame; don't forget: *You* are responsible for the unhappiness in the world. Try being a decent human being for a change.
LEO: Don't wear the madras print snood on the 8th, 17th, 23rd, and 27th, and avoid schools of barracuda on alternate Wednesdays. By late month most of your friends will have forgotten you, but be patient; a dead relative will try to communicate through the philodendron. Be careful; it may be a trap.
VIRGO: Very high-energy field this month; light bulbs explode when you approach. Fake a miracle or something. Around mid-month someone may try to poison your overcoat.
SCORPIO: Good time for self-pity. Hole up on the service porch and read back issues of *Prevention*. Your stock in Teflon catheters takes a downturn. Take care of details; the string you save could be your unraveling underwear.

Second prize to Jack Mahoney of Manchester, New Hampshire, whose entry exhibits the Babylonian gloom that marked many others as well :

GEMINI: Put your affairs in order. If you are not a church-goer, start; if you are, go more often. Sell your Krugerrands.
CANCER: Same goes for you.
LEO, VIRGO, LIBRA, SCORPIO, SAGITTARIUS, CAPRICORN, AQUARIUS, PISCES, ARIES, and TAURUS: Sorry, gang. Sun goes supernova July 22.

Third prize to Lee Markey Carlson of Van Nuys, California, whose entry we liked well enough but whose penned comment at the bottom we cherish and prefer to print:

Always wanted to write horoscopes with a straight face. I am now a 72-year-old lady and am afraid this is my idea of a straight face.

Thanks, Mrs. Carlson. You bent our face very pleasantly with that note.

Puzzles

Literary Crypt No. 178

MAYBY WE CIRCLE C JUXOUB-
MWZH MAUGHAM WZ MWXY
UO MBUGSIY RAYZ WM WE
ZUM UGB MBUGSIY.

FUZ XCBNGWE

Wit Twister No. 190

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

To wretched _____ they are reduced at last,
These noble remnants of the _____ past;
While _____ who once graced that dazzling court
Now limn the proletariat at sport.

A.S.

Answers next month

May Answers

Literary Crypt No. 177

The gallery in which the reporters sit has become a fourth estate of the realm.
Macaulay

Wit Twister No. 189

sora, Rosa, soar, oars

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 219

Mark Twain: The Damned Human Race

From the pterodactyl was developed the bird; from the bird, the kangaroo, from the kangaroo the other marsupials; from these the mastodon, the megatherium, the giant sloth, the Irish elk, and all that crowd that you make useful and instructive fossils out of.

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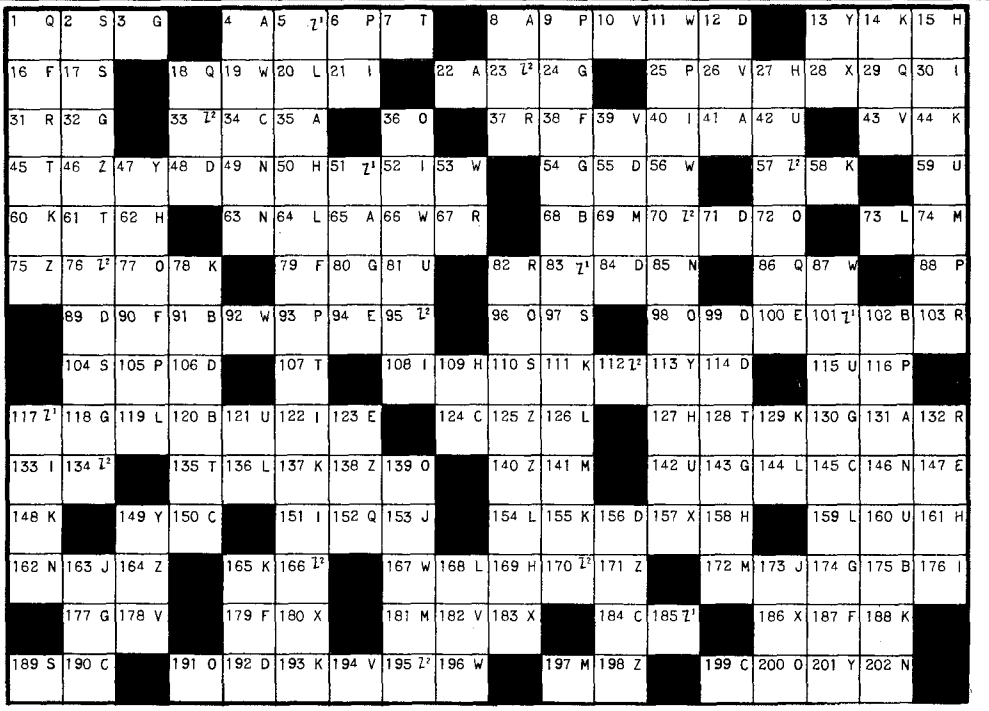
Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes. The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word carries over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.



Middleton Double-Crostic No. 220

CLUES	WORDS
A. One of Disney's Seven Dwarfs	4 8 35 131 22 41 65
B. City on the Rhone, southeast France	68 91 102 175 120
C. Castro's predecessor	124 145 150 184 190 199 34
D. "What___! Rose Aylmer, all were thine" (2 wds. followed by WORD G; Landor, "Rose Aylmer")	84 89 99 106 114 156 192 12 48 55 71
E. Flip	94 100 123 147
F. One of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands	179 187 16 38 79 90
G. See WORD D (2 wds.)	118 174 3 24 32 177 54 80 130 143
H. Small, light automobiles; roadsters	158 169 27 109 127 161 15 50 62
I. Excessive, pretentious	52 108 133 176 21 30 40 151 122
J. Bishopric	153 163 173
K. Mischievous prank	193 14 44 137 148 58 78 165 60 129 155 188
L. Pursuit, business	64 144 159 20 73 119 126 136 168 154
M. O.K., all right, satisfactory (2 wds.)	172 74 141 181 197 69
N. Spat, tiff, row (comp.)	85 146 162 202 49 63
O. Exalted expression of feeling, perhaps in blue	72 200 36 98 191 96 139 77
P. All wet; out of line (2 wds.)	105 116 9 25 88 6 93
Q. Quantity or number coming at one time	86 152 1 18 29
R. Looker, peach, honey	31 67 103 37 82 132
S. Vulgar, tawdry	110 189 97 104 111 17 2
T. Ornament of loose threads	7 107 45 61 128 135
U. Flower, flourish	142 160 121 42 81 115 59
V. Summary, abstract; representative of the whole	182 194 43 10 178 39 26
W. Woman who expresses excessive prudishness (2 wds.)	53 92 167 196 56 11 66 19 87
X. Intimidated, overawed	28 180 186 157 183
Y. West Indian republic	13 201 47 113 149
Z. Machine-wreckers in England, 1811-16	75 125 164 171 140 46 138 198
Z¹. Sprightliness of wit; lively intelligence	5 83 101 117 51 185
Z². Chicken, jellyfish, coward	95 166 76 195 23 33 57 112 70 170 134

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The beauty of our filter is a quarter inch deep.
And that small recess keeps your lips from touching the tar that builds up on the filter.
Flush filters can't do that. Which is why Parliament Lights are so tastefully light.
And the source of such deep-seated pleasure.

Only Parliament Lights has the famous recessed filter.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 9 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'81.

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SR RECOMMENDS

Books

Fiction

The Collected Stories of Isaac Bashevis Singer (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 610 pp., $19.95). These 47 tales by the Nobel laureate abound in spirits and demons and create a moral universe unique in 20th-century fiction.

Collected Stories, by V.S. Pritchett (Random House, 521 pp., $20). Pritchett's short stories exhibit a compassion that is rare today. They combine a light touch, a suggestion of sparkle, and an underlying seriousness; they are his greatest triumph.

Almost Famous, by David Small (W.W. Norton, 391 pp., $13.95). This languid, bluesy novel tells the story of a young baseball star's emotional collapse after a car accident shatters his career. Elegantly crafted, Small's first novel is a stunning debut.

Watchfires, by Louis Auchincloss (Houghton Mifflin, 348 pp., $13.95). During the Civil War, a New York lawyer, his wife, and his mistress all find liberation, while the country is struggling to free itself from its history. Auchincloss's most intense novel to date.

L.A. Woman, by Eve Babitz (The Linden Press/Simon & Schuster, 155 pp., $12.95). Played out against a backdrop of palm trees, Cadillac convertibles, and Hollywood sun, this quirky, episodic novel shines brightly with wit and vigor.

Nonfiction

Is There No Place on Earth for Me?, by Susan Sheehan (Houghton Mifflin, 333 pp., $14.95). The harrowing—and moving—story of Sylvia Frumkin, a schizophrenic who spent many of the last 17 years in institutions, is told with grace and compassion by the author of *A Welfare Mother*.

The Journals of Sylvia Plath, edited by Ted Hughes and Frances McCullough (The Dial Press, 384 pp., $16.95). In these journals, which begin as Plath enters Smith College and close just before her separation from poet Ted Hughes, Plath swings between radiant self-assurance and bitter self-disgust. She is often poised, balanced, and restrained; but with the deepening of her literary ambitions, her darkest moods sharpen, presaging her suicide.

Poets in Their Youth, by Eileen Simpson (Random House, 227 pp., $15.50). Written by the first wife of John Berryman, this sensitive, sharply observed memoir takes in Robert Lowell, Delmore Schwartz, Randall Jarrell, Theodore Roethke, and others. The book reels with abortive suicides, bad seductions, and disintegrating marriages, yet it manages to be deeply moving.

Thomas Hardy: A Biography, by Michael Millgate (Random House, 637 pp., $25). Millgate's thorough biography traces in minute detail Hardy's long life and grim vision.

China: Alive in the Bitter Sea, by Fox Butterfield (Times Books, 429 pp., $19.95). The *New York Times*'s man in Peking has written a dour and inconclusive book that is also at times engaging, touching, and insightful—and for any China-bound traveler, a useful primer.

Hannah Arendt: For Love of the World, by Elisabeth Young-Bruehl (Yale University Press, 616 pp., $25). This first biography of the author of *The Origins of Totalitarianism* and *Eichmann in Jerusalem* carefully documents the impulses that shaped this philosopher's thought.

Theater

Dreamgirls (Imperial Theater, New York City). Life—zingy real-fake stage life—leaps from the stage and never stops whirling in Michael Bennett's hit about a trio of singers (resembling the Supremes) on their way to the top. The book is a patchwork, and the songs are only pleasant, but the singing, especially by Jennifer Holliday, and the production are first-rate.

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat (Plymouth Theater, New York City). An exuberant and imaginative rock opera based on the biblical adventures of Joseph and his brothers. This lightweight, 90-minute production is colorful, and the performers are energetic. The show proves uniquely engaging to adults and children alike.

Torch Song Trilogy (Actors Playhouse, New York City). Harvey Fierstein's three-play, four-hour evening is the best theater around on the subject of homosexuality. While Fierstein's writing is sometimes gag-tainted, he does present gays sympathetically (and, ultimately, movingly) as people, even for unsympathetic audiences.

SR's Phoenix Code

- Excellent
- Very good
- Good
- Notable

Film

Wasn't That a Time! This splendid documentary on The Weavers, the quartet of folk singers at its zenith in the 1940s and 1950s and done in by the McCarthy blacklist, focuses on their 1980 reunion concert after 18 years apart. It's a joy to the ear, the mind, and the heart, marked by sophisticated sentiment and topical significance in its affirmation of what endures for all of us.

Wrong Is Right. Richard Brooks's black comedy-cum-thriller confronts our penchant for self-righteous self-destruction with deep cogency, high comedy, and whiz-bang action, starring Sean Connery, George Grizzard, and others at their best.

26 Days in the Life of Dostoevsky. This Russian portrait of the writer's private and public agonies over the completion of "The Gambler" in 1866 is brought to vivid screen life by Anatoly Solonitsyn's portrayal of Dostoevsky.

Records

Vivaldi: L'Estro Armonico (2-L'Oiseau Lyre D245D2, $21.96). It was this collection of 12 string concertos that clinched Vivaldi's European reputation in 1711. This is music of fancy and brilliance, and it couldn't be more beautifully played than it is here by the Academy of Ancient Music under conductor Christopher Hogwood.

Rochberg: Piano Quintet (None-

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such N-78011*, $8.98). George Rochberg's affecting seven-movement string quartet with piano obbligato mixes tonality and atonality in neo-romantic fashion. Rochberg calls it "a progression from dark to light, to dark again—mournful, troubled, and haunted states alternate with serene and exuberant ones." The Concord String Quartet, which gave the work its world premiere in 1976, is joined by pianist Allan Marks.

Schumann: Piano Quintet (Deutsche Grammophon 2531343*, $10.98). Conductor James Levine, certainly one of the world's finest chamber musicians, rejoins the La Salle Quartet (he's been appearing with it since he was 12) for a vigorous, satisfying sail through the Schumann quintet. On the flip side the La Salle makes a square meal of Brahms's third string quartet.

Sibelius: Works for Violin and Piano (Finlandia FA 301, $10.98). About half of these 14 short works were composed during World War I simultaneously with the sixth and seventh symphonies. The rest were the last pieces Sibelius completed. They are uniformly lovely, sometimes achingly lyrical. Yuval Yaron, a fine violinist, is accompanied by Rena Stipelman. (Available from German News Co., 220 East 86 St., New York, NY 10028.)

Francisco Araiza: Arias From Operas (Eurodisc 26 163 KR*, $9.98). This 31-year-old Mexican tenor, on the rise in Europe, sounds in timbre and patrician style uncannily like Fritz Wunderlich. The side of this disc devoted to Mozart arias is distinguished for honey tone and legato. An auspicious debut. (Available from Tioch Productions, 65 West 55 St., New York, NY 10019.)

*cassette available

Art

Giorgio de Chirico (Museum of Modern Art, New York City). Claimed by the Surrealists as a father figure, de Chirico preferred the more modest title of leader of the Metaphysical School, a small band of early 20th-century Italian painters. Ultimately, he was a loner, a master painter of enigmatic monuments and eerily deserted piazzas. His pictorial reveries have nonetheless been extremely influential. The latest to fall under his spell is a new generation of Italian painters as well as some Americans in the ranks of the neo-expressionists. (Through June 27.)

Fragments of Greatness Rediscovered (The Jewish Museum, New York City). Approximately 90 artifacts and works of art selected to illuminate Jewish life in Poland over a span of nine centuries. Among the earliest objects on view is a Hebrew Bible completed in 1238. Among the most recent are 20th-century paintings by Jewish and non-Jewish artists alike. The exhibition also includes printed books, ritual objects, clothing, embroideries, and much more. (Through August 15.)

Mauritshuis: Dutch Paintings of the Golden Age From the Royal Picture Gallery, The Hague (National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.). Built in the 17th century as a residence for a prince of the Dutch House of Orange, the Mauritshuis has been a museum since 1822. Forty paintings from the Mauritshuis collection have been selected for this show, including major works by Rembrandt, Jacob van Ruisdael, Franz Hals, and Jan Steen. (Through October 31.)

An American Perspective: Nineteenth-Century Art From the Collection of Jo Ann and Julian Ganz, Jr. (The Los Angeles County Museum of Art). Nearly 100 works of 19th-century American art, ranging from long-ignored allegorical statuary in "Victorian classical" style to major paintings by Thomas Cole, Frederic Church, Sanford Gifford, and John Singer Sargent. An impressive cross section of an entire century. (Through September 26.)

Berenice Abbott: The 20's and the 30's (The National Museum of American Art, Washington, D.C.). More than 100 prints by one of America's most important photographers. During the 1920s, Abbott recorded the luminaries of the Parisian avant-garde (James Joyce, Janet Flanner, et al.). During the following decade, she compiled the suite entitled "Changing New York," which evokes the vitality of urban America even during the worst of the Depression. (Through August 28.)

The Porcelain Connection (The Cleveland Museum of Art). During the 17th and 18th centuries, Western explorers and merchants established strong ties with cultures of the Far East. One result was the series of developments in porcelainware documented by this exhibition, which shows East and West to have been equal partners in stylistic and technological innovation. (Through August 15.)

Dance

Martha Graham Dance Company (New York City Center). "The Empress of Modern Dance," at the age of 88, continues to create new dance works and to direct her celebrated company in an all-Graham repertory that includes three world premieres and three major revivals. The revivals are *Primitive Mysteries* (1931), *Herodiade* (1944), and *Dark Meadow* (1946), with commissioned scores by Louis Horst, Paul Hindemith, and Carlos Chavez, respectively. A gala on June 23 will pay tribute to the late Samuel Barber, and on June 16, Aaron Copland will conduct his famous score for Graham's *Appalachian Spring*. (June 9 through 27.)

Royal Danish Ballet (Kennedy Center, Washington, D.C. and Metropolitan Opera House, New York City). The ballet troupe with the oldest continuous tradition (see Dance, *SR*, May 1982) comes to the U.S. with a repertory dating from 1786 to 1982. In between come the masterworks of Denmark's 19th-century genius, August Bournonville. (June 1 through 13, Washington; June 15 through 26, New York.)

American Dance Festival (Page Auditorium, Durham, N.C.). The festival opens with the Merce Cunningham Dance Company (June 17 through 19), and continues with Johanna Boyce and Performing Groups (June 21), Paul Taylor Dance Company (June 22 through 26), Kei Takei's Moving Earth (June 28), and the Charles Moulton Dance Company (June 29).

Alexander Godunov and Stars (Music Hall, Cincinnati, Ohio). Presented by the Cincinnati Ballet Company, Godunov will perform an extended solo, *Paganini*, originally choreographed by the Bolshoi Ballet's Leonid Lavrovsky. In the second section of the program, duets and small ensemble pieces will be danced by principal artists Eleanor D'Antuono, Vanessa Harwood, Yoko Ichino, and Paul Russell. (June 20, 21.)

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